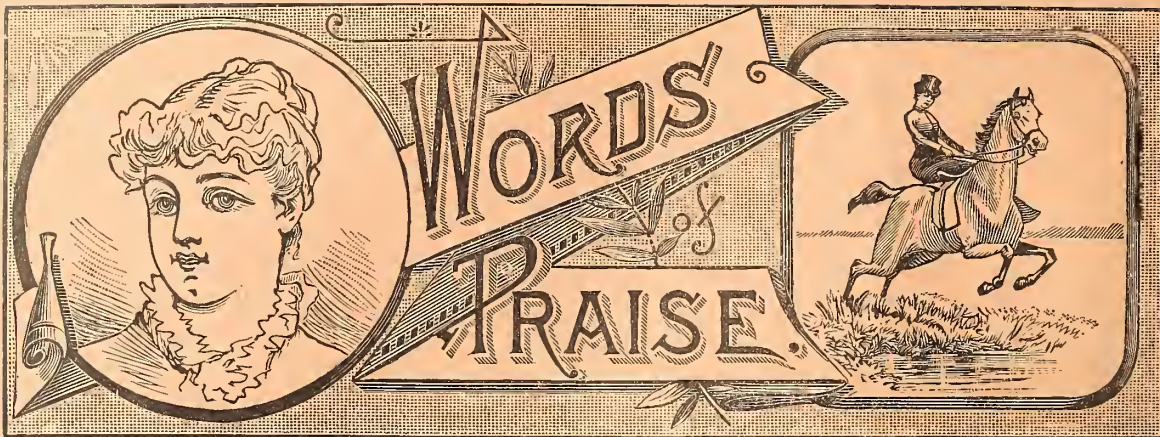


Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Tom Saunders; his Shipwreck and Wanderings in Tropical Africa. By Commander V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N. C.B., D.C.L. 705, 721, 737, 757		
The "Marquis" of Torchester; or, Schoolroom and Play- ground. By PAUL BLAKE. (Illustrated) 707, 723, 739, 755		
Buried Treasure: A Story of the Sea-shore. By the Rev. A. N. MATAN, M.A., F.G.S. 709		
A Ramble through the Black Forest. 710		
Glimpses of Maori Land. (Illustrated) 711		
The Mutineers of the "May Queen" 714, 747		
Adventure with Australian Sharks 715		
Illustrations of Reading Lessons 716		
Boat Sailing. By FRANKLIN FOX. (Illustrated) 717, 733		
An Old Battle-field of Heroes. By Rev. CHARLES MERR. 724		
Our Prize Competitions 725, 740, 765		
A Cruise on the South Coast of Devon 726, 748		
An English Water Carnival. By W. A. CHATER, B.A. 727		
"Old Red." A Tasmanian Sketch. By ALLAN M. TAYLOR 730		
Our Note Book 731, 766		
Some Hints on Bathing and Swimming 734		
To the Top of Mont Blanc; or, How Two Boys Did It. By the Rev. WALTER SENIOR, M.A. 741, 762		
Great London Fires. (Illustrated) 743		
The Bottomless Pool. A Story of the American War 746		
My "Leg Hit." By A. EGBUL-EVANS 750		
Alone. A Sailor's Story. By MAYNE BOLIN. (Illustrated) 753		
Our Edible Shellfish. (Illustrated) 759, 766		
A Trip to Tangiers 761		
Perpetual Calendar. By Herr H. F. L. MEYER 763		
Snails as Pets 764		
Doings for the Month 767		
Poetry. Chess. Correspondence.		

Coloured Plate:—Our Edible Shellfish.



The following words, in praise of DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

**\$100
THROWN AWAY.**

JOHN E. SEGAR, of Millenbeck, Va., writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

**THE GREATEST
EARTHLY BOON.**

Mrs. GEORGE HERGER, of Westfield, N. Y., writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. —, for nine months, without receiving any benefit.

The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

**THREW AWAY
HER
SUPPORTER.**

Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, White Cottage, O., writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid

aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

**IT WORKS
WONDERS.**

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of Nunica, Ottawa Co. Mich., writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case.

Again she writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

**3 PHYSICIANS
FAILED.**

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass., says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

**JEALOUS
DOCTORS.**

A Marvelous Cure.—Mrs. G. F. SPRAGUE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food,

cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women sold, by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages) on Diseases of Women.

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WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

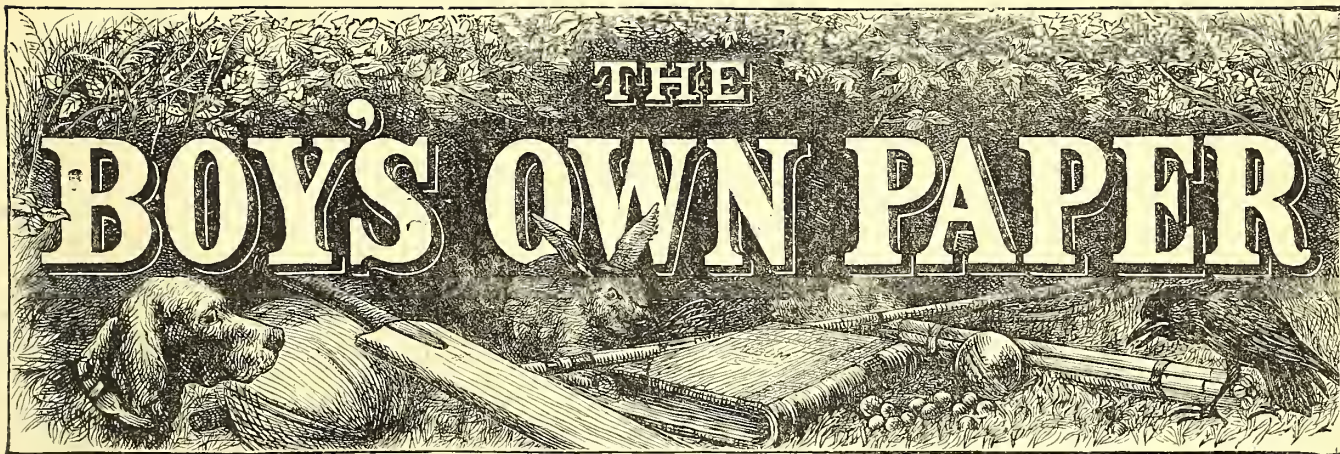


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SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1887.

Price One Penny.
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TOM SAUNDERS:

HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

BY COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,

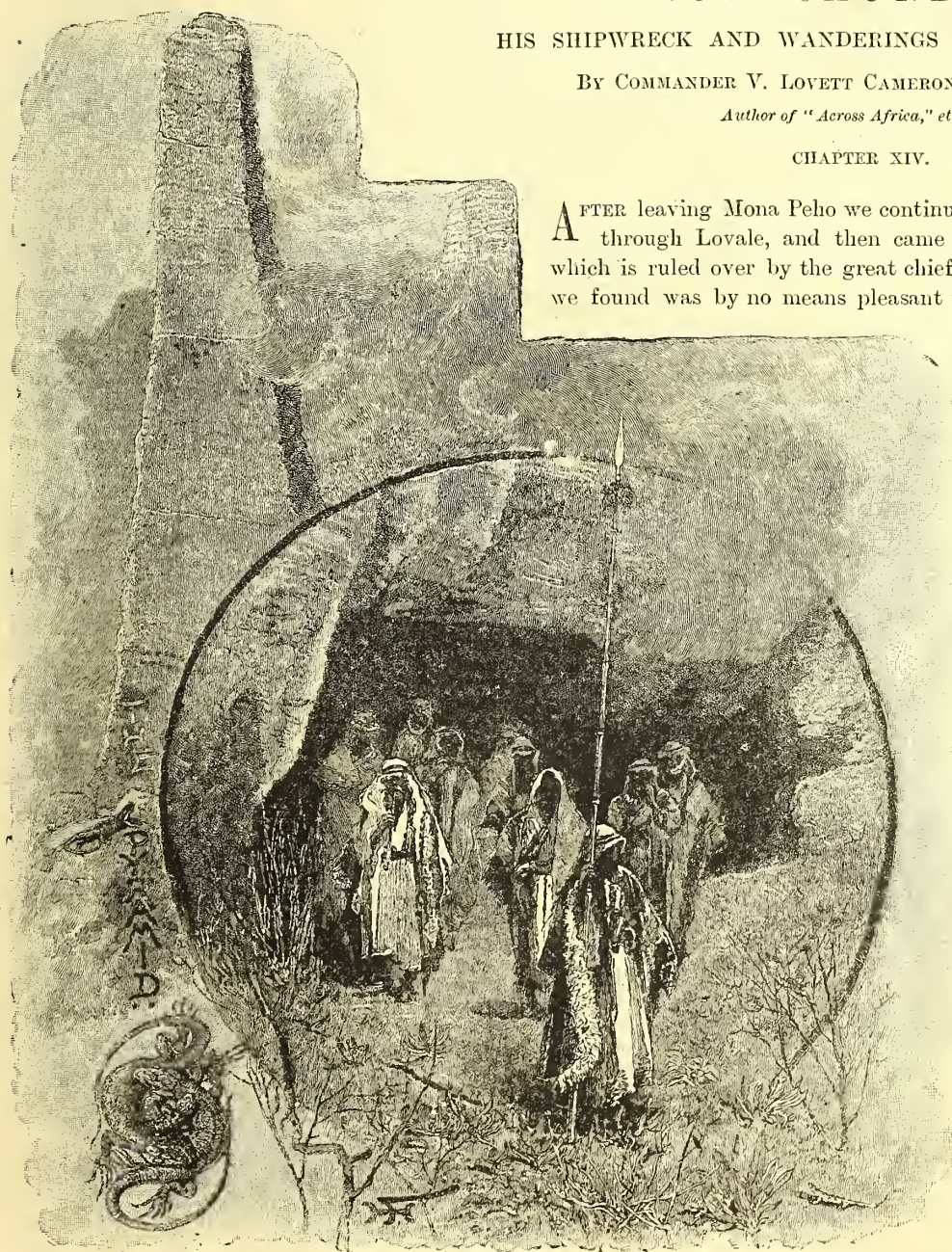
Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER leaving Mona Peho we continued our road for some distance through Lovale, and then came into the country of Ulunda, which is ruled over by the great chief Muata Yanvo. This country we found was by no means pleasant to travel in, as the woods were

so dense that we found but little chance of shooting any game for our provisions, and the small villages which were scattered about in the jungle were also unable to provide us with food, so that we had little or no choice, and were obliged to go to big ones where the kilolos, or captains, of the great chief lived.

These fellows we found most arrogant and extortionate, each holding his court and being surrounded by flatterers, many of whom had been deprived of hands or feet by their patrons, who in this imitated their sovereign, as they did also in keeping up enormous harems. Under their demands our stores began rapidly to diminish, and even the sanguine Guilhermé began to fear that we should never be able to reach Katanga, and at last he



Life in the Desert.—I. A Chief and his Staff.

almost despaired, when one of these kilolos, called Daiyi, said that Muata Yanvo had heard of our presence in his country, and had sent messengers to know why we had not come to visit him at his musumba, or royal head-quarters, for it was his wish and command that no men from his brother Mona Putu (the King of Portugal) should pass beyond his dominions. We did not know what to do; we could not at once tell the kilolo we would not go to Muata Yanvo's musumba, nor could we quite see if we consented to go there how we could ever make our way to Katanga. At last we decided on a middle course, and sent word to the kilolo that we would have a meeting with him to discuss our going to Muata Yanvo, resolved to offer a large portion of our remaining goods to be allowed to continue our journey, and if this was not accepted to trust to the chapter of accidents to be able on our way to escape from the people who would be sent with us.

An answer soon came back from the kilolo that he dared not disobey the orders of the great Muata Yanvo, or he would come down and eat his country up, but that we must go to the musumba, which was fifteen days' journey to the north of us, and that on the following day at noon we were to come to the kilolo's own place, where he would hold a levée and entrust us to the charge of the guides who would conduct us to Muata Yanvo. On receiving this response Guilhermé and I had another consultation, and decided that it would be best to fall in apparently with the desires of the kilolo and ask to start the day after the levée, as then probably there would be very few people ready to go with us, and these we might either bribe or manage to elude on our journey.

The following day we left a portion of our men as guard over our goods, and with the remainder we made our way to the residence of the kilolo. Leaving the village where we were encamped, we went for a mile and a half along a broad cleared road until we came to a huge enclosure closely palisaded, about eight hundred yards long by four hundred wide, situated on the slope of a hill, and with only one entrance to it in the middle of the upper end. Outside were scattered about a number of huts in which the male attendants and children of the kilolo and their families and slaves lived, for besides the kilolo himself no male was ever permitted to sleep inside the enclosure, which contained his own hut and those of his wives.

When we got inside we found that on each side was a double row of huts, which were the habitations of the kilolo's inferior wives, whilst two hundred yards from the entrance was a large hut, which was his own special one, and behind it three or four others larger than those in the rows, where his principal wives lived, that of the chief among them being larger than the others, but still not so big as the kilolo Daiyi's. In front of Daiyi's own hut we saw him on his knees before a man who we were told was the messenger from Muata Yanvo, and who had in his hand as an emblem of his authority a copper spear. We were on our arrival conducted to some stools that had been placed for us on the right-hand side of the enclosure, and on these Guilhermé and I sat down, our people squatting and standing behind us. As soon as Daiyi

had finished his homage to the envoy from Muata Yanvo we were presented to him, and were told that he was the Kilolo Mwépa, and he informed us that he was sent by his master to command our presence at his court, and that a body of men, some seventy in number, all armed with spears and shields, who were drawn up opposite to us, were his escort, and that on them would fall the task of providing us with provisions during our march to the musumba.

We professed ourselves greatly honoured and flattered by the Muata Yanvo having desired to see us, and said that we had long heard of his power and greatness, and that now, when we saw his Kilolo Mwépa, we were quite convinced that all that had been told us was true. Mwépa, in return, informed us that his master was the greatest of living sovereigns, and that when we arrived at his court we would see that whatever we might have been told would be surpassed by the reality, and that he had a white man with him whom he had raised to a position of great honour.

As soon as these compliments had been exchanged the chiefs of the villages in the government of Daiyi began to arrive. They and their followers had to halt outside of the enclosure, and some who came in hammocks or litters had to get down from them at varying distances, according to their relative rank, for we found that in this most extraordinary state the gradations of rank were numerous and well defined, and those possessing it insisted on its observance by their inferiors. As soon as a good number had collected they were admitted to pay their respects to the two kilolos. Each chief came in attended by two men carrying his spear and shield, and by a small boy with a bag of white or red powder. As he approached where the two kilolos were standing he took the bag from the boy and rubbed some of the contents on his face and arms, and then, drawing a peculiarly shaped short sword which he wore over his shoulder, rushed at them as if he would have cut them down, but, stopping short just before he reached them, fell on his knees and drove his sword into the ground, and shouted out a number of titles and praises of Muata Yanvo, and when he had finished rose up and declared what he had brought in as tribute, for the Kilolo Mwépa, besides coming to order us to repair to the presence of the sovereign, had also instructions to collect tribute from the districts through which he passed.

In all about thirty chiefs tendered homage and tribute, and that paid by most was considered satisfactory, consisting of slaves, ivory, grass-cloth, skins of wild beasts, and other productions of the country; but four unfortunate wretches were declared not to have brought enough, and had their ears cut off, and were sentenced to become slaves, while other chiefs were ordered to take men and destroy their villages, and bring all the inhabitants in as slaves. The men to whom these orders were given instantly prepared to execute them, and Mwépa desired us to send some men with guns to assist them, but this we managed to evade by saying that if we were to visit so mighty a prince as Muata Yanvo it was only due to his greatness that we should be accompanied by as many men as possible.

We were now permitted to return to

our lodgings, accompanied by a band of drummers, and soon after our arrival a large quantity of provisions was sent to us for ourselves and our men. In the evening Mwépa himself came to see us, and said that we were to give nothing out of our goods to any one before we had submitted them to Muata Yanvo, and that after he had inspected them he would select what he required and make us presents of ivory and slaves, and that with the remainder we might trade with such persons as would be granted permission to do so, and he hinted that a handsome present to himself then and there would go a long way in smoothing matters for us when we arrived at court.

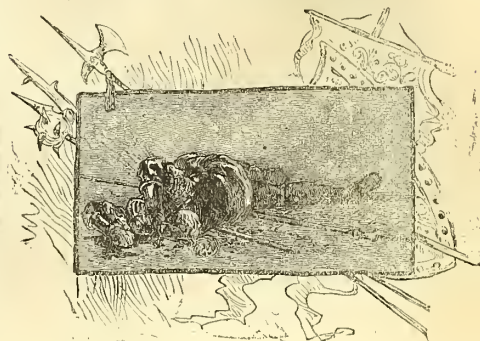
Guilhermé, who saw nothing but ruin staring us in the face, asked if, on condition of making a large payment then and there we might not be permitted to proceed on our road to Katanga, but this was refused at once and peremptorily, as Mwépa said that all the countries to the eastward were subject to Muata Yanvo, and that it could not be thought of that they should be flattered by white men visiting them who had not paid their respects to him. We then asked that we might be permitted to start on our journey to the musumba the next day, and this, after giving Mwépa a large present, was consented to.

When Mwépa had left, Guilhermé and I had a serious talk about our future proceedings, and, calling for our men, we asked them if they would consent to follow us wherever we would lead them, and pointing out that if we went to Muata Yanvo's we might be detained for years and be subject to his barbarous caprices, said that if the escort that was to accompany us was a small one and without guns, it would not be difficult to break away from them, and perhaps we might be able to induce one or two of them to act as guides for us till we were clear of Muata Yanvo's country.

Bill, Ombwa, Mbuzi, and Buku at once said that they would do whatever we thought right, and after they had spoken an old man called Ngói got up and said that though there might be danger in the jungle and the waste, there was more danger in the tyranny of Muata Yanvo, and that once he had been to his court and many of his comrades had been killed, and those that escaped with him had to go through great difficulties and hardships, and now he would sooner die than again visit Muata Yanvo.

When Ngói had spoken, all the men declared that they would never go to Muata Yanvo's, and that the moment that Guilhermé thought it right to leave the escort they would follow him; and so it was finally decided that on the first opportunity we had we should leave them and make our way to the south-east.

(To be continued.)



THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER; OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

THIS announcement was nothing else than a notice of a meeting of the whole school to consider the question of monitors. Naturally the monitors were not invited, but every one else was welcome to be present.

Scouts were sent out round the school to whip every one in, and in the course of a few minutes the schoolroom was filled with a crowd of boys all eager to know what was going to happen.

Ennis was voted into the chair, and in a few words put the matter clearly before them.

Previous to Easter great efforts had been made by a few boys to raise a feeling in the school against the continuance of the system of monitors. These efforts had as a rule been secret, and but few in the school knew how widespread were the promises of support to those who had made it their object to abolish the monitors' jurisdiction.

Bucknill had at first been one of the most active in this direction, but of late he had become convinced that it was against his interest to take any part in the matter. So long as things continued as they were he was pretty safe.

However, the stone which he had set rolling he was unable now to stop; the movement gathered force every day, so that by this time matters were quite ripe for the meeting which was now called.

The chairman pointed out that monitors were a comparatively new institution, that they had been given a fair trial, and that the system was not found to work well; inasmuch as it tended to exalt a few boys above their fellows, thereby leading to injustice. More than that, he objected to having ten masters set over him instead of one, a feeling which he believed the whole of the school shared.

The Markiss was standing on the edge of the crowd, and occasionally gave vent to a loud "hear, hear," sometimes decidedly ironical. However, he made no active opposition to the propositions which were put before the meeting, and ultimately it was agreed that a petition should be drawn up and presented to the Doctor, embodying their views. But the question then arose who was to sign it. Ennis objected to sign it on behalf of the meeting because, as he said, he had no wish to put himself forward. Possibly personal reasons were at the bottom of it. It was impossible for all to sign.

A boy then suggested that they should get up a round-robin, an idea which met with general approval.

"A capital idea," said the Markiss from his post of vantage on the farthest desk. "Have a round-robin, and then every one can sign it. You'll only want a circle as large as a good-sized barrel."

However, it was finally decided that four of the boys should sign on behalf of the rest.

The meeting then broke up with cheering.

Two or three of the monitors, among them Bray and Harrison, had been listeners, but had taken no part whatever in the proceedings. They adjourned to their class-room at the close, and held a meeting on their own account, at which all the monitors were present. It was then decided, on the motion of Bray, that they should at once resign.

"You see," said Bray, "it is absolutely useless our continuing in office at present. We know that our reporting certain boys is quite useless, and I for one object to report any if we cannot report all where necessary."

"Quite right," assented Harrison, "but the Doctor is sure to want to know why we mean to resign, and then what are you going to tell him?"

"Well, for my part," said Bray, "I don't mind telling him the truth. I really don't see why we should put ourselves out of the way in order to screen Partridge. Sooner or later he must go, and the sooner the better, I think."

However, it was felt that it would be a disagreeable task to put the unvarnished truth before the Doctor, so a short letter was drawn up which left the cause of the resignation quite vague. This was duly sent in to the Doctor. Ingram took no part in the discussion.

In the course of the evening the monitors were sent for, and, as they naturally expected, were asked what had prompted them to write their letter.

Bray was spokesman for his fellow-monitors, and explained that they found that they were unpopular in the school, so much so that a meeting had been held that afternoon by the boys, at which it had been determined to petition the Doctor to abolish them as monitors. That being so, it put them in a painful position, and they further felt that it would be difficult for them in the coming quarter to give due attention to their duties, inasmuch as most of them would be working up for exams., and must necessarily keep themselves to their own class-room as much as possible.

The Doctor listened, and did not look at all pleased. The establishment of monitors was a pet scheme of his, and he was disappointed to find that it did not work well. He had suspicions that there was something at the bottom of all this of which he was not at present aware.

"I will not give you a decided answer," he said, "whether I shall accept your resignations or not. It will depend on certain considerations which I cannot at present divulge. Of course, should I see fit to ask you to continue in your office I shall expect you to do so. This is not a matter in which I can allow boys entirely to have their choice, however high in the school they may be. For the present you may consider that your functions are in abeyance."

The boys bowed and retired, more satisfied with their interview than they had hoped to be.

It seemed to be generally understood

in the school that there was no danger now of being reported by the monitors. At all events, that same night was chosen for a grand voyage.

Ashbee reported that there was a light in the Doctor's bedroom, which seemed to show that he had retired early, as was indeed only natural.

Headed by Bucknill, the small crew set out for a voyage through the house, intending to push their explorations farther than they had hitherto managed to do. They meant to return by the second staircase, which was an attempt they had not made since the occasion when they were interrupted by Miss Calcott.

They passed safely through the door at the end of the passage, and were creeping slowly and quietly along the main part of the corridor, when Ennis caught his foot in a curtain and fell forward. In trying to save himself he snatched at the curtain and made the brass rings at the top clatter and jingle along the pole.

Before they had time to flee the door near them was opened, and to their intense surprise and dismay the Doctor looked out.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

The boys kept silence.

The Doctor stepped out into the passage, and saw the marauders standing in a group.

"Oh," he said with assumed pleasantness, "I was unaware that you were coming to see me this evening; step into my room, please."

The boys, feeling excessively uncomfortable, obeyed.

The Doctor's study was a somewhat small apartment, crowded with bookshelves, but with very little furniture in it, except the Doctor's chair and desk.

The Doctor seated himself as the boys filed into his room.

"I am sorry you did not give me notice of your intended visit," he said, "or I would have had due preparation made. You see that, unfortunately, there are no chairs to spare; perhaps you would not mind standing against the wall for a little time."

The boys silently obeyed, feeling about as miserable as they well could. They were clad in nothing more substantial than night-shirts and trousers, and scarcely felt in a proper condition for inspection by the head master.

However, the Doctor took little notice of them, and continued his writing, the wretched boys standing in a row against the wall. When he thought they had had enough of it, he laid down his pen, and then looked around him to see who the culprits were.

"Ah, Bucknill," he said, "it is you, is it? I fancy, unless my memory misleads me, that the day on which I met with my accident you were to have come and seen me. Was it not so?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bucknill.

"I had intended overlooking that little matter, but now that you have brought it so forcibly to my recollection it is

scarcely possible for me to do so. You will come round and see me to-morrow after morning school."

"Yes, sir," again responded Bucknill.

The Doctor took down the names of the others, and then dismissed them to their bedrooms, heartily sick of their experiment of voyaging.

This little incident, combined with the petition of the monitors, led the Doctor to think that things had not been going on well during his absence. It was evident that the discipline of the school had suffered, and he saw that it was necessary for him to take immediate steps to restore it.

He was satisfied from what the monitors had told him that they had endeavoured to do their duty during the time that he was laid by, but if so, how was it that things had come to this pass? Was it possible that Mr. Partridge had anything to do with it?

The Doctor had some fears as regards his assistant, whom he had employed indeed on the strength of a good degree, and in the hope that he was a good disciplinarian as well as a scholar. He determined to interrogate him next morning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EARLY in the morning of the day following, the Doctor received a visit from a friend who resided in Torchester, who mentioned incidentally that he had seen several of the boys in the town last market day. This remark was made entirely without knowledge of the fact that this was a forbidden proceeding on the part of the boys. The Doctor treasured it up in his mind, however, as one proof more that things were very far from what they should be in the school.

He sent for Mr. Partridge after breakfast and asked him several questions, to which the house-master gave replies which were by no means satisfactory.

The Doctor was rather puzzled, and foresaw that it would be necessary for him to devote a good deal more time than he had hitherto done to the conduct and discipline of the school generally. Neither he, nor the school, however, thought that the crisis was so near.

The afternoon school had begun, and the Doctor was at his desk with the Sixth Form. At the end of a few minutes it was evident that something was wrong in the adjoining class-room. There were unmistakable sounds of laughter coming through the closed door, and the noise grew louder every minute.

The Doctor took no notice for some time, but at last laid down his book, and as an excessively loud outburst of laughter was heard, he crossed the room rapidly, and flung the door of the class-room open.

To his surprise there was no master present, and the boys were doing just as they liked, which is equivalent to saying that they were attending to anything but their lessons.

"Where is Mr. Partridge?" asked the Doctor, in a voice that at once brought every boy to a sitting posture, with his book open, in a becomingly studious fashion.

"Don't know, sir!" responded the boys; "he hasn't been here this afternoon."

"You, boy," said the Doctor, pointing

to a little urchin, "go up to his room and see if he is there."

The boy departed in double-quick time, and soon returned with the news that Mr. Partridge's door was locked.

The Doctor looked fairly puzzled, but said nothing, however, and left the class-room.

What happened after that the school never knew completely. All that they were aware of was that they had seen the last of Mr. Partridge.

What did happen was briefly this.

The Doctor went up to the house-master's room, and finding the door locked, shook it violently.

It was opened after a short delay, and the Doctor found Mr. Partridge in the company of two men of a very forbidding cast of countenance.

It was no longer possible to conceal the truth; he was hopelessly involved, and writs had been issued against him. It was impossible for him to remain at the college; no one was better aware of that than himself. The Doctor was astonished and scandalised, but could do nothing, and the same night Mr. Partridge left the house.

Bucknill interviewed the Doctor before morning school, as he had been instructed, and the result of the interview was far from satisfactory to him. He met Ingram as he returned to the schoolroom, and the monitor, seeing that he looked very glum, asked him what was the matter.

"The Doctor's been down on me," was the reply. "I've got to stick in for a fortnight and write five hundred lines."

"I say, that's hot," said Ingram. "What have you been up to?"

"Oh, it's that old game about the fight between Lee and Smythe at the beginning of the half. I thought he'd forgotten all about it; but he's got a better memory than I gave him credit for. Beastly thing to do to rake up an old thing against a fellow."

"Yes," sympathised Ingram, "it is;" congratulating himself once more that his presence at the fight had been unknown.

"And what a jolly nuisance now," said Ingram again, "just as the cricket season is beginning. I was just going out for half an hour's practice before dinner. It's a big nuisance that you can't go."

"Yes," said Bucknill, "it's a great shame. However, I can't risk it; the Doctor's evidently got his eye on me."

"Well, I'm off!" said Ingram. "I must get two or three young uns to fag for me, though. Hi, you there!" he shouted across the room to a boy who was writing at his desk, "come out and keep wicket for me."

The boy looked up—it was Glubb.

Games were Glubb's detestation, and he had no intention of leaving the important business on which he was engaged to go out and keep wicket for Ingram. This important business, by the way, consisted of a letter which he was busily inditing to the Doctor.

He had finished his poem now. The unfortunate line ending with "month" had been changed for another. This poem Glubb intended sending to a magazine for publication, but before doing so there was one trouble which had to be surmounted. This had caused the letter to the Doctor, which ran thus:—

"DEAR DR. CALCOTT,—I have written a poem, which I should like to get published, but I have heard a good deal about the

poetic licence. Could you kindly inform me whether it is necessary for me to take out a licence, and if so, where I could obtain one?"

"Your obdt. Servant,

"L. GLUBB."

He had just signed his name when Ingram interrupted him.

"I'm busy," said Glubb, tersely.

"Oh, are you," responded Ingram. "Well, I'll make you busier for the next half hour. You come out with me."

"I shan't!" said Glubb; "it isn't cricket afternoon."

"Oh, won't you?" said Ingram; "you'd better, or else I'll lick you every day for a week."

This was no vague, empty threat, as Glubb knew only too well, but he had in reserve a weapon of the existence of which Ingram was unaware.

"Shan't come," said Glubb, decisively.

Ingram walked over to him, intending to see if a little physical force would have any result. Glubb, however, merely grinned as he saw his enemy approach.

"Come along, you little beggar," said Ingram.

"Wait a bit," responded Glubb. "If you're going to lick me I'll tell of you."

"Oh, very well, sneak away," said Ingram, as he caught hold of his arm.

"All right, I don't care," said Glubb. "I don't mind being a sneak. I shall tell the Doctor that you were in the class-room hiding when Smythe and Lee fought there."

Ingram let the boy's arm drop in an instant.

"What do you mean, you young beggar?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Oh, I know all about it," said Glubb, calmly; "I know you were behind the desk all the time—I saw you come out. You didn't think I saw you, but I did."

"You'd better hold your tongue," said Ingram, in a low voice, "or I'll skin you alive."

"Oh, all right!" replied Glubb, "I'm not afraid, only I don't want to play cricket, you see, so you let me alone."

Ingram was strongly tempted to lick him on the spot, for Glubb's manner was galling in the extreme. However, he thought it would be better to take no further notice of him, so went out of the room in a wild rage, leaving Glubb to direct his envelope in peace.

(To be continued.)



BURIED TREASURE.

A STORY OF THE SEA-SHORE.

BY REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

When the captain resumed his seat a murmur of applause filled the court, which was instantly suppressed.

The magistrate then proceeded as follows to address the accused :

"Dr. Porchester, you have been summoned before me upon a charge, supported by circumstantial evidence, of having unlawfully appropriated certain property from the wreck which lately occurred upon our coast. It is a grave charge, and the evidence is so clear and convincing that there can hardly be a question as to my duty to commit you for trial upon that charge, according to the direction of the Board of Trade and the laws of the United Kingdom. Before finally pronouncing sentence I ask you whether you have anything to say upon the matter?"

A breathless expectation pervaded the court, and all eyes were riveted upon Dr. Porchester, who immediately rose and spoke as follows :

"Sir, I thank you for your courtesy, and avail myself of your permission to make some remarks. In the first place I must state that I endeavoured to give such explanations to Captain Warship as would have prevented the necessity of judicial proceedings, but for reasons which need not be mentioned I was baffled in the attempt. That is now a matter of small consequence. Sir, I need hardly say that if I had found any valuable treasure from the wreck, I should have handed it over to the lawful authorities. It is true that I did find treasure—very valuable in my own eyes—but there is no shadow of probability that it ever formed part of the cargo of the ill-fated vessel. That treasure I buried on two occasions, as has been described to Captain Warship by two eye-witnesses, and they have doubtless informed him that they searched the hiding-place without being able to discover the treasure. Now, sir, I venture to assert that they were under a wrong impression when they imagined that they had failed to discover that treasure, as I hope to prove to the satisfaction of yourself and them. I have brought a great part of the treasure into the court, and with your permission I will produce it."

Permission being granted, Hollobon advanced with the bag, and Dr. Porchester took out of it several large pebbles, which he placed on the table near him. He then proceeded :

"Sir, I should like to ask the two eye-witnesses whether, when they searched the spot, they remember finding these or similar articles?"

The two men admitted that they found plenty of stones, but never thought any one would care to hide such rubbish.

"That is a matter of opinion," resumed the Doctor. "These pebbles when cut and polished will form very beautiful and valuable objects, not unfitly described as *gold* by my friend Mr. Hollobon. He assisted me in carrying them from the beach, and he hopes to polish them for me, for which he will doubtless receive

remuneration in gold. Now, Mr. Hollobon is prepared to state on oath that we brought nothing away from the beach, except these and similar specimens. The landlord of the White Hart, who has accompanied me into court, will also add his testimony to the fact that the bag was unpacked in his presence, and contained only the materials specified. As for the contents of the portmanteau, I must state that I am entirely ignorant of them. And I need say no more except, perhaps, to assure you that I am guiltless of any attempt at smuggling practices."

Dr. Porchester sat down, and Mr. Squire immediately stood up and said :

"If you please, your worship, I should like to say that Dr. Porchester is as honourable a gentleman as ever stepped on earth. All he says is true—and as for the *gold*—allow me, your worship, to show you what it is—"advancing to the table where the portmanteau was lying—"See, I scrape this bar—nothing but old iron—this knob—old iron. Nothing but bits of old iron which my son who is in the painting line once gilded over to amuse his young brothers when they played at pirates and smugglers. And that's the truth, your worship."

The magistrate looked much interested, not to say amused ; and a titter of approbation rippled through the court. There was a pause, and the magistrate remarked—"Dr. Porchester, I feel satisfied that the summons may be dismissed, and that the officer of her Majesty's coast-guard, in his zest for fulfilling his duty, has followed a wrong scent. The circumstantial evidence was certainly strong and convincing—in fact I may say that a more convincing case at first sight never came under my notice—but it is perfectly clear that suspicions have been falsely aroused ; and I must express my regret that so illustrious a visitor as Dr. Porchester should have been subjected to the annoyance of a groundless suspicion. Captain Warship will, I am sure, unite with me in expressing similar regret."

Captain Warship mumbled out in a husky voice, "Oh, certainly, I am sorry there should have been a mistake."

And as this was the last case to be tried, the court broke up, and people went home to gossip over the remarkable trial, and Dr. Porchester and his friends drove back to Sandport.

There was a paragraph in the next issue of the Sandport Gazette, which ran thus :—

"We are glad to state that the suspicions of unlawfully appropriating property from the wreck, which fell upon a visitor to this town, have proved to be unfounded. While regretting that our visitor should have been annoyed by the course of action adopted, we must again congratulate the town upon the privilege it enjoys in possessing guardians of the law so energetic and watchful."

The holidays came to an end, and Dr. Porchester returned to Highfield House.

(THE END.)



THE police-court was crowded. Such an interesting and important case had not been known for years. A few minor offences were first disposed of, and then our hero was called to the front.

Captain Warship, supported on either side by Bill and 'Arry and police-constables Batson and Pownall, formed a phalanx calculated to inspire the guilty heart with dread.

The captain delivered his charge with cold-hearted severity. In a big voice for so small a man he detailed the facts we already know—how that on two occasions the accused had been seen coming from the scene of the wreck, carrying a heavy bag—how he had carefully buried the contents, and afterwards, in company with a man named Hollobon, had removed the booty. "I need hardly say, sir," continued the captain, addressing the magistrate, "that I endeavoured by the most conciliatory appeals to prevail upon the accused to make full confession and restore the wreck, which had possibly been appropriated in ignorance of the law. My efforts, sir, proved unavailing, and I was left with no other alternative than to apply for a legal warrant to search the premises occupied by the accused. The result of my search was crowned with success, as I shall at once prove. Constables Batson and Pownall, produce the property discovered by us in the White Hart Hotel, Sandport."

Amid profound silence in court the two constables lifted the old portmanteau upon a table, and having opened it, displayed the contents—bars, and nuggets, and knobs of gold ! The sensation was thrilling—people stood up and jostled each other to get a better view, and a buzz of astonishment and groans of indignation arose on all sides.

"Silence in court !" shouted the magistrate ; and when the order was at length obeyed, Captain Warship concluded his oration by saying : "I now leave the matter, sir, in your hands to deal with according to law, but before sitting down I desire to express my approbation of the cheerful and valuable assistance afforded me in this difficult and embarrassing case by these two men, William Saunders and Henry Horseman, who were indefatigable in their efforts to bring the guilty to justice."

A RAMBLE WITH A KNAPSACK THROUGH THE BLACK FOREST.

BY A LONDON BARRISTER,

Author of "Recollections of a Freshman's Life at Cambridge," etc.

PART II.

FORTUNATELY, the majority of people who spend "happy days" are somewhat inclined to be lazy; the descent of the ravine, like that of Avernus, and of all other descents in this world, was very easy; this particular one has had its incline so beautifully graduated, has had its steps and the stepping-stones over the stream so cunningly arranged, that you hardly feel like going down. And herein again you will see that it is not unlike the Avernian incline. But there is the coming "hok agen," as the Scotch say. You can indeed get out of this deep gully, but it is an arduous undertaking, for the staircase is nearly a mile and a half long; and, however gentle the incline, there is still "such a gettin' upstairs as I never did see." Tourists as a rule do not venture down very far, and after the first quarter of a mile I was left to "gang my ain gate" alone, and take my fill of the charms nature was spreading out before me. A pleasant shady walk of about five miles from the foot of this gigantic staircase brought me to a little out-of-the-way place called Oppenau, the entrance to which I have sketched. It was a curious, old-fashioned, dead-and-alive old town, with nothing very grand in the way of hotels, where strangers go about once or twice only in a blue moon; but it is a type of a forest town lying out of the beaten track. A paved street, over which an occasional cart goes rattling; a church, rather the worse for wear; a village pump, where maidens most do congregate to chatter of their dresses and their lovers; a *café*, where the said lovers congregate to have their say on things in general, and sweethearts in particular; cocks and hens and children. A place to rest a night in, scorning creature comforts; and find much food for reflection as to the vanity of human affairs, and the sorry dances ambition leads men to figure in.

After Oppenau I wandered on for a day or two, making for the baths, or watering-places, of which there is a group of about half a dozen in the heart of the Forest; Petersthal and Rippoldsau being two well-known ones. I have not much to tell you about them, except that they lie all of them in very pleasant valleys with the pine-clad mountains encircling them; that they are much frequented by well-to-do Germans; that the hotels are exceedingly good, and that you must tidy yourself up a bit before you sit down to dinner. They are all of them 'Tunbridge Wells in miniature; each has its spring noted for certain healing properties, fancied or otherwise; and in each the day's routine is pretty much the same as it is in places where people take the waters: waters at certain times during the day, food at others, the band at others, and so on, and so on.

Shapbach is a pretty little village, nestling under the mountains near Rippoldsau.

I am afraid that you will think I am very free in my use of superlatives. I must almost apologise for telling you that after visiting these charming little watering-places, tasting all their waters, and, I suppose, feeling all the better for them (the Rippoldsau water I remember as being specially sparkling and refreshing), I had a seven-mile walk through the Pau, which was most marvellously weird and grand. The Pau lies between Friberg and Hornberg, and is certainly one of the most wonderful bits of the Forest. The rocks on either side reach to a great height; at times they almost meet at the base, and seem to be trying their utmost to squeeze the road out of existence. The scene is not at all unlike the Lorelei and the finest bits of the Rhine valley.

In this valley I must bid you pause, and wonder at the extraordinary skill which has constructed that arch-enemy of beauty, the railway. It simply compels admiration at the marvellous way in which it twists and turns about the sides of the rocks, which in some places run sheer down to the road. Admire it, then, yet from a distance, and respectfully, but don't go near it. Shun it as you would the Evil One—that is, if you wish to enjoy the remainder of your Forest excursion. When you make up your mind to go to the Black Forest you must remember that Germans nearly always dine at two o'clock, have coffee and play dominoes for an hour or so, and begin to think about doing a little work at four-thirty or five o'clock. The day I arrived at Hornberg I had done my day's journey in the morning for a change, and so for the remainder of the day I remembered that I was in Germany, and with much deliberation set about doing (or not doing) as the Germans do; and then I wandered about over the castle, and went to see some of the watch manufactories and wood carvers at work. Wood-carving is one of the great industries of the central part of the Forest.

Now I must once more lead you right out of the beaten track, and right out, too, of the path from north to south on which we have hitherto been rambling. You must take a whole day's journey eastward to see the quaint old town of Villingen. It is an old place, and rather a considerable one for this romantic part of the world, standing almost on the confines of the Forest encompassed by a wall and standing four square to all the winds that blow. The town is intersected by the streets running at right angles to each other, and at each end of the streets, north, south, east, and west, stand the old towered gateways.

The towers are quadrangular and the gateways only big enough to allow one loaded waggon to go through. The town walls are really the backs of cottages, and very irregular and picturesque. Over the walls you can just see the two very remarkable towers of the church. They are remarkable in this way, that they are both Gothic, and yet they are totally unlike each other. They were of course built at different times: but the effect is exceedingly striking, though, from an architectural point of view, somewhat extraordinary.

The highest points of the Forest lie in a cluster towards the south, and as I am still four or five days' journey from them, we must not spend much time in the intervening villages. In these villages, however, are found the most interesting varieties of the peasant costumes, which I cannot pass over in silence. The men wear long blue coats with brass buttons, gorgeous waistcoats, knee-breeches and red stockings, and very broad-brimmed, low crowned, rough felt hats; the women have many different kinds of "get up." In one district all their energies are devoted to the backs of their bonnets; these are made of gorgeous coloured silks worked with intricate bead patterns, and I believe descend as heirlooms from generation to generation.

Like Mr. Martin Tipper, I can claim to be a prophet in my thoughts, and, like him, regret that other people have had the same ideas and have made money out of them. I was convinced that these bonnet backs would some day become fashionable in London. I did not tell anybody, but sure enough in two or three years' time everybody was wearing them in England. They have given way in their turn to some other fashion, but in the Black Forest the ever-changeable goddess,

Fashion, is not worshipped, and though it is some years since I saw these peasant bonnets I feel quite certain that they are still being worn every Sunday, and still being carefully wrapped away in tissue-paper and lavender every Monday. Then there are for everyday wear enormous straw hats, measuring roughly two feet six inches across, with three large blobs of red wool on the top. The most notable caps are very curious, and are worn chiefly by housemaids. They are made simply of one large bow of black ribbon, about nine inches broad, placed upright on the head, and measuring quite two feet or more across. The very old peasant women wear high top-hats, made of wicker, and painted yellow and varnished. These different head-gears have, as you can well imagine, a most curious effect.

And now we must begin to climb the mountains. There are three that must be "tackled" without fail—the Feldberg, the Belchen, and the Blauen.

The ascent is in no place very steep, but in all three cases it is a good day's walk to get to the top. The last eight or nine miles on the Feldberg is rather weary work, and a little uninteresting. At last you see a long way ahead a town which marks the summit, and about five hundred yards below it a solitary hut. This is the Todnauer Hütte, and must be the resting-place for the night. It is a queer little shanty: two rooms below and four bedrooms upstairs, each with two beds; for visitors are by no means unfrequent, and the innkeeper manages to scrape together a modest little income, with which he is well satisfied. He has a little farmyard and a few pigs and poultry. It must be confessed that there is a feeling of utter loneliness pervading the place. All around for miles and miles nothing but mountains rolling away into the far distance. The little hut is like a ship in the broad Atlantic. You will ask, But how do you manage for food in such a place? It is homely, indeed, but there is enough. These outlying cottages are supplied with victuals and drink by a regular service all through the year. Once a week the bread man comes round, once a fortnight a wine cask, and so on. One day I had a long walk with a postman; his average walk was between thirty and forty miles a day.

At night the sun set in great splendour, and after supper and a chat (I had made great progress with my German, and was now able to hold quite long conversations) I went off to bed, hoping to see him rise again in glory. I was doomed to be disappointed, but I saw a beautiful sight instead.

When I awoke we were surrounded by dense white driving clouds; you couldn't see ten yards ahead. They were rushing up from the valleys at a fearful rate. By-and-by they separated a little, and a little patch of mountain appeared, like a tiny promontory running out to sea. It was no use going on for a little while, so I explored the top of the mountain and found a regular plantation of wild raspberry-trees and whortleberry-bushes. The raspberries were ripe, so I gathered a good quantity, and explained to my hostess the process of making jam. An English boy will hardly believe me when I say that it was quite a new idea to her. She assured me that though they knew how luxuriantly the bush was growing almost at their doors they never took the trouble to gather the fruit. I made some excellent raspberry and whortleberry jam; my hostess contributed some junket, and our joint labours were much appreciated at the midday meal. When you go there I hope you will find the good lady still flourishing, and an adept jam-maker.

After dinner I once more sought the valleys. My next climb was up the Belchen, on the top of which was a hut, much resembling the hut on the Feldberg. This was called the Belchenhaus, and here again I met with a very kind reception, and spent a pleasant evening. The Belchen is on the eastern edge of the Forest, and looks over the Rhine valley. The black mountains run down to the plain, stopping very abruptly, they themselves being occasionally broken up by little green valleys meandering into them like rivers. Then for miles and miles the broad Rhine valley, with the great river like a silver thread running through it, and then far away the mountains of Bohemia closing in

on the other side, so that you see the whole length and breadth of the fertile plain. The Belchen is perhaps the most interesting mountain to climb, for, besides the panorama of the Rhine, if you are lucky and an early-riser, you may catch a glimpse of the Alps in the far distance.

I was up with the lark and the sun, and lifting their tall heads into the sky far beyond the black waves of Forest, rose the Alps, with the glory of the morning sun upon them, Mont Blanc itself being clearly visible. The Blauen is a repetition of the Belchen, but the descent from it into Badenweiler is most interesting.

With this charming little town ends the

Forest. Freiberg lies within easy distance, and should not be missed. Resting here a day or two, I then made my way back by rail to Mayence, and finished my tour by taking a steamer which went right away down the Rhine to Rotterdam in two days. The Dutch Rhine is well worth a visit, more especially the little town of Nimwegen, famous in English history for the treaty which was signed there.

Thus ended a happy month. If you would have a happy month too, I would say to you, Go and do likewise.

(THE END.)

GLIMPSES OF MAORI LAND.

MISS BUTLER's book on New Zealand, published by the Religious Tract Society, is one of the pleasantest issued of late years. It tells only what she saw; and, as her visit was a recent one, the information it contains is sure to be appreciated. It cannot be said that she went to praise or blame; but as she wanders about the North Island, visiting town after town and mission-station after mission-station, many opportunities are afforded for judicious observation, of which full use is made. There is a freshness about her descriptions which enables even such a well-worn theme as life on board ship readable with interest. But let us give a few examples. Here is a glimpse of life on the *Merope*—we beg pardon, the *Eperem*—but why the good ship's name should be turned upside down we know not, unless it is on some obscure Antipodean ground:—

But now we are south of Australia, and get out the "Pacific" chart (never did ocean less deserve its name as far as our experiences go!); and in a few days, if all goes well, we shall be in Wellington Harbour. The *Eperem* has not been there before, and "She'll not pass Canterbury unless she knows the reason why," says the first mate. Leeturos and games are almost given up, for the weather has made it difficult to get from one part of the ship to the other; but we are sorting out things, and finishing up this and that on our own account, all ready for land.

Sunday has come—our eleventh on board. "Sails," the lanky Swedish sailmaker, is looking quite the grand man of the ship, and is promenading in full view of the saloon with intent to display his cloth suit.

"You'll be glad to be on land?" he asks me, as I go forward with the books.

"Well, I have been very happy here. You see, I have no hard work like you, but can walk about, and try to take likenesses."

"And convert people," he adds.

Poor Sails! I see what has been expected of me, and wish I had come up more to his standard.

And now the cook claims my attention, and shows me his batch of new bread with evident pride.

"Is it not light and sweet? We do manage, I think, pretty well. We come in here sometimes soon after four in the morning to find *everything* topsy-turvy, and the water over all. Sometimes we have the saucepans turning head over heels, and emptying one thing into another, and then we have to begin again. Well, we just do the best that we can."

Jemmy Ducks grins assent. "Jemmy Ducks" is the characteristic sea sobriquet of a cook's mate, whilst the names "Chips" and "Sails" indicate the professions of their several owners. Our especial Jemmy Ducks has a perpetual smile on his face, and must be as good as a volume of "Punch" at his

end of the ship with his keen sense of humour; but he looks withal such a scarecrow that the saloon passengers have dubbed him "The hardened ruffian." He "used to go about Whitechapel with a moko" (donkey), but seems to take kindly to his present life, running up the rigging faster than the sailors, though "I don't suppose he knows what to do when he's up," says the captain. "I'm safe!" he will exclaim in a tone of relief, after letting himself down from some small elevation; or, "Now's your time!" and you see him scuttling off in mock haste to avoid the next wave. As if he cared for water or danger!

And now here comes Henry, our cabin-boy. What can he have to say? He wants "to ask a very great favour."

"I know you keep an account of what is done every day, and I wanted to ask you the favour of letting me have it to copy. My people asked me to write a diary for them, and I have had so many things to do. I have very little time, but I thought I could sit up at night and copy it if you would be so good."

So I promise, poor boy, that I will write him a diary.

Monday is here; things are being cleaned up for land, and even the poultry-coops look nice. The log is heaved, and the lead is got out for soundings. The last ambulance lecture has been given; and Henry's face beams with delight as I give him his diary, adorned with eight illustrations—flying-fish, mutton bird, Cape pigeon, eclipse, flags, St. Martin Vas rocks, Southern Cross, and ship.

New Zealand charts are out now. We are tearing along. Before and behind us majestic waves are rolling. In every direction their heights and depths are to be seen, their crested heads, the light-green patches of translucent water in their hollows; while the flying balls of foam and the showers and sheets of spray might lead one to suppose that Neptune was having a grand washing day. I have ruled out what is, we hope, our last paper for the notice-board.

Gale after gale; in the midst of which all the work of cleaning up for harbour is undone, and in the worst of which I print out the passengers' memorial for our good captain. Casualties multiply. Johnnie has been caught by a sea in coming from the galley. The steward, seeing what must happen, sprang forward with the agility of a cat, and seized his dishes from him; a moment more and the little fellow was swept to the other side of the deck; and, but for the fact of his being small enough to get wedged beneath a spar, we should most likely have lost our curly-headed cabin-boy, for the bulwarks were right under water. Others have been roughly treated by the waves; and five steerage passengers who share the same cabin have had as many as fifty buckets of water to bale out in one night. But they are brave enough, these girls! Heartily sick as they are of the present state of things, one

may hear peals of laughter from their quarters. The only serious disaster is the one which "Daddy" has met with. He was helping the engineer to do something (for he is ever ready to lend a hand if needed), when a hurch sent him out of the cabin with a box after him, which jammed him against the bulwarks, whence he was pulled out with a sprained ankle. He was covered with water, moreover, so that it is a good thing that the poor old man was not drowned on the deck. Well may one thank God for "preservation" from evil. Earlier in the voyage one of the apprentices fell from a mast and was caught on the yardarm; another was over the side of the ship, but was pulled back in time; and I fell down a hold, but escaped with a bruise and a headache.

And now take this glimpse of the pilot at the end of the voyage:—

That pilot was a perfect type of a handsome, manly, genial seaman, and he seemed to know his own charms.

"Never can keep a photograph. I come down to the town and get three dozen done at once, and in three months, bless you, they're all gone, not one left! Every one wants them." He was quite a character, and we enjoyed his short rule. That first day, as the ship lay-to, we amused ourselves by listening to his traveller's talk about the Maoris, under which lay a hearty appreciation of the native character; but the next morning this *dolce far niente* state of things took a turn with the wind.

At half-past three the steerage passengers were roused up to come and help in weighing anchor, and the voices of pilot and saloon passengers, who would not be behind if anything was going on, woke us up. By seven I too was on deck, and found we were now fairly off. The pilot was on the poop with a lump of sugar in his hand.

"See here, I've never smoked a pipe of tobacco in my life, but when I'm angry, or when I'm anxious, I must chew something, or I must grind my teeth. So I always have some lumps of sugar or some sweeties at hand, and when I'm anxious at all I chew away at them. My people at home, they always stuff my pockets full, because they know, you see, it's a necessity to me, and in goes my hand at once when there's anything to excite me. Couldn't do without chewing. A friend of mine goes to the stores who knows my ways, and he says, 'I want some lollies, but I see the pilot's been here before me, and I know it's no use.'"

Then, continuing his favourite subject, "Let the Maoris only feel that you're their friend, and they'll do anything for you, anything. They know I'm their friend, and I may go away and leave my house and things open, and they'll touch nothing. And if they are lucky with their fishing they'll bring some of the fish and hang them on my door as a present to me. They come to me sometimes and say, 'Pilot, will you lend me

a shilling or half-a-crown?" and I always lend it to them, always; and I'm not a bit afraid of their forgetting it, not a bit. Bless you! if they didn't see me for six months, and met me in the street, they'd

must have enjoyed acting under the pilot, with his cheery manner, decided orders, and appreciation of good work.

"Now then, my lads, walk that rope along; all ready? Every one keep in his

"Perils among the heathen" were many when Mr. Baker's father came first as missionary to the Bay of Islands.

"I have come to kill you," said a native one day.



Maori Woman and Child.



Uncivilised Maori Woman, with Pipe ready for use in one ear and a shark's tooth in the other.

come straight up to me and give me that money. They would. That's more than you could say for some Englishmen, mind you. Let a man do them a kindness or an injury, and at the end of a hundred years they'll know that man."

There was not much time for talking,

position. Swing her round. Quick! Quick! Keep your eye on her. Don't admire the seecry. Well done, my lads!" But his orders came one after the other so rapidly that how the men found it possible to carry them out I cannot say. The ship was turned sheer round again and again, but it was

"Very well; just wait till I have finished my dinner."

And then, baring his chest, he went to the man, saying, "I'm ready now; shoot!"

This fearlessness daunted the Maori, who slunk away without attempting the deed. Another time the announcement was made,



Maori Chief wearing the Huia Feathers.



A Chief with Greenstone Club.

however, for tacking was an engrossing occupation, and the tacks came nearer and nearer together, until at last the sailors and the passengers, who did nearly all the forecandle work good part of the time, got hardly any rest. It was a most interesting and exciting scene. Every one worked with a will, and

hard work for the man at the wheel. "Quicker! Quicker!" shouted the pilot (for once we were almost on land), and two other men rushed forward to help.

Of the Maoris, there is much to say. Some of the experiences of the missionaries seem to be rather more exciting than pleasant.

"We have come by the order of the tribe to shoot you."

"All right; but don't think that I am going to let you murder me *here*! Give me your back over this river, and carry me to your tribe. Let them tell me what I have done, and they shall hear my answer. And

then, if they wish it, you may kill me in sight of them all."

The man obeyed, and carried the missionary into the midst of the tribe. Then all sat down and talked the subject over, and Mr. Baker was able to convince the gathering that he had abundantly proved himself a friend, and not an enemy, of the Maori race. Maoris are reasonable and ingenuous, and, once convinced, they had no difficulty in acquitting their prisoner.

Great is the respect of the natives for medical skill:—

I was told that a real medical missionary would be likely to do an immense deal of good in New Zealand, on account of the great fancy the Maoris have for being doctored. They do not mind pain. If you give them one mustard-plaster they are not contented; they must have one on every part that feels uncomfortable, and have been seen with as many as five or six on at once. They

"Open your mouth," said the missionary, "and I'll see what I can do;" and, strange to say, the tooth went back into its place, and does not seem to have given its owner any further trouble, while the missionary gained great credit with the natives for being able not only to take teeth out, but to put them back again! But it is little wonder that when the man turned round and said, "Now, then, take out this other one, it must be this one hurts me," the request was steadily refused.

But perhaps the description of the sheep-run is the best "glimpse" in the book:—

The station is very extensive. It has several miles of sea frontage, and runs sixteen or seventeen miles inland, covering forty or forty-two thousand acres of area. Of these nearly two-thirds are available as pasture-land, the rest consisting of clay and of the peculiar black sand which we saw at Wanganui, containing about fifteen per cent. of

leagued against them. So difficult is it to persuade them to come quietly in the desired direction that sometimes, out of a herd of fifty, only two or three head have been added to the stockyard. We heard various exciting incidents of perils and escapes in hunting these creatures down, and Mr. W—— says he could fill a volume with such stories. On one occasion he was not a little amused. He had been stunned by a blow from a wild bullock, and on recovering consciousness found two of his men standing by him.

"What did the herd do after I fell down?"

"Every single beast came and jumped over you."

It was just as if to show their contempt for their fallen foe.

Swing fences are used on the estate to resist any mad onrush of horses or cattle. They are made of wire, and are therefore invisible at a distance. The wire is attached to wooden uprights, and only about one in six of these posts is fastened into the ground, the others being left free. A fence so constructed throws



Maori Whares, or Native Houses.

are particularly fond of having their teeth drawn; that is their delight, and when a tooth is out they take it outside the house and get a stone and hammer away till it is reduced to powder. They quite enjoy this revenge upon their old enemy.

"I want you to pull out this tooth," a Maori said one day to Mr. Taylor.

"There is nothing the matter with it."

"Yes, there is; it gives me great pain."

"It is not your tooth gives you pain, it is something else."

"But it *is* my tooth, and you *must* take it out. I suppose you tell me you won't because you can't."

And he roared so loud to show how bad the pain was, and got altogether so excited, that at last the missionary agreed to take the tooth out on the full understanding that it was done simply to please his patient.

"There," he said, afterwards, "you see it is as I said; there is nothing at all the matter with it."

"Then why did you touch it?" asked the tiresome invalid. "You say it is quite good, and yet you took it out. *Put it in again!*"

What was the good of reasoning with the man?

iron, which has never yet been satisfactorily smelted.

Just then there were thirteen thousand sheep on the run, but it generally has fifteen, or in the lambing season as many as nineteen thousand. There were also two thousand head of cattle. When Mr. W—— first came to Rangitiki all the cattle on the station were wild, and he never went out without his rifle; but, by dint of working hard two months a year for three years, he managed to reclaim seven hundred, and as, meantime, thirteen hundred were shot as "irreclaimable," there is no danger now from their attacks. The work of reclaiming was as arduous as works of reformation invariably are. Mr. W—— and a few stockmen would start off in the morning on horseback, and, having found a herd of wild cattle, would drive it into the midst of the tame beasts which they had brought with them as decoys. But now arose endless perplexities. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and there was always the fear of the civilised bullocks being tempted back by their companions to taste once more the sweets of bush liberty; or of the wild beasts goring the horses, dogs, cattle, or men that they found

unsuspecting assailants back with a force proportioned to the fury of their attack, instead of being itself destroyed by their violence.

A good sheep farm is a very profitable concern. Each ewe has one or two lambs a year, and so, even though five per cent. of the little creatures die, chiefly when they are a year old and cut their permanent teeth, there is annually a very large addition to the flock. The death of the lambs is a great distress to the mothers, and the shepherds to comfort them take the skin off the deceased darling and put it on some other mother's twin. This ruse, so transparent one would think, answers perfectly. Under the impression that she has found her own again, the mother-sheep licks, warms, and suckles the changeling, and her grief is all at an end.

All my English ideas of folds in which the flocks are nightly shut up were put to flight here. There is what is called "a main muster of the sheep" only about twice in the year. Any stragglers from other runs are then discovered and sent back whence they came.

We were taken to the stock-yard and the washing and dipping place, and were shown all the contrivances for counting and branding cows and heifers, and for washing and

dipping the sheep. It looked as though a hair-cutting of giants had been going on in the stock-yard, for long hair of various shades and colours lay thick on the ground. It seems that as the cattle pass out of the floor of the branding enclosure they are counted, and that the tuft is cut from the tail of each as it goes by to prevent any possibility of its being counted over again.

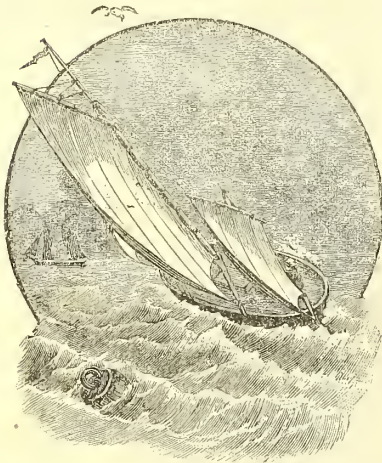
The washing and shearing of the sheep begin early in November, for later in the summer there is a burr which would get into the wool and tangle and spoil it. When the

washing time comes the sheep are placed in a pen, off which a bridge runs. At the end of this bridge is a tiny pen with decoy sheep. The unsuspecting flock run from the large pen to join them, about fifteen being allowed to get out at a time, and when the bridge is full it is tilted up so as to meet a slanting board, down which the sheep run straight into a vat, which is five feet deep and full of water. Here they are left to swim about for five minutes, and then, a door being opened on one side, they make for it, and are soon standing on a second bridge. This in its turn

being tilted up, they find themselves in a narrow passage, with streams of water coming from the top—a regular shower-bath. As there is barely room in this passage for them to swim up and down, they “dolly” one another, and rub all the dirt out of their fleeces. When they have been here five minutes they are allowed to run out into a draining-pen, and then into “choice paddocks.” In about a week they are dry, and have some of the oiliness of the wool back again, and are, we are told, “whiter than you could believe.”

THE MUTINEERS OF THE “MAY QUEEN.”

PART I.



“SAIL, OH!”

“Where away?”

“Broad on the lee bow, sir. There seems something amiss with her.”

The skipper turned to the man at the wheel, “Let her go off three points, quarter-master,” he said.

“Aye, aye, sir.”

Our good ship, the “Swan,” was speeding before a brisk north-easter, on her way to Australia. Turning to me, who was standing with him on the quarter-deck, the skipper said, “Take the glass aloft and have a look at her; she may want some help.”

I was presently endeavouring to make out the stranger from the fore-top-mast cross-trees, from whence I could see her now nearly right ahead. It was no easy matter to make her out, for she was taking the whole ocean to steer in, so to speak. At one time right up in the wind's eye, with everything aloft ripping and tearing in the wind; then sheering to port or starboard as though she would outail the “Swan” if she could. Presently she fell off from the wind, and then I saw—or thought I saw—what was wrong.

“On deck!”

“Hullo!”

“She's a derelict,” I sang out. “All her head-gear and fore-top-mast are gone, and the yards are swinging about anyhow in the breeze.”

“Do you see any one about her decks?”

“No, sir.”

At that instant a dark object passed across her poop, and then a capsized English ensign was run up to her main peak.

This signal of distress naturally created a lively interest on deck, from whence the movements of the disabled vessel were now eagerly watched by our crew, as she reeled and plunged through the seas, the foam surging round her bows as she rose and fell on the Atlantic billows.

Now she sheered away to starboard of us, and I saw that her bow was cut down to the water line almost.

“She has been in collision,” I shouted. “All her fore-head is stove in, and the starboard bow badly injured.”

“All hands shorten sail,” sang out the captain, and in five minutes all our flying kites were clewed up, and the Swan was forging ahead under easy canvas.

We were now close enough for me to read the name, May Queen, on the bow of the wreck.

Suddenly there appeared upon her poop four sailors, who approached, in a shuffling and uncertain manner, a tall man, who stood erect and evidently defiant, near the wheel. I could see that the men were armed with handspikes, and my heart beat fast as I watched them approaching closer to the white-haired man.

Arrested either by his command or entreaty, the sailors hesitated, but only for a moment. Then they moved forward, as though to attack him. He raised his arm and a puff of white smoke followed. A sailor measured his length on the deck.

The stranger now sheered right across our bows. As she went blundering by our skipper hailed, “Want any assistance?”

The attacking party had fallen back on seeing their companion down.

The old man shouted back lustily, “Sink-in! Mutiny!”

In another instant I was on deck, and a crew being hastily selected, we had no sooner taken our seats in the lifeboat than the tackles were eased away.

“Bear a hand now!” our captain called out, as he threw some handcuffs into the stern-sheets. At the same time he handed me a revolver. “Don't use it unless you are forced to do so,” he said.

“Aye, aye, sir,” I answered, as the boat shoved off and the men settled down to their oars.

“Give way, my lads, give way!” I exclaimed, for I could see by the peculiar motion of the disabled vessel that her doom was imminent. The seas were breaking right over her fore-head, she being no longer able to clear them.

As we shot alongside the wreck, there rang out the sharp report of a pistol. We scrambled up the side, without attracting the attention of the mutineers, who were evidently mad with drink, and who had made another attack on the old man, with a similar result. Two of their number now lay at his feet.

“Back, you drunken scoundrels, or I'll shoot you all!” he exclaimed, as he confronted them with as clear an eye and as steady a hand as though the righteousness of his cause gave him calmness in the moment of peril.

There were only two of them left, and springing upon these from behind, we soon overcame them, for they were in reality too drunk to offer much sustained resistance. The struggle was sharp, though, while it lasted. They foamed, and gnashed, and raved, just like madmen, and had it not been

for the superior force of the rescuing party, it might have fared badly with us all.

They were soon handcuffed, and placed in the boat. Not until then did the old man move from the position he had taken up when we first saw him. Now he came forward and gave me his hand. “Thank you, sir,” he said, frankly and composedly. “I am the captain of the May Queen. If you had not come to the rescue, we should have been all dead men. As it is, we have not a moment to lose. You have saved the lives of these men, and possibly mine, but unless we are prepared to sink with the ship in five minutes, we had better leave her at once.”

Now that he had others to think of besides himself, he showed more anxiety than when his life was in such danger, and it was evident to us all that the foundering of the May Queen was, as he said, only a question of a very few minutes.

I hardly know how we tumbled into the lifeboat, but it seemed no time before I was calling to my men, “Pull, boys, pull with a will!”

They plied the oars manfully, and we were soon at a safe distance from the wreck.

“A close shave, that, captain,” I remarked, as I drew a long breath, and looked back to the doomed vessel.

Even as I looked, he started to his feet, shouting, “There she goes!”

And true enough, the May Queen suddenly heaved up her bows. We could see nearly half way down her keel. Her poop was buried in the trough of the sea, and there was a loud hiss of escaping air as the good ship sank to the depths of the North Atlantic, where many a gallant bark had gone before.

The skipper sank on the seat again, and covered his face with his hands. He was not a man to give way to noisy grief, and we pulled back to the Swan in silence. I respected his sorrow too much to intrude any words of mine.

When he told the story of the collision, and mutiny, later on, it was with a calmness which did him credit, and showed of what sterling stuff he was made.

The vessel had been struck by a passing ship at night-time, and in the confusion caused by the accident, all his crew, except the mutineers, had scrambled on board the strange ship, which disappeared in the darkness. He himself had been stunned by some falling spars, and was unconscious for a time. When he recovered sufficiently to look after the men, he found them frenzied with drink, which they had taken from the stores. They refused to obey orders, and finally made such a savage attack upon him, that, as we have seen, in self-defence he was obliged to shoot two of them.

“I hope your men will not give me any trouble,” our skipper said significantly, as he looked with evident disgust at the helpless creatures who had been hauled ignominiously over the side. He was an abstainer himself, and never lost an opportunity of letting the men have what he called a little practical

advice on the subject. Such an illustration of the evil effects of drink was not likely to be thrown away by so sturdy a temperance advocate. And he had the argument all on his side this time, for two uglier customers it would be difficult to find.

I must say, though, that when they had recovered from the effects of their debauch, and had washed themselves, they were smart looking fellows enough. They professed the utmost penitence for their breach of duty, and if hearty willingness to work was any proof of contrition, they certainly showed it.

Life on board soon fell into its ordinary channels, except that we were daily watch-

ing for a "homeward bound," to which we could transfer our rescued men.

One night, shortly before picking up the north-east trades, I was leaning on the taffrail thinking of those at home, and going over some of the eventful scenes in a somewhat chequered career.

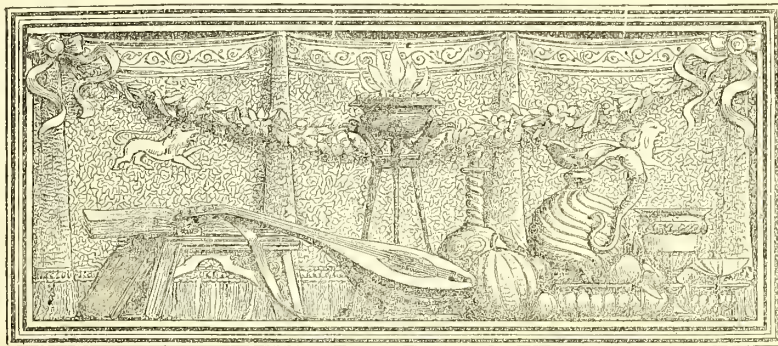
There was a wonderful stillness on the ocean. The long undulations moved majestically towards us, their glass-like surfaces touched by the silver light of the crescent moon. We were quite becalmed, and rolled idly from side to side, our sails casting ghostly shadows on the sea.

The watch below had turned in, and those

on deck were lying lazily about, sleeping or smoking. Through the open cabin skylight I could hear the sound of conversation, as the two skippers smoked their evening pipes together, over a game of chess.

As two bells—nine o'clock—rang out, it woke me from my reverie, and I turned towards the binnacle. As I did so I was arrested by a cry. It made my heart stop beating for an instant, it was so horrible. It was a mixture of pain, remorse, and terror. Then, a figure, ghostlike and fearful, robed from head to foot in lurid flame, rose to the fok's'le head, and plunged overboard.

(To be concluded.)



ADVENTURE WITH AUSTRALIAN SHARKS.

SOME years ago I belonged to a ship that took out emigrants to Adelaide in South Australia, and on reaching that port the crew asked for the usual leave. Now the captain knew full well that, as seaman's wages from Adelaide were then nearly double what our men were receiving, if once any of them got on shore they would be likely to desert and, waiting till the ship had sailed, come out of hiding to join some other vessel and gain the extra pay. He therefore told them that two at a time might go on shore, till all had had a holiday. With this they seemed contented, and two went off in the captain's hired boat next morning. That was the last we ever saw of them, so all further liberty was stopped.

But the captain soon found the hired shore boat rather expensive, as we had anchored five miles out from the shore; and, as he couldn't trust the men with one of the ship's boats, we five unlucky youngsters had not only to pull him on shore whenever he had business, but each morning at daylight had to go for the fresh meat and other necessities; and, what with people coming off and one thing and another, a pretty hard time we had of it; and, as the landing-place was four miles from the town, and consisted of a low sandy beach without a tree, and but one single wooden public-house which we were forbidden—very rightly—to enter, our lives were hard enough, for it was summer time and the sun broiling hot. Yet we should not so much have minded the heat and hard work had it not been for bringing off the meat.

Adelaide—and, in fact, the whole Australian coast—swarms with sharks, and, young as we were, we had all the sailor's horror of those merciless, bloodthirsty creatures. To our dismay, each morning as we cleared the shallows and got into deep water, some half-dozen of these monsters invariably kept us company the whole way to the ship. Scenting the fresh meat, they cruised round and round the boat as we cleft our way onward, occasionally coming so close that now and then they actually touched the oars and came right up to the stern, in which the meat lay covered up from the rays of the sun. As the eldest boy, I asked the chief officer if we might have a couple of boarding-pikes for protection, but he pointed out that, did we wound one of the creatures, his blood would

instantly attract others, and in the fight for his bleeding body the boat might be upset and we all torn to pieces. The savage brutes never dispersed until the boat was hoisted up, and even then would skulk beneath the ship, darting out immediately anything was thrown overboard, smelling and poking at it in a manner that made us more than usually careful to hold on tight when we went aloft, for had any one fallen into the water he would have been carried off in no time.

It so happened that the captain, who had not had so much experience of sharks as the chief officer, had remained on shore one night and drove over to the beach in the butcher's cart next morning. He had been told of our fears, but laughed at them, and so we were rather pleased than otherwise at his having an opportunity of becoming acquainted with our daily escort, for the creatures never followed the boat when there was no meat in it, so he had never seen them, and no doubt thought we had over-exaggerated the numbers that accompanied us. Had we only known what was going to occur we would rather have made fifty trips without him than the one on that never-to-be-forgotten morning. Taking his seat in the stern-sheets, he laughingly asked us where the sharks were as we pulled through the shallows. We made no reply, but bent to our oars, and soon glided into deep water. As the sharp back-fins showed themselves we noticed the captain change colour, the smile left his face, and though, as we had witnessed more than once on the voyage out, he was brave and skilful in storms, the appearance of the ravenous monsters quite unmanned him. At length one of the sharks almost touched the rudder, and, springing up from his seat, the captain seized the boathook. As rapidly as I could I urged the danger of which the chief officer had warned me, but too late, for with all his strength the sharp hook was plunged into the nearest shark's body. A long streak of bright blood crimsoned the clear blue water, and in less time than it takes to relate, the smooth, calm sea around us was lashed in foam by numbers of the terrible fish tearing and jagging at the body of their wounded companion, who in his turn fought desperately for life.

Never will any of us forget the horror of the scene. Our oars were nearly knocked out of our hands by the rushing and plunging

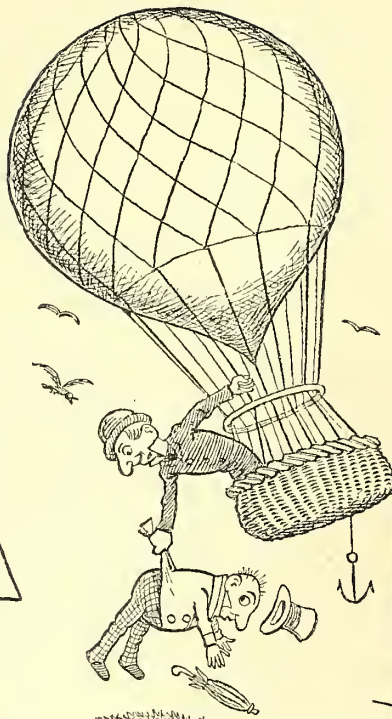
of the fierce, battling monsters. Blow after blow came bang upon the boat's sides, till we all thought she would be knocked to pieces and we thrown in among the terrible creatures. The men from the house on shore—not a quarter of a mile off—shouted to us to pull back for our lives, but the turmoil in which we were, and our own fears, quite paralysed our efforts. The captain was the first to recover himself, and, telling us to keep cool, managed to put the boat's head round, when, forcing our way through the struggling mass of combatants, we pulled for dear life, as the repeated blows had at last taken effect and started a plank, so that when the boat grated on the beach the water was up to the seats. Now that we were safe, the oars dropped from our hands, and, pallid with fright, bathed in perspiration, our hearts beating with a rapidity that threatened to burst them, we fell back exhausted as the shoremen hauled the boat up on the sand, hardly having time to murmur a few wild words of thankfulness at our escape ere becoming insensible, in which state we were carried up to the house. It was hours before we recovered, and the captain then sent for a cart to take us to the tower, from which we were conveyed on board the ship, in a small coasting steamer. We sailed a day or two later, and, though glad to turn our backs upon the scene of our terrible experience, I at least cannot, even after this lapse of time, recall the memory of that dreadful morning without a shudder.

O. W.

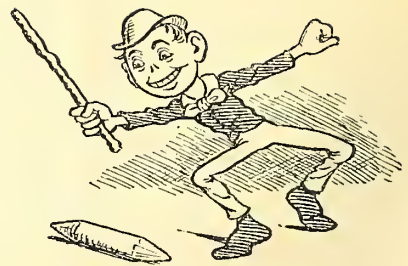


Dear Sir, April 1887

Herewith I send
you some illustrations
made by my son Adolphus
(aged 7) of Reading
Lessons from his
Victoria Spelling Book,
which, this being Jubilee
Year, you may not think
inappropriate to publish.
Yours Truly
To the Editor of *Pater*
The Boys Own Paper—



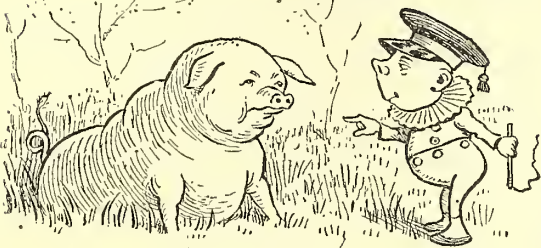
If I go up he is to go



He has a cat



The cat and the hen go to him



Get up pig



Is it a pin I see on the mat?



Yes it is



A fly is in my eye.
Get it out for me



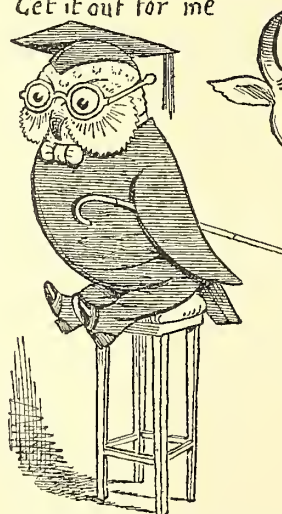
Is the fly out now?
Yes it is



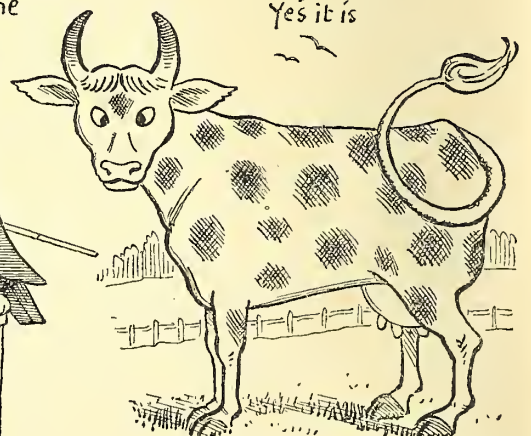
I wish it did not rain



Jane has a kind face
and is a nice girl



The owl is a wise bird



Do you see the cow?

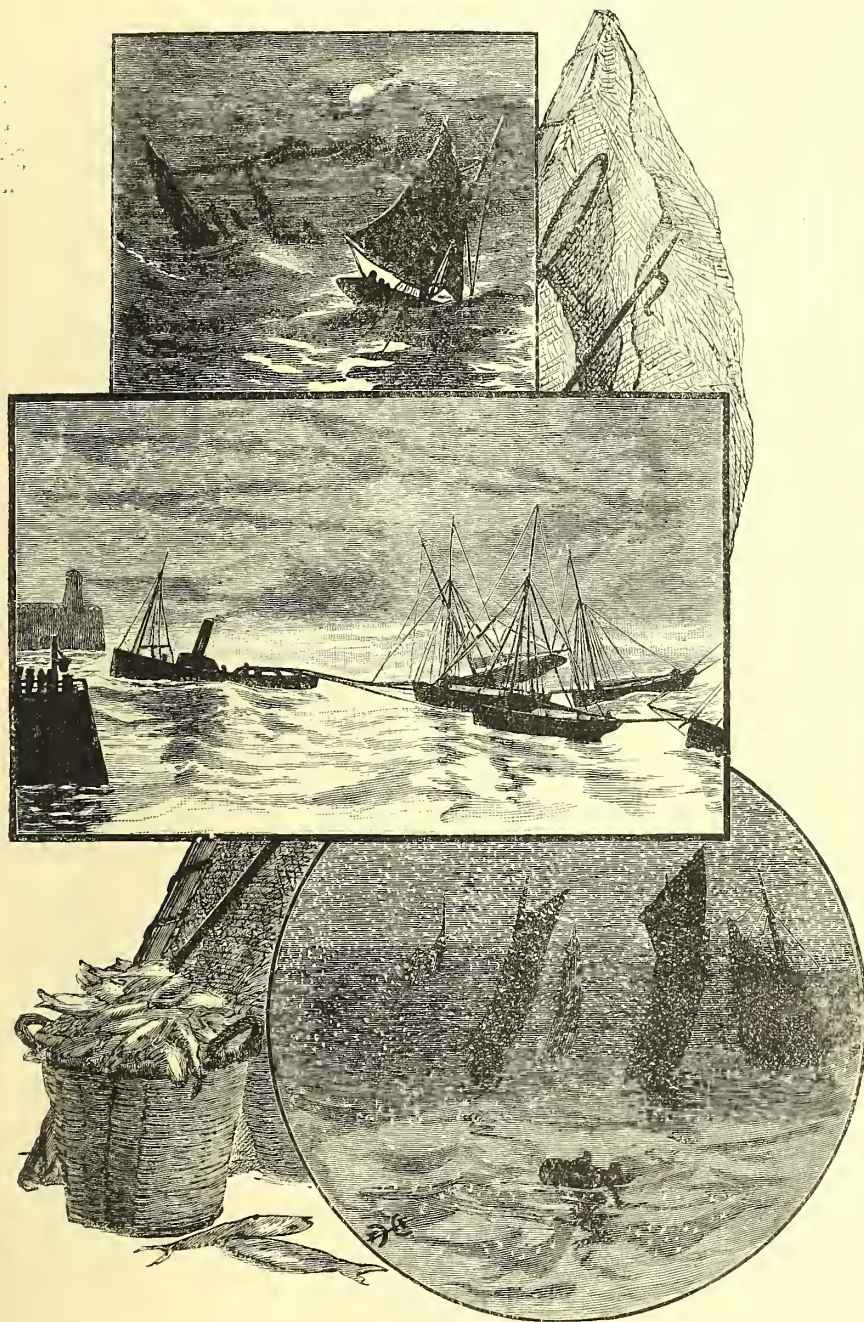
A
CHASEMORE

BOAT-SAILING.

BY FRANKLIN FOX (LATE CAPTAIN P. AND O. SERVICE),

Author of "How to Send a Boy to Sea," etc.

PART III.



trip in a whaler to any of my young friends, as indispensable or generally advisable, for the purpose of being able to handle a boat creditably under canvas, especially as much of the whaling business is carried on—as far as the boats are concerned—under oars alone and without the sails being used. But as it happens that some old boys have actually been in a whaler and have assisted at a whale chase in boats with sails and oars too, there is every reason in favour of utilising this experience for the benefit of those who have had no such opportunity, particularly when that special kind of boat-sailing affords examples of those qualities so indispensable to perfection in the art. Steady endurance of fatigue, unfailing pluck, and consummate skill in handling the boat under circumstances when the most trifling mistake might sacrifice the lives of the boat's crew, are qualities not to be lightly overlooked. What should we do without them when the signal rocket soars aloft through the murky sky and howling gale on our storm-beaten coasts in winter nights, and the cry is heard to man the lifeboat?

A whale-boat is, as most people know, pointed at both ends, the bow and stern being shaped alike. I know there are persons, both young and old, to whom the word boat simply means something to go upon the water in, and who possess no idea of the great varieties of the genus. A boat, whether it be a ferry, a fish, a flat-bottomed, a gig, a pinnace, a launch, a cutter, a dingy or a wherry, is only a more or less uncomfortable kind of water conveyance, and that is all. Those persons have a new pleasure in store for them if they take to boat-sailing, and will, I hope, appreciate the details about whale boats I give here as new ideas. Constructed of well-seasoned pine, with hard wood knees, and copper fastened, the whale boat is never allowed to hang suspended by its two ends as ordinary ship boats are at the vessel's side. Little cranes that swing fore and aft to admit of lowering the boat, and upon which soft thrummed mats are placed under the keel of the craft, support her weight when hoisted up to her davits.

The oars, boathook, mast, sail, a water-keg, and a baler are the only articles, besides the harpoons, the lances, and spades, which are permitted to remain in her when on the cranes. The two hundred and forty fathoms of fine white Manilla rope—the fishing-line—coiled in a tub, stands ready to be popped in between the after and midship thwarts the instant the order is given to "Hoist and swing! Lower away!" but never before. Nor do the men appointed to the boat set a foot in her until she touches the water upon being lowered, when they slide down the "falls" like flashes of light, and are in their places in a moment, their boots or shoes having been discarded before they left the deck of the ship. The look-out at the mast-head has just given tongue, and the welcome shout, "There she blows!" has been echoed by a subdued but earnest cheer upon the deck below.

The skipper has hailed, in reply to the intimation from aloft, with the demand "Where away, my lad; where away?" and the welcome news that the whales are to leeward of us has been conveyed in the answer from aloft announcing that the great fish are—"Three points on the lee bow."

To square away the yards and run the ship down towards the school of sperm whales in sight from the masthead was the rapid work of a few minutes. Very soon they can be seen from the deck by a practised eye.

I HAVE alluded to the fishing interest as occupying a very prominent position in the boating world, and as a sort of bank of information upon which we can draw for illustrations of the art of boat sailing—where in fact we may find the principles upon which that art is based well carried out in practice.

The lessons that can be learnt from this source are easily acquired by observing the careful attention given to sails, gear, and ballast in the mackerel and herring fleets of our fishing ports. The skill in handling the sails, in steering, and the cool judgment necessary to make a boy a good boat sailer, are only, however, to be got by practice. There has not yet—at least as far as I am aware—been any royal short cut discovered to attaining those qualities.

The way in which whale-boats, when used in the pursuit of those very large fish, are managed, supplies a good many hints not unworthy the notice of those who love the sea and all that appertains thereto, and who may wish to cut a good figure when boats and boat sailing are to the fore.

Not even excepting the Little Wonder, whose Atlantic trip has been mentioned, is there any kind of boat to which more studied attention and care are given in its construction, in its fitting, or in its general management, than to a whale-boat. It is true that the knowledge to be acquired by a personal study of the manner in which whale-boats are worked is not quite so accessible as that to be obtained nearer home on our own coasts from local fishing craft, and I can hardly suggest a

There they go, at least a dozen of them, their slate-coloured square noddle ends glistening in the early sunlight. A regular row of short jets of white spray, taper at the bottom, but spreading out like a gooseberry-bush above as the spout rises in the air from the nostrils of the whale, shows us the exact position of our big game, and stimulates us for the exciting contest with these monsters of the deep, the chase and capture of which, to my mind, affords an example of the greatest and best kind of "sport" to be had upon the ocean.

In order not to approach them too closely, and "gally" or alarm the whales, the vessel is rounded-to very shortly, and two boats are lowered to take part in the hunt, the ship after dispatching them filling away her sails again and following in the distance.

Whales when they are chased almost invariably run to windward. I have never heard an instance of the "right" whale,* such as are found in our Greenland fisheries, and from about 30° of latitude all over the world, doing otherwise; but sperm whales, which affect tropical seas and warmer regions than the "right" or black description of the species, occasionally deviate from this custom of flying for safety when pursued by man in the direction where the wind and sea will offer the greatest opposition to the efforts of those attempting their capture. Both kinds do so naturally when migrating from one locality to another, and circumstances indicated that these sperm whales just seen were on their road from one feeding-ground to another.

"Down to your oars, men! Give way, hard!" cried the second mate, who "headed" our boat as we sprang into our places, shoved off from the ship, and starting with a long, high, swinging stroke, as opposite in style to that of a Varsity eight as can well be imagined, we commenced our pursuit of the coveted prey.

The five oars of a whale-boat are long and heavy, the midship one being usually about eighteen feet, the bow and stroke and intermediate ones gradually lessening a little in length as the beam of the boat, narrowing towards each end, gives shorter "housing" to balance the weight of the oar when worked in the rowlocks. The men sit at the extreme side of the boat as they pull, the end of the line coiled in the tub being passed first to a little timber-head set in the stern-sheets, then over each man's oar loosely, so as not to impede rowing, out through a notch in the nose of the boat, where a pin keeps it in its place, and back, to be fastened to the harpoons of the boat-steerer, who pulls bow, and whose duty it is to strike or "fasten" to the whale, when he is ordered by the boat-header, who steers with a long oar fixed in a socket at the sternpost of the boat, to do so. There is a little axe in a becket at one side of the boat ready to cut the line if it fouls, or there should be danger of the whale, after we are fast, towing the boat under. The rowlocks are covered with soft thrummed mats in order to make the movement of our oars noiseless, and we have a mast and a lug-sail laid along the thwarts amidships.

* *Balaena australis* or *antarctica*.

Thus equipped, we stretch out manfully after the school of whales ahead of us. We have, as we row, our backs to them and our faces towards the rising sun, now about "two handspikes high." The second mate, however, has one hand on his long steering oar and the other upon stroke, to the swing of which he adds the impetus of his weight at every pull.

"There they go," he exclaims under his breath, "like a regiment of red-coats toeing a line. Spring to your oars, men. Give it to her." And in response you may believe we do lay back with a will, and the boat flies through the blue waves, shooting ahead of the first mate's boat, vying with our own in its efforts to be the first to get fast.

The whales appeared to be leisurely moving along at about eight miles an hour when we commenced the chase, and we soon began to lessen our distance from them, but not sufficiently to satisfy either the eagerness of our boat-header or our own hopes.

After half an hour's pulling one gets over the slightly painful feeling in the chest, between first and second "winds," and settles down to row as if going on all day would be a delight.

"Set the sail," cried the second mate, "and try them with a rush, men."

We did so, but the whales, with a little flourish of flukes and an extra spout, just moved ahead a trifle faster as we neared them.

"Peak your oars, I'm afraid we have gallied them," cried our leader after we had realised the bad success of attempting to dash up to our chase. We now tried stealing quietly up to the whales under our sail only, the looms or handles of the oars being run into a socket on the opposite side of the boat to the rowlock, the blades sticking out in the air on each side, a favourite custom with whalemen, instead of boating their oars. The lug sail was stretched to its fullest capacity for holding wind by means of a boathook in the sheet thimble, and we swept silently along over the waves towards the whales ahead. We could turn round on our seats now and view the scene. The whales had slackened speed after we ceased rowing, but seemed to regulate their pace by ours with mathematical nicety, and appeared bent upon preserving the same relative distance between us and themselves as had existed since the start. In suppressed whispers we exchanged opinions on the fact that this dislike of closer acquaintanceship on the part of the big fish must be due to some previous experience of the consequences of being too confiding. We were unable to share in that feeling, and felt it must be overcome somehow. Astern of us there was the other boat, which had adopted similar tactics to our own. In the distance was the ship steering after us, as we altered course from time to time to suit the movements of the whales.

The day was bright and warm, the sea blue, clear and sparkling, and the only unpleasant suggestion in the picture arose from the presence of a very large brown spotted tiger shark, which persistently kept close to our boat, evidently on the look-out for what might turn up.

After a long interval of sailing towards the

whales without apparently getting much nearer to them, our second mate gave the order for another "rush" at them.

This was carried out with splendid spirit. The breeze had freshened up too, and with oars and sail we flew over the water towards our coveted prize. Anxiously—as we pulled, straining every nerve and sinew—we watched our boat-header's face, trying to gather from its expression an augury of success or failure. At first it brightened with a smile of eager delight.

"Pull softly, my dears, pull softly," he whispered, almost unconsciously using this affectionate mode of speech, "they can't hear us; we shall have one in a minute." But there soon came a blank look, driving away the smile. "Confound them, they are off again," added he; "but stretch out, we will give them a long run for it, at all events."

So at it we set, pulling with might and main till the sun was high overhead and noontide had passed.

The mate's boat was far behind, giving up the chase. The ship was hull down in the distance, but the whales still kept steadily on, spouting uniformly in a line, and we kept after them, and our attendant with the brown spotted livery swam after us.

Sometimes we followed them with spirits upon the oars and fiercely urged efforts to get close to them, the sail now helping us greatly, as the wind was right aft, and we could feel its force as we rowed; and at other times, peaking our oars after a futile rush upon them, we would repeat the manoeuvre already described of trying to steal upon them un-awares, with equal bad success.

There were a few biscuits found by the second mate in the stern locker, which were divided amongst us, and our water keg quenched our thirst, but as the sun began to decline, for we felt it now on our backs instead of in our faces as we pulled, one could not help experiencing some slight exhaustion, though no such thing was expressed or seemed apparent when the second mate called on us to renew our efforts at the oars.

At last an alteration occurred in the line of march of our friends ahead. They took open order. One large fish detached itself from the rest, and appeared to lose touch with its companions.

"Now is our time; give way hard, my beauties," cried the second mate, with exultation. We spring upon our oars—the sail lifts the boat over the seas. We near the isolated monster by leaps and bounds over the waves, and in a few moments are closing in upon him. Another rally on the oars and the boat is within striking distance.

"Stand up!" cries the second mate. "Give it to her!" and in another moment, peaking his oar and seizing his harpoon, the boat-steerer plunges a couple of "irons" well into the side of a fine whale.

"Lower the sail—stern all for your lives," is the next order, as the whale's flukes flourish overhead, and he feels the irons, and shoots ahead at something like twenty miles an hour. An exciting battle ensued, in which we were the conquerors, and night closed on us towing our prize with sail and oars towards our ship.

(To be continued.)

LAYS OF SCHOOL LIFE.

IX.—OUR DORMITORY BATTLE.

ATTEND, oh gentle reader,
I chant a thrilling lay,
Of gallant feats of arms at night
Which nearly "won the day!"

A burst of martial ardour
My soaring soul has freed,
Once more I view the battle
At Taughton-on-the-Tweed.

Joe Robinson and Perkins
Have sent the word around,
To rouse up every sleepy head
And fetch the sluggards out of bed,
But not to make a sound.

All silently they rallied,
No craven showed alarm,
In truth it was a noble sight,
Each hero clad in spotless white,
A bolster on his arm.

"Ye brothers of the bedroom
('Twas Robinson that spoke)
On yonder dormitory B
Shall fall a crushing stroke.

"We'll tread the passage softly,
Surprise the sleeping foe,
For Mr. Osborne's far away,
It's comforting to know."

* * * *

Within the fated precincts
No spirit breathed of fear,
Young Jackson dreamt of cakes and
jam,
And Fooks of ginger-beer.

While even mighty Marsden
Was wrapped in sweet repose;
And here and there was lifted up
The music of the nose.

And shall no note of warning
Invade the peaceful night?
Oh, who will save the sleeping brave,
And summon them to fight?

Poor little Smith, awaking,
Espied the silent host,
Then shrieked aloud, and started,
He thought he saw a ghost!

At once, as if in echo,
Arose a smothered cry
Of those who, rising from their beds,
Received a pillow on their heads,
They knew not how or why.

Joe Robinson and Perkins
Are raging all around,
And many a gasping foeman
Is wriggling on the ground.

Oh, awful state of muddle!
Oh, fratricidal fray!
For friend in error fought with friend
In fearful disarray.

This saw the mighty Marsden,
And rising to his height
(The moonbeams at the moment
Flooded the room with light),

He swung around his bolster
(Athené lent him force),
It felled the doughty Perkins,
It might have felled a horse!

Then heedless of the slippers
That hurtled through the air,
He lugged the hapless victim
Behind the only chair.

Now quailed the bold invaders,
While "dormitory B"
So gloried in their champion stont,
They scarcely could repress a shout,
And chuckled in their glee.

But Robinson the "slogger,"
Alive to honour's call,
With lowered bolster simply rushed
To conquer or to fall.

Not even mighty Marsden
That reckless charge may bear,
His head is bumping on the floor,
His feet are in the air!

This stayed the course of battle,
The captive had been freed,
But Raynall lurking in the rear
Fierce Raynall "good at need")

When Robinson would rescue
His friend from evil case,
Has interposed, with sudden lunge
And all his force, a great wet sponge
Right in the victor's face!

And backward reeled the "slogger,"
Three paces and no more,
While several sat on Perkins
To keep him on the floor.

* * * *

My heart is sore for Perkins,
Oh, fancy what he feels,
His friends are hauling at his head,
His captors at his heels!

And fiercer waxed the conflict,
And louder grew the noise,
As caution faded from the minds
Of those excited boys.

What awful feats of valour,
What deeds of "derring-do,"
Would next have called for wonder
I really never knew;

For in the open doorway
Appeared that fellow Shore,
With both his arms extended
Like living semaphore.

"Forbear your strife, ye madmen,
Ye lunatics, forego,
For Mr. Osborne's on the stairs
I've every cause to know."

Again he cried out, "Cave!"
And at the warning sound,
As if by magic, all that host
Began to vanish like a ghost
Retiring underground.

* * * *

And when within the bedroom
The master gently strays,
The moon ne'er shone upon a scene
So quiet, peaceful, and serene,
As that which meets his gaze!

FRED. EDMONDS.

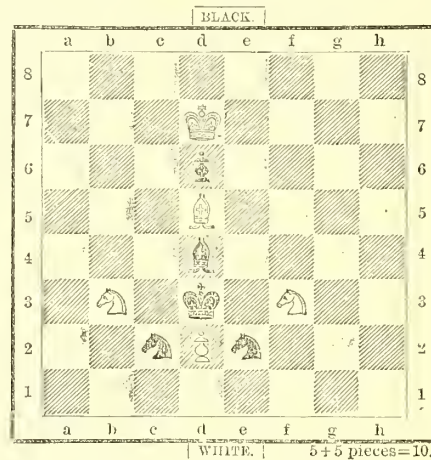
CHESS.

(Continued from page 704.)

Problem No. 181.

"The Anchor of Hope."

By E. J. WINTER-WOOD and H. F. L. MEYER.



White to play, and mate in two (2) moves.

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM No. 171.—1, B—K 4, K or P moves. 2, Q or Kt mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 172.—1, R—Q 5, K or Kt moves. 2, Kt—B 6, or R—K 5, or Q—Q 3 mate accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 173.—1, Q—R 8, K×R (or a, b, c). 2, Kt—B 7 (ch.), K moves. 3, Q—R 7, Kt 7 or Q 8 mate accordingly.—(a) K—B 5. 2, Kt—Kt 6 (ch.), K moves. 3, Q—Kt 2 or Kt—B 5 mate accordingly.—(b) B×Kt. 2, Kt—Kt 6 (ch.), K—B 4. 3, Q—B 3 mate.—(c) P—Kt 5. 2, Kt—Kt 6 (ch.), K×R. 3, Q—B 6 mate.

PROBLEM No. 174.—1, R×P, K×K R (or a). 2, R—B 5, K—R 6. 3, R—R 5 mate.—(a) K×Q R. 2, R—Kt 4, K—K 6. 3, R—Kt 6 mate.

PROBLEM No. 175.—1, B—Kt 5 (ch.), K—R 4. 2, P—Kt 4 (ch.), P×P, in passing, mate.

PROBLEM No. 176.—1, Q—R 3, R—K 7 (ch.) (or a, b, c, d). 2, K Kt—K 3 (dis. ch.), K—B 2 (dis. ch.). 3, Kt—K 5 mate.—(a) K—Q 2 (dis. ch.), K Kt—K 5 (dble. ch.), K—B 2. 3, B—Q 6 mate.—(b) R×Q. 2, Q Kt—K 5 (dis. ch.), B—B 5. 3, B×B mate.—(c) B×Kt. 2, Kt—K 5 (dis. ch.), R×Q. 3, B×B mate.—(d) Q—Q 2. 2, Q Kt—K 5 (dis. ch.), Q—Q 4 (ch.) (or e). 3, B×Q mate.—(e) B—B 5. 3, Kt×R mate.

To Chess Correspondents.

W. G.—Your two-mover of 10+3 pieces has a pretty first move, but cannot you prevent the dual after 1, K—B 4?

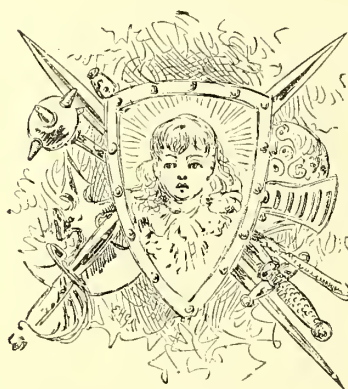
P. G. L. F.—Both problems are cleverly constructed, and will appear.

H. C.—A so-called pyramid game of the Jubilee Chess will appear.

G. H. M. (Elmley).—The Jubilee Chess is original. Your information is new to us, for

we had not seen or heard a word about it that you had some years ago played in a similar way, in which you permitted four instead of three rows to each player. We were last month also informed that some players in Holland, about forty years ago, played in a similar manner, but using only half the number of men. Also a Mr. Voigt has lately published a book in German on a similar game, but we have not yet seen it.—Notice the reference to Go-ban in the last but one of our Chess columns.

Correspondence.



FRED (Portsmouth).—1. Your violin might cost you two pounds. 2. Our articles on the Violin were in the November and December parts for 1882.

H. A. T.—Hobby means little, as in the word hobby-horse. The small falcon is called the hobby on account of its inferior size. Cuckoos were called hobbies in Norfolk owing to that superficial resemblance to small hawks, which causes them to be mobbed by the smaller birds.

R. N. R.—The ships lent from the Royal Navy are, we believe, always lent free. They are all obsolete, but of course might be called in, though it is not likely. Amongst them are the *Arethusa*, late screw fourth rate, and the *Chichester*, fourth rate, training-ships in the Thames; the *Clarence*, late screw second rate, lent as a Roman Catholic Reformatory at Liverpool; the *Chio*, late screw corvette, lent as training-ship in Meaul Straits; the *Conway*, late Nilc, a screw second rate, lent to the Mercantile Marine Association, Liverpool; the *Corwall*, an old third rate, lent as a juvenile reformatory at Purbeck; the *Cumberland*, a third rate, lent to the Clyde Training Ship Association; the *Exmouth*, late screw second rate, lent as training-ship in Thames; the *Havannah*, a sixth rate, lent as a Ragged-School ship at Cardiff; the *Indefatigable*, a fourth rate, lent as training-ship in the Mersey; the *Joseph Straker*, late Diamond, a sixth rate, lent as mission-ship at North Shields; the *Mars*, late screw third rate, lent as training-ship on the Tay; the *Mount Edgcombe*, late Coway, lent as industrial training-ship, Devonport; the *Pique*—the famous old Pique, the swiftest ship of her day—lent as hospital-ship at Plymouth; the *Southampton*, a fourth-rate, lent as training-ship at Hull; the *Warspite*, late the *Conqueror*, a screw second rate, lent to the Marine Society off Charlton; the *Wellesley*, a third rate, lent as training-ship on the Tyne; and the *Worcester*, late Frederick William, a second rate, lent to the Thames Marine Officers' Training Ship Society off Greenwich.

LOVER OF THE SEA.—Apply at the Mercantile Marine Office, St. Katharine's Docks, Tower Hill. You would probably have to go a few voyages on another line before you were taken on. But it depends very much on what ship you choose. The offices of the Castle Line are at 4, Fenchurch Street. Those of the British India Company are in Leadenhall Street.

R. B. A. P. E. R.—1. We do not answer questions as to handwriting. 2. There was an article on how to make a marine engine in the August part for 1884. 3. Jet is a kind of coal, or, strictly speaking, it is a velvet-black variety of lignite, being, however, brownish-black when passing into bituminous wood. It generally occurs in kidney-shaped masses, and used to be found in quantities at Whitby in the hard bituminous alum shale which forms the base of the upper lias. Much of the jet comes from France, and Wittenberg in Prussia; and some comes from the Baltic amber mines, where it is called black amber.

HORSE.—Consult Armatage on "The Horse," or Stonehenge's "British Rural Sports," published by Warne and Co., price one guinea.

L. AUSTIN.—The coloured plate of British Freshwater Fishes was in the monthly part for June, 1881.

W. D. SPENCER.—1. Rugby and Association Football are games of quite modern introduction. If you consider football to be the mere kicking of a ball about regardless of rules or regulations, you can trace football back before the Conquest. See our article on Medieval Football in the March part for 1883. Cricket is practically a hundred years old, but it can be traced back to the days of Edward I.

M. S. N.—If a correspondent asks for the nearest Marine Office, or any other office, and does not give his address, his letter is not answered. Your present letter has no address; probably your former letter was on the same plan? Perhaps you will send a third, and explain how we are to tell you the nearest place to nowhere!

W. T.—See above. Go personally to St. Katharine's Docks. You will have to get the permission of your guardians. Why not join the Royal Navy? The prospects of promotion are just as good—better, in fact; and the position of a warrant-officer is in no way inferior to that of an ordinary merchant captain.

H. D. MARSHALL.—1. We never "had a tale called the Silver Cannon." We had a story by Mr. Manville Fenn in the sixth volume, but that was the "Silver Cannon," which is pronounced Canyon, and has nothing whatever to do with either a Church dignitary or a big gun. 2. All skates require grudging.

E. C. B.—Look at the advertisements in a copy of the "Engineer" or "Engineering." All the firms take pupils; it is only a question of premium, and that may be as much as two hundred guineas.

TRAMINUS.—The name is burnt into the jar, and will not come off.

WARSPITE.—The office of the Marine Society is in Bishopsgate Street Within. All applications for admission to the training-ship *Warspite*, off Charlton Pier, must be made to the City office.

A YOUNG ENGINEER.—Make your boat two feet long, six inches wide, and seven inches deep to the bottom of the keel. If you are going to drive her by steam, she should be about five inches wide and four inches deep. The wood will do; but the difference in cost between yellow pine and white pine in such a small size is hardly worth considering. The white pine would save you more than the value in labour. Refer to our articles.

ROWALLAN.—"Nauticus on his Hobby-horse" was published in book form by Messrs. Hatchards, of Piccadilly. "Nauticus in Scotland" was in the fourth volume, in the parts for February, March, April, May, June, July, and August, 1882.

H. LOWE.—See No. 392. The longest shark known to exist is the Rhinodon, which is seventy feet long. Your friend must be careful; sharks able to throw ships over have not yet been discovered. It is, however, a fact that sharks will follow a ship on board of which there is a dead body; but, then, they often follow a ship on board of which there is none.

P. FARQUHARSON.—The articles on training were in the second volume, and are out of print.

2ND CLASS P. O.—The temperature at the South Pole is colder than that at the North, owing to there being less land in that part of the world. The difference is, however, very slight; and, speaking generally, one pole is as cold as the other. The suggestion that the South Pole is hot, to make up for the coldness of the North Pole, must be due either to humour or ignorance.

J. W. N.—*Actæa racemosa* is a species of the baneberry. The root is used medicinally as *Radix cimicifuge*, which you can translate for yourself. It is a North American plant; our species is *A. spicata*.

AULD REKKIE.—Try "All about Ships," by Captain Chapman, published by Wilson, of the Minories, and obtainable from any nautical bookseller. You are sure to find a shop in the neighbourhood of Leith or Granton where many such books are sold. Any book on Seamanship contains the information.

AFRICANDER.—On the cover of our monthly parts will be found the advertisements of most of the leading stamp dealers.

H. C. SWORD.—Messrs. Winsor and Newton, of Rathbone Place; Rowney, of Oxford Street; Iarnard, of Berners Street; and Reeves, of Cheapside, all artists' colourmen, have shilling books on how to mix and use water-colours, and would reply to letters as to cost including postage. In Messrs. Cassell's list you will find works on the subject.

A. JOHNSON.—The first two volumes of the Boy's Own Paper are out of print. They can only be obtained through the secondhand booksellers, or by advertising.

E. IRONSIDES.—When a "certificate of birth" is mentioned, a certificate of birth is required; no other statement will be accepted. If you know when you were born and in what parish you were registered, you can get a certificate for a shilling from Somerset House.

R. P. S.—Make your own graph ink out of any aniline dye. Try Judson's.

J. S.—Apply to Pitman, shorthand publisher, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row. Learn Pitman's system first; you may find the newer systems better, but they are not at present so well known, and employers are not so familiar with them.

HERGA.—1. It is extremely unlikely that you will make a profit out of dornice. The most profitable outdoor pets are poultry. For indoor pets canaries are about the most promising. 2. The silver coin seems to be a Mexican dollar; but your style of drawing is somewhat Turneresque.

CHILTONS.—1. The Rocket was built in 1829. 2. Yes, certainly; but the difficulty is to keep the instructions simple and free from technicalities, as so few take an interest in such subjects.

ONE WHO WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.—Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, which is 29,000 feet high; or, say, five miles and a half! You can get saws and wood for fretwork from Melhuish and Co., Fetter Lane, E.C.

E. M. H.—To make toffee put into the pan three ounces of fresh butter, and as soon as it is just melted add a pound of brown sugar; stir the mixture for about a quarter of an hour until a little of it dropped into a basin of cold water breaks clean between the teeth without sticking to them. Pour it out immediately this is the case on to a buttered dish. If you want to flavour the toffee, add the flavouring when the mixture is about half done. The grated rind of a lemon is a good thing to use; a teaspoonful of powdered ginger is also generally approved of; and there are many liquid flavourings, such as peppermint, aniseed, horehound, etc., etc., which could be used as a change—but remember that a little of them goes a long way.

GOLD DIGGER.—For official information as to the Colonies, free of charge, apply to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster.

A. B. C.—To cut a hole in a glass cylinder, cover the glass about where you wish to cut it with any wax, draw on the wax the line you wish cut, and clear away to the glass along the line, then pour into the trough so made a little fluoric acid. The object of the wax is to keep the acid from biting where it is not wanted. Do not let the acid get on your fingers.

SONGSTER.—1. The song is one of Dibdin's. It was published in the "Musical Bouquet," and in many collections of sea-songs. You could get it from Messrs. Chappell, or Keith, Prowse, and Co., or by advertising in "Exchange and Mart."

WESTWARD HO.—To fasten the paper on a drawing-board, first cut off the rough edges. Then lay the sheet on the board wrong side upwards, and run a wet sponge round the edges, so as to leave a frame about an inch and a half wide; then damp over the whole surface except the edges. The object being that the edges of the paper should not be as damp as the centre. When the wet gloss has gone turn the paper over. Turn up half an inch of the paper against a flat ruler, and run a brush full of hot glue along under it, draw the ruler along the edge and so press down, then glue the adjoining edge, then the edge adjoining that, so that the fourth edge finishes at the corner you began. When the paper dries it will be quite flat and solid.

E. W. A.—The only story of Mr. Reed's at present republished in book form from our columns is that of "The Three Guinea Watch." It is published at our office, 56, Paternoster Row.

CHESS (Edinboro).—All the penny numbers asked for are now out of print, but they are contained in the monthly parts 46, 47, 48, 52, and 53, which, if sent by post, would cost 3s. 5d. The better way would be to order them through a bookseller.

CRICKETER.—1. Put a few drops of glycerine in the bird's water every day, and feed plainly. Colds in canaries are nearly always brought on through the neglect of the owner. 2. No, we cannot tell what ails your goldfinch; you do not give us enough to go by. Try better diet, and cleanliness of water and all surroundings.

CONTRIBUTOR.—No use answering you now. But we again earnestly entreat boys, before sending us a query, to ask themselves *this query*: "Will a reply be of any use to me six or seven weeks hence?" We cannot answer by post, so that queries about birds or dogs, etc., ill, are often best left unanswered.

EGG COLLECTOR.—1. The Swift weighs much more. 2. The names have been altered owing to improved systems of classification. The Blackcap is now *Sylvia atricapilla*; the Landrail is *Crex pratensis*. 3. There are no cheap books with coloured plates that are at all trustworthy.

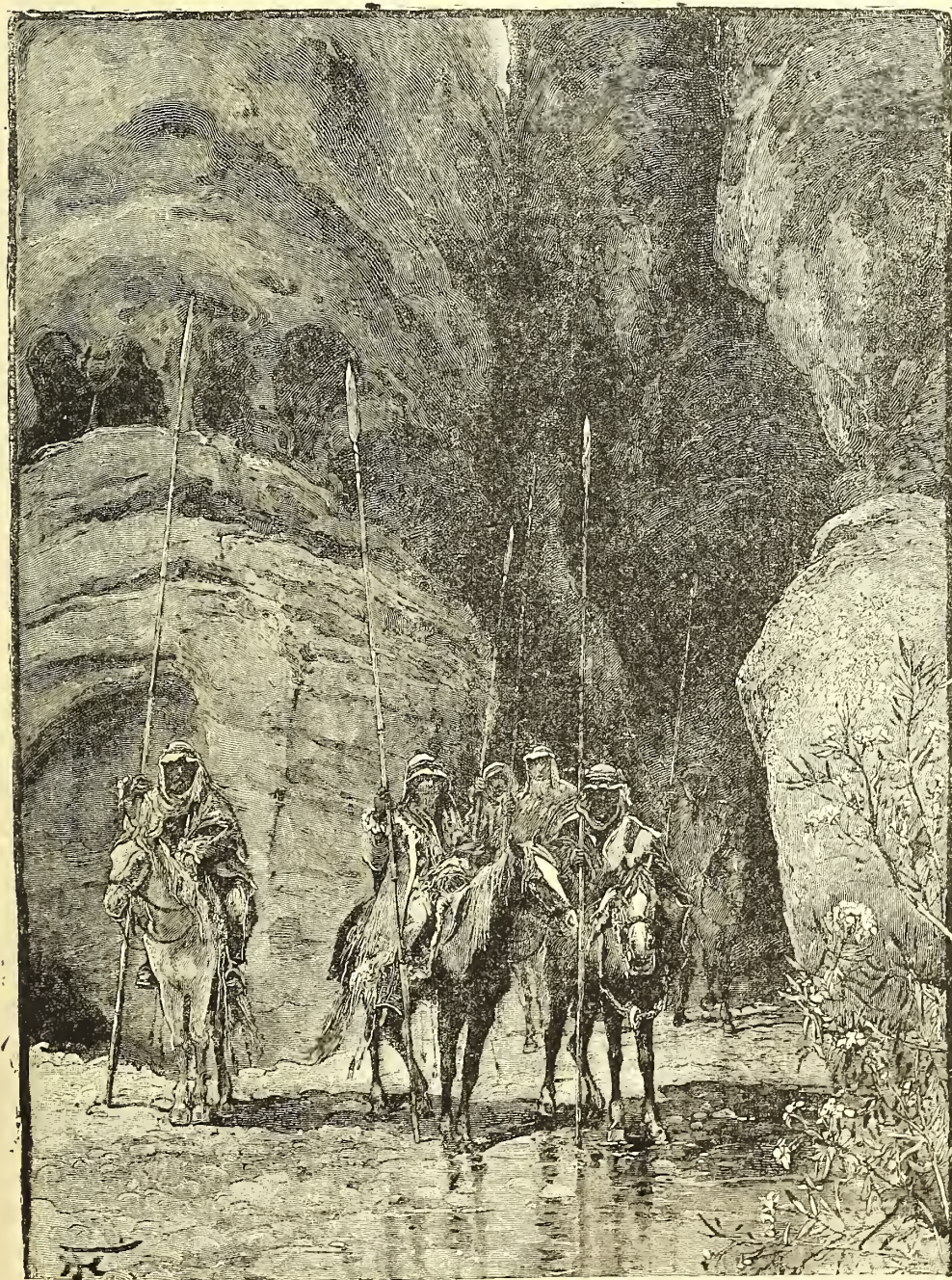


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Life in the Desert.—II. Bedouins.

TOM SAUNDERS: HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

BY COMMANDER
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CHAPTER XV.

NEXT morning a message came from Mwépa that the men he intended to send with us could not start that day, for they had to prepare provisions, as after leaving the one where we were we should only pass small villages before coming to a part where we should find no people for five days, and that we had better prepare accordingly, and that we could take anything we liked from the people in the way of food. Guilhermé sent for the heads of families and told them what orders he had from the Kilolo Mwépa, but said if they would bring in plenty of provisions, and especially cassava, flour, dried sweet potatoes, and other things that would keep, he would pay them well. The men seemed very much astonished that they were going to be paid anything, and begged of us not to let the kilolos know anything about it or they would be assuredly robbed of the

pay afterwards. Indeed, so afraid were they of their tyrants that they said they wished us to go through the form of taking what we wanted by force, though at the same time they told us where their secret stores were hidden.

Orders were soon given to our men to go foraging, and Guilhermé and I, being left alone, began to talk of what a wonderful thing it was for men to submit to such cruelty as was exercised over the Walunda by Muata Yanvo and his kilolos, who ruled simply by force and by terror; but, as Guilhermé said, no doubt it was through habit and long custom, and owing to there being no one who would take the lead in throwing off the yoke under which they groaned.

In a few hours our men came back loaded with provisions of all kinds, and followed by women crying and weeping and protesting that they were going to starve, but we understood from the old men this was all put on to remove any suspicion that we had paid for what we took, as if that idea got abroad it would be considered that they were defrauding Muata Yanvo, and Mwépa's spearmen would ferret out every hole and corner, and if they found anything that had been given by us, would destroy the village, and such of the people as they did not kill they would drive off as slaves.

We sent to tell Mwépa that we were ready for the road, and he came down to us with ten spearmen under the command of a man called Kalombo, who, he said, would go with us in the morning, and told Kalombo to pick out thirty men and women from the village to assist in carrying our loads. Kalombo, dressed in a little brief authority, used it with a vengeance, and brought all the villagers together into an open space to select the carriers, and we observed that he picked out several young and good-looking women, who, he remarked, would make a good addition to his harem, and when their husbands and brothers begged to go in their stead, said they too could come if they liked, but the manner in which he gave permission did not augur well for their ever being allowed to return to their homes.

When the people were selected they were made to remain under the charge of the spearmen, and sleep in the open air; but, notwithstanding all precautions, when at daylight the order was given to take the road several were missing, but they were soon replaced by others, and at seven o'clock we commenced our journey, the unwilling carriers who were dragged from their homes being roped together and jealously watched.

The two kilolos came to see us off, and told Kalombo that his head would be forfeited if he was detained on the road, and that he was to tell Muata Yanvo that Mwépa would not be many days behind us, and would bring a large number of slaves and much tribute with him, while to us they said that whatever we saw on the road and desired we were to take, for was not all that was in the country the property of their master, and we his guests? "Funny sort of guests!" I said to Guilhermé; "but I trust we shall never have to pay him this visit."

"No, my friend," he replied, "we will not, if any means exist by which we may escape, and I think that we shall soon find means of making Kalombo and his men carry our loads instead of these poor wretches."

I asked him what he meant, and he told me that he had just heard that on the following day we should be past all the villages of Daiyi's government, and should also come on the road leading to a place called Kwitula, where salt was made for Muata Yanvo, and that beyond this place there was a big river, on the other side of which we should be out of Muata Yanvo's dominions, and would be actually on the outskirts of Katanga, and that therefore when he came to this road he intended to surprise Kalombo and his men, and, making prisoners of them, follow the road towards Kwitula, and if we met with any opposition to fight our way through it.

All this day our path led through cultivated ground, and Kalombo and his men plundered and destroyed, as the fancy took them; and when we came to the place where we were to halt for the night, not content with forcing the people to bring food and drink, destroyed many of the huts, and a great many of the inhabitants bolted away into the jungle. In the evening Bill came to Guilhermé and me as we were maturing our plans for seizing upon Kalombo and his men the next day, and said that he had gathered from some of the natives that they intended leaving their village and making their way past Kwitula and across the Lualaba, as the big river was called, and settling in Katanga, and that he had asked them if any would act as guides for us, and they had said that they would wait for us a day's march down the Kwitula road.

"That's good news," I said. "Now, Guilhermé, tell our men our plans, and we will get clear of Kalombo and his people to-morrow."

"Not so fast," answered Guilhermé, "for we must take them as well as all these forced carriers, for if any get away to tell the news we shall have Daiyi and Mwépa raising the country after us. It is fortunate that as the Kwitula road is a highway for salt to be taken to the mussumba, there are no villages on it, and the only people we are likely to meet will be parties of slaves carrying salt and their guards; the latter we shall be easily able to master, and the slaves will be only too glad of a chance of escaping."

We told Bill to go and bring to us twenty of our most trustworthy men, and instructed them that on the next day's march two of them should stick close to each of Kalombo's party, that worthy himself being looked after by Bill and Ombwa, and that when Guilhermé fired his gun they were to secure them, and that they were to take particular care not one escaped, but that no violence was to be used unless they resisted. This having been all carefully arranged, we turned in, though I know, for my own part, I was so anxious about the result of our next day's undertaking that I slept but little.

Next morning we were on foot early, but Kalombo and his men, ignorant of their impending fate, would not start until they had hunted out everything of value in the village and loaded it on the backs of such of the inhabitants as they could lay hands on; and it was not until the sun was high in the heavens that we commenced our march. At first all went quietly, and for a long time we could see no signs of the Kwitula road, and Guilhermé began to fear that we should have

to delay our attempt till the morrow. At noon Kalombo wished to halt for the day, but Bill told Guilhermé that now the Kwitula road was only half an hour in front, and that there was a camp built there, which would form a good reason for our going on, and in this camp some of the men from the village we had quitted that morning would be hidden to assist us.

After much argument Kalombo at last consented to continue our march, and on arriving in the camp he and his spearmen separated themselves to select the best huts for their own use. This gave us the opportunity we wished for, and on Guilhermé firing his gun the men told off to secure our escort at once pounced on them, and I had the satisfaction of assisting Bill and Ombwa to capture Kalombo, who soon had his hands lashed behind his back. Looking round, I saw that the rest had been equally successful, the surprise having been so well planned that our captives had no idea of what was going to happen until they found themselves in our power.

They were soon roped together and given loads to carry, and Guilhermé told Kalombo that he and his men had better conduct themselves peaceably, as if they did so they would be released in five days, by which time we should have reached Kwitula, while if they gave any trouble they would be sold as slaves in Katanga. They all promised obedience, and being joined by the men who had been waiting for us in the camp, we pushed cheerfully along the road to Kwitula, and keeping on till late that night arrived at a camp where the fugitives from Daiyi's rule had halted, and who greeted us with loud cries of welcome, while upon Kalombo and his partners they showered abuse, and would, no doubt, have mercilessly ill-treated them if it had not been for our protection.

Our road was now open, and we travelled along for the next three days without any interruption, two or three small parties of salt-carriers willingly throwing their lot in with us, their escorts being easily overpowered and added to our prisoners. On the fifth day we should arrive at Kwitula, and here we might possibly expect some difficulty, but the Walunda who had joined us said that the majority of people who worked in the salt marshes were slaves and would not resist us, and that the kilolo who was in charge would not have more than a hundred fighting men under his command, and that they might easily be surprised if we would send on the friendly Walunda and wait outside until night, when as soon as we saw a big fire we could come in, as that would be the signal that they had commenced the struggle with them. To this we at first agreed, but afterwards we thought that perhaps we might manage matters without any fighting. We selected one of the Walunda called Deri to pretend to be a kilolo coming from Muata Yanvo to conduct us to the copper mines which we would pretend we were going to work for his benefit, and that those who would be likely to be recognised should pass by outside the settlement at night and wait for us on the banks of the Lualaba.

On camping the night before we should reach Kwitula we were busily engaged in arranging our plans, when we were startled by a great noise and shouting on the road we had come. Fearing that our

escape had been discovered, and that people had been sent in pursuit of us, we all seized our arms and prepared to resist any attack that might be made; but first we sent out Deri and some of his men to find out who the new-comers were and what were their intentions. They went away into the woods on either side of the path, and we had to wait anxiously for some hours before we had some news, and began to fear that perhaps Deri, in order to secure safety for himself, had betrayed us, so we gathered all our men together, and making the best shelter we could, prepared to sell our lives as dearly as possible, for we had fully made up our minds not to return back.

After weary waiting we heard Deri coming back, and shouting out that it was good news he had to give us, and when he came into camp he said that the people we had heard were fugitives from Muata Yanvo's, as he had been seized

upon and killed by one of his brothers, who now claimed to be the Muata Yanvo, and that as the new sovereign was signalling his accession to the throne by indiscriminate slaughter of his brother's principal adherents, many people had fled, and those we had heard were a party of about a hundred and fifty men, women, and children, who were connected with the kilolo at Kwitula.

On our asking what had caused the rebellion, Deri told us that on his accession, as was usually the case in Ulunda, the Muata Yanvo had killed all those of his brothers whom he could lay hands on, and with the others he had waged war, for the most part successfully, until only one was left. The Muata Yanvo had entrusted the suppression of the party headed by this one to some of his kilolos, and at his mussunba had given himself up to all sorts of barbarous cruelties in order, as he said, to show that he was

indeed the Muata Yanvo. As long as he confined his cruelties to the lower classes and slaves, nothing was thought or said, as it was considered the undoubted privilege of the Muata Yanvo to dispose of their lives and bodies as he liked. However, the lust for blood growing on him, he had begun to kill and torture the women of his harem, and this raised the fears of one of his sisters, who, according to custom, was his principal official wife, and she had sent to the brother who still survived, and had introduced him and a body of men into the royal enclosure by stealth in the middle of the night, and they had seized and killed the tyrant, and at daylight proclaimed the new Muata Yanvo, whose authority was at once accepted, but who seemed to have learned nothing by the fate of his predecessor, for since his accession to power he had been even more bloody-minded than the other.

(To be continued.)

THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER; OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE next afternoon the Doctor sent for the monitors, and told them briefly that Mr. Partridge had left the school.

"You see now," he continued, "the position of difficulty in which I am placed. If I accept your resignation I shall be in an awkward case. It will be difficult for me to get a new master at such very short notice. I must at least give a week to find a suitable one. In the meantime the discipline of the school would, in the ordinary course of events, be in your hands. Do you mean to persist in your resignation in view of this fact?"

"Certainly not, sir," promptly responded Bray. "If only we can be of any assistance to you we shall be glad to do all that we can."

"Thank you very much," said the Doctor; "I am gratified to hear you say so. Now, in confidence, do you mind telling me what is the actual reason why you decided to resign? had it anything to do with Mr. Partridge, who has now left us? You may speak to me freely on this point, for I can promise you it shall not go any further."

Thus addressed, the monitors thought it was clearly their duty to tell the Doctor what had really happened, omitting names, however, as Ingram was one of their number.

He listened attentively, and at the close said,

"Well, you will be at all events relieved of this difficulty in the future. Until a new housemaster is appointed you will report direct to me, and I think I shall be able to promise you that your reports will receive due consideration at my hands. At all events favouritism of any kind will be out of the question."

This was all highly satisfactory to the monitors, who found themselves reinstated in more than their former authority.

When they reached the schoolroom

Bray proceeded to put a notice upon the notice-board to the effect that the monitors had been instructed by the Doctor to report direct to him in case of any breach of rules. This, the monitors agreed, was the proper course to pursue in order that the boys might not in any way be taken by surprise.

It so happened, however, that the boys, presuming on the fact of the resignation of the monitors, which had of course got wind, and also on the fact of the departure of Mr. Partridge, had arranged that afternoon for a fight between two of the boys down in the town. Some fifteen or twenty of them had accordingly taken French leave and gone down to see the affair through, justifying themselves on the ground that there was no master of whom they could ask permission. Of course this fight was well known throughout the school, and had even come to the knowledge of one of the monitors.

Three or four of the latter installed themselves near the gate, and waited for the return of the delinquents. They came trooping back just before tea, and were immensely surprised at finding the monitors ready to welcome them, with note-book in hand to take down the name of each culprit. However, they did not think at all seriously of it, imagining that the authority of the monitors was for ever gone.

Judge of their dismay and astonishment when, on reaching the schoolroom, they found the notice which Bray had posted up.

"Oh, I say, here's a swindle," cried Ashbee.

"We shall get it hot," chimed in Ennis, "and no mistake. I wish I'd been Bucknill and obliged to keep indoors."

However, the matter was not so serious after all as they had anticipated. Bray and Harrison made it their business to let those who had been implicated know that on this occasion they would not be

reported, as the offence had been committed before the monitors had been fully reinstated in authority. At the same time they gave them to understand very clearly that they did not mean to shirk their duty in future, and that any boy whom they caught transgressing would be duly reported to the Doctor.

The next day the Markiss was crossing the schoolroom when he saw Lee busily preparing his lessons.

"Hallo! young'un," he said, "this is unusual. Glad to see that you are turning over a new leaf."

Lee blushed, for he had not quite got over that habit yet, and hastily tried to push a book by his side into his desk unseen.

"Ha, what's that?" said the Markiss, quickly, but in a cheery voice.

Lee pretended at first that he did not know to what he referred, but the Markiss laid his hand on the boy's shoulder firmly but kindly, and said, "Come now, young'un, what did you promise me the other day?"

"Yes, I know," replied Lee, hastily, "but this is the first time I've looked into the crib since you told me about it; it is really, I assure you. I hadn't got my lesson up for this afternoon though, I've been so busy."

"Yes," rejoined the Markiss, "I know you were down in the town seeing the fight between young Richards and Bailey, when you ought to have been writing lines, and then your lines had to be done in preparation; that's what makes you so busy all at once, isn't it?"

Lee confessed himself guilty, and said, "I won't do it again, really, Markiss, I won't. I didn't mean to this time, and it is the first time."

The Markiss did not say any more then, but walked slowly away, leaving Lee anything but happy. He felt the Markiss's treatment more keenly than if he had blustered and given him a good

licking on the spot. Lee was very fond of the Markiss, who had taken many opportunities of doing him a kindness. However, he felt he was losing his esteem, and it made him feel angry and miserable when he thought of it.

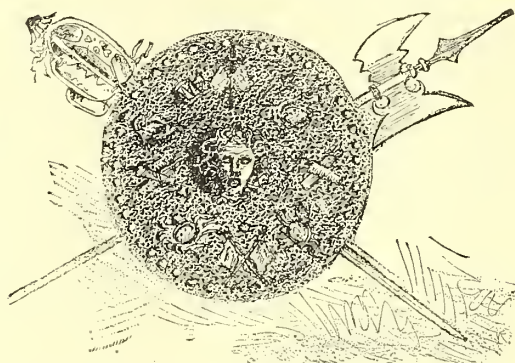
"He's a mighty fine fellow, but I should like to know what he would do if he were in my place. He'd use cribs, I know he would. It isn't everybody that's like him, so rich that they won't have to work for a living."

And, as if in defiance of the Markiss's wishes and advice, he drew out his crib and prepared the whole of his lessons with its assistance.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD BATTLE-FIELD OF HEROES.

By REV. CHARLES MERK, UPPINGHAM.



THERE is a range of hills which rises at the foot of the Himalayas, due south of Kashmir, where the Jhelum makes its way into the plains of the Punjab, and which skirts the right bank of the river for about a hundred miles; then turning off at almost a right angle, it travels westward through the desert to the Indus, and continuing its course beyond the Indus, it loses itself amongst the highlands of Afghanistan.

That range possesses neither height—its highest peak, Mount Sukesur, is 5,000 feet high, and that is not much for India—nor beauty of landscape; and yet it has a peculiar interest for us. It cuts off the north-western corner of India. It forms an inland barrier. It has a character entirely of its own.

Through the *defiles* of these hills the first foreign invaders, the hordes of Scythians, six centuries before Christ, poured into the plain of the Punjab. And if our archaeologists are right, their name *Getae* has been perpetuated to this day in the name of one of the clans which inhabit the range. Three centuries later, Alexander the Great, after crossing the Indus, marched his army through these hills. It was at their foot that he fought that desperate battle with King Porus. The Macedonians, emerging from the passes of the salt ranges, beheld before them the Jhelum, swollen with rain, and beyond the river the encampment of the King of the Punjab. Alexander, in his turn, pitched his camp and lighted his watchfires on the left side of the river. But one dark night he moved part of his troops seven miles up the river, and then across the stream: the Macedonians walking breast-high through the foaming waters, whilst a tempest of lightning and thunder burst over their heads.

Porus saw at daybreak that the Macedonians had crossed over, and he immediately dispatched his son with a strong contingent of elephant-riders to meet them. Alexander met the onslaught of the elephants with his cavalry; and the heavy animals were no match for the light Macedonian horse. The prince was slain, and the elephants broke and fled. The Greeks followed up their advantage swiftly, and attacked the main contingent of the Indians. The Greek generals who had been left in the camp, when they saw the battle raging beyond the river, immediately crossed over, and falling into the flank of the Indians, gained a complete victory. Alexander admired the bravery of these Punjabies, as well as the noble bearing of their king.

From what we have seen of the men who

now inhabit the Saltrange and the Jhelum valleys, we do not doubt for a moment that their ancestors made the Macedonian shields and helmets ring with their blows, that they fought with desperate valour, and accepted their defeat with manly dignity.

These two qualities were displayed in a remarkable manner by the people of this land when, more than two thousand years later, almost on the same spot, Indian bravery was a second time measured against European discipline. The inhabitants of the Saltrange—in fact, of the whole of the Punjab—belonged to the Buddhist religion, as we see from their oldest still-existing ruins. It was not till late in the tenth or eleventh century that they were converted to Mohammedanism. From that period to the close of the eighteenth century, their country was the field through which Afghan kings passed on their marches into Hindostan, and Mogul kings on their counter-marches into Afghanistan. When the dominion of the Moguls passed away, and the rule of the Sikhs arose in its place, Runjeet Singh captured one by one, by craft and force, the strongholds of the small chiefs, who had parcelled out the range amongst themselves. And when the Sikh army came into collision with the British power, it was on this ground, on the very spot almost, where Alexander and Porus had met, that the fiercest encounter took place. A huge white pillar, raised by Lord Mayo, which looks far over the waste land, the river, and to the blue hills beyond, marks the grave of the six hundred officers and men who fell in the great battle of Chilianwalla. It was over this ground that Colonel Nicholson passed on his march to Delhi in 1857.

The Saltrange is classical soil, and it is remarkable how the recollection of past history lives on in the traditions of the people. You hear frequently old men speaking of Runjeet Singh's military exploits, or narrating the tales which their fathers and grandfathers told them, of the days when Persians and Afghans carried fire and sword through the land. Many are the people who recollect vividly the conflict near Chilianwalla. "We should have licked you," said a stout-hearted old Sikh chieftain to me, after giving me an elaborate description of the battle, "if we had had British officers to lead us." "That is quite possible," I replied; "as it was, you very nearly beat us." It must be admitted that the people of the Saltrange are, as far as looks go, quite worthy of their past. The men are tall, heavy of limb, big of bone; the hard, stern, and often dark expression of their faces being heightened by their thick

black hair and beard. Their women with their raven-black tresses have often quite a weird look.

The men are strong and full of fight; they are excellent shots; and nowhere have I seen in those regions, outside Afghanistan, better horses and bolder riders. Their cavalry did good service in the Mutiny, and I do not doubt for a moment that they would enlist again, should an emergency arise. As it is, the Saltrange forms a favourite recruiting ground for our native cavalry in the Punjab. And to proceed from past history to present—it is possible that such an emergency may come upon us ere long. It is a fact that the common people throughout the district watch the progress of our northern rivals with keen interest.

"What is the last news about the Russians? Have they gone farther into Afghanistan? Are they coming nearer India? Do you think that they will ever attack us?"—such were the questions which I was invariably asked by villagers when visiting them in their homes.

The scenery of the Saltrange shows all the characteristics of Indian landscape. It is charming all along the river. Nothing more delightful than to float down the river, in a broad flat-bottomed country barge, on a fine winter day. The boat admits of a chair and table, at which, comfortably seated, you read and write. A native servant squatting behind you with a small iron stove, prepares your meal and keeps your tea-kettle humming. And the boatmen, steering the vessel, keep up a kind of monotonous chant. Above there is the deep blue sky and bright sun of the cold weather, below there are the murmuring waters. The river banks are fringed with the green of plantains and palms, through which there peep the square-built brown native villages. To the north, far above the blue waters and the white haze which settle around their foot, there tower against the distant horizon the mountains and the eternal snows of Kashmir, almost like a revelation from another world.

It is as well, on such river journeys, to carry a gun and rifle. Every now and then the traveller is greeted by the scream of wild duck, goose, or colon. Occasionally he sees, stretched on the river-sands, like a huge grey trunk, an alligator basking in the sun, his jaws wide open.

The country remains green and fertile for a couple of miles on either side of the river, but after crossing that zone, on the left side of the river, the traveller sees canals, trees, fields and villages disappearing. Before him is a tract of land reaching up to the slopes of the Saltranges, which is absolutely barren. There is nothing here except sand, shingle and rock, scattered over the rolling ground, all thickly impregnated with salt. A picture of the landscape here could be painted with two colours, brown and grey. There is something grim and pathetic in this utter desolation. The slopes of the mountains are rocky, rugged, and torn by the action of water. During certain seasons the heat is intense. But even this tract is not altogether lifeless. The rider crossing it just before sunrise may suddenly come upon a couple of *chingara*, ravine-deer, and may watch these swiftest and most graceful of gazelles bounding over the plain. He may put up a bustard, or cross the track of a fox or hyena making

its way back to its rocky lair, after accomplishing its nocturnal depredation.

Once the mountain slope has been ascended, the scene changes immediately. The high plateau of the range is partly cultivated and inhabited. What gives the range however its value and its name, is the salt which it contains. The salt is of excellent quality; it is practically pure. It pervades in layers, I believe, the whole of the range for hundreds of miles. There are a couple of mines, the largest of which is at Keora, at the foot of the hills. A line has been built right up to the mouth of the mines. Salt is in India a Government monopoly. The revenue raised by the salt-tax, although almost imperceptible to the individual consumers of salt, forms a large item in the Government budgets. If salt is a Government monopoly, and taxed, people cannot be allowed to help themselves to it. They can be easily kept out of the mines. But over large tracts the layer of pure salt is covered by only a few inches of red soil, or it appears in huge white patches on the surface. These "outcrops" must be carefully guarded. They are fenced in; they are surrounded by a cordon of police-stations, which prevent all digging, stealing, and smuggling of salt. There are certain glens which nobody is allowed to enter. There are certain brooks so strongly impregnated with salt, that no one is allowed to draw water from them, or even to let his cattle drink from them.

At certain distances of seven, ten, or twelve miles from each other, European officers are placed. They have each their "beat." They must patrol and visit the stations under their charge every day or night. They certainly lead a most solitary life; they have a most monotonous round of duties to perform. Theirs is a hard, rough, unthankful task. Patrolling over a dozen miles of the worst possible ground during a summer day, or winter night, is not pleasurable.

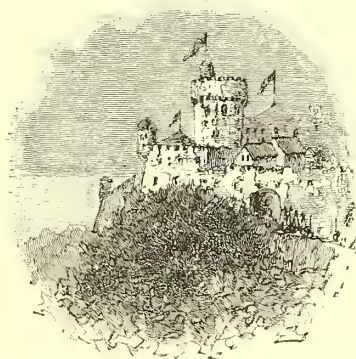
These rock-salt men are scattered in their solitary habitations all over the range, from the Jhelum river to Kalabagh, which lies on the Indus. Here you find a house perched like a crow's-nest on the top of a steep hill, close to the ruin of an old castle. The house, some three thousand feet above the plain, is pleasant enough in summer; the nights, at least, are always cool there, but it is difficult of access. To climb the mule-path up the side of the crag, on a frisky pony, when the stones are slippery with rain, is nervous work. To descend the same path after dinner in the dark, only with the light of a bull's-eye, is positively dangerous. Yet this is what the salt-officer has to do, when on his round of patrol, every day of his life. He has been newly married. The pleasure of the young couple at seeing a white face in their verandah, and their kindness in receiving that face, are most refreshing to its owner.

Our friends have only a few books in the house; prominent amongst which is a large Bible. They are a dozen miles from the next post-office, and they are most thankful for the last "gup" and the latest papers. Their nearest neighbour lives at Telaganj, in the midst of the hills, some twelve miles off. He is an elderly man with a family. The other day his eldest daughter of twelve was taken ill with the glanders. The poor child was struggling with death for thirty-six hours. Her father galloped off some twenty miles—for at Telaganj there is only a dispensary, where a hospital assistant sells pills, drugs, quines and febrifuges—to Pind Dadan Khan, where there is a hospital and a native doctor. He rode back with the doctor and with a hastily-made coffin. He did not know which of the two he might require. Fortunately the girl recovered. A few weeks afterwards, when out after *urial* (wild sheep), and when heated from the hunt, he was met by one of the cold blasts of air, which occasionally sweep down the ravines. As he rode home he noticed that the people of the village stared at him; his wife screamed

when she saw him. A look at the looking-glass told him that the left end of his mouth was pulled down, the left side of his face distorted. He had been struck with paralysis. Not long after his left arm and leg were lamed also. He applied for sick-leave. He had to get through his work as best he could for a few weeks more, till he could be relieved. Blister-poultices and galvanic batteries restored the action of his facial muscles. But on his own wish he was transferred to another station, where he could be nearer civilisation, medicines, and coffins.

Another twelve miles bring us to a place which we will call Dillour. It lies at the foot of Mount Sukesur, already in the plains, at a spot where a mountain-torrent has cleft its way down the side of the hill. No more desolate spot to be imagined! To the east and west are the endless sands of the Sind Sagur desert, on which there is nothing to be seen except sometimes strings of camels, and some *mirages*. Overhead are the red cliffs of Mount Sukesur. They have been cut asunder by the violence of the waters. The bed of the torrent is strewn with rocks, which lie about as though they had been hurled by the hand of a Titan! Close under the red cliffs there stands a square, flat-roofed, white bungalow, in which there lives a salt-officer with his family. He has to look after a miniature salt-mine. His work keeps him in the mine all day. But of an evening he plays a game of lawn-tennis with his wife, single-handed.

For he has laid out a tennis-court in the midst of the salt rocks. His native servants stand round and fag during the game. This enterprising officer has moreover started a vegetable garden, ten yards by eight in size, which is irrigated with water, painfully carried from a distant well. He invariably carries off his visitors to inspect the garden, in the sweat of his and their brows. For the heat, needless to say, in this rock-bound valley is intense. The next post-office is twenty-five miles; the next station seventy miles. There is absolutely nothing to break the dense monotony of his life, except the visits of his superior, the Deputy-Commissioner, once a year, or of the clergyman from Jhelum, once a quarter, or some abnormal act of rascality on the part of his native assistant, or the sudden death of his favourite bullock through a servant's neglect. A change passes over his household when he sends his boy or girl to the hill school at Simla or Dalhousie, or when he himself, after ten years' service, applies for furlough. Such is the environment in which the officers of the range pass their lives. Yet no men are kinder, more courteous, more hospitable than they. No one has a better and more intimate knowledge of natives, their language, manners and customs. The officers, their wives and families, deserve something more from us than a passing thought; it is to them that multitudes owe one of the necessities of life—rock salt.



OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(NINTH SERIES.)

A Story Needing Words.

ON announcing this subject it may be remembered (*vide page 288*), we wrote thus: "For this Story Needing Words we offer *Three Prizes*, of *One Guinea and a Half*, *One Guinea*, and *Half-a-Guinea* respectively, for the best story founded on the picture. Competitors will be divided into three classes, according to age, and one Prize will be awarded in each class. First class, from 18 to 24; second class, from 14 to 18; third class, all ages up to 14. The highest Prize will go to the class showing the greatest merit. Competitors must write on one side of the paper only, and no story should exceed in length two columns of the *Boy's Own Paper*. In addition to the prizes, handsome Certificates of Merit, suitable for framing, signed by the Editor, will be awarded to all the more meritorious competitors who may fail to secure Prizes. The work must in every case be the competitor's own—that is, must be the product of their own hand and brain; though of course any aids received merely in the way of suggestion, whether from books or friends, are admissible."

We are happy to be able to report that a very large number of our readers have taken part in this competition, the colonies and India being well represented.

Our Award is as follows:—

SENIOR DIVISION (ages from 18 to 24).

Prize—One Guinea-and-a-Half.

MAXIMILIAN ZUELCHAU KUTTNER (aged 19), 36, Downs Park Road, Dalston, E.

CERTIFICATES.

[The names are arranged in order of merit.]

ERNEST DUKOFF GORDON (aged 18), 1, Lowther Road, Allahabad, N.W.P., India.
EDWARD CLARENCE HAREWOOD (aged 20), Foutabelle, Barbados, West Indies.
FREDERICK PRATT (aged 20), 6, Collingwood Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
MORGAN ANTONY, JR. (aged 21), Post Office, St. Ives, Cornwall.
ERNEST LUCIEN DE BEAUREPAIRE (aged 21), 50, Gaisford Street, Kentish Town, N.W.
BENJAMIN JAMES HUNT (aged 19), 53, Cumberland Street, South Belgrave, London, S.W.
W. S. HUNT (aged 22), 23, East Grove, Hull.
WILLIAM ALFRED SPENCE (aged 19), 13, Hyde Park Terrace, Harrogate.
JOSEPH GEORGE BADGER (aged 18), Market Square, Marlow.
ALEXANDER TAIT (aged 19), Dambulgalla, Matale, Ceylon.
C. JONES (aged 20), Avenue House, Linthorpe, Middlesbrough, Yorks.
JOHN TODD (aged 20), Brunswick House, West Park, Harrogate.

(To be continued.)

A CRUISE ON THE SOUTH COAST OF DEVON.

PART I.

FEW parts of the coast of England are more suited for cruising than the south coast of Devon, both on account of the extreme beauty to be found there, and from the fact that you are never very far from some place of safety to run to in foul weather; which latter circumstance is not to be despised if, as in this case, the cruise is taken in an open boat.

In September last, a cousin of mine, Hugh H—, and a friend of his, Frank F—, and myself, being in Lyme Regis, the idea struck us that a cruise west would be a good way of spending a holiday. Having made up our minds to try it, we commenced matters by exploring the picturesque old harbour for a suitable boat. This was a very weighty matter, and our decision wavered for several days between two, one a half-decked cutter of about three tons, and the other a new herring-boat of about the same tonnage, and yawl rigged, but entirely open. The latter was undoubtedly the better shaped boat, but the former had the advantage of the cuddy forward, which would keep our blankets, etc., dry in case of rain, though there was hardly room enough for three to sleep in it. However, finally the fact of the herring-boat being new, and a smarter boat than the other, made us decide in its favour. And we had no reason afterwards to regret our choice, as the boat behaved admirably, and it only rained once during the whole cruise.

Having decided on the boat, which, by-the-by, was called the "Bird of Freedom," and was twenty-four feet overall by eight feet broad, we made arrangements with its owner.

We had intended going by ourselves, but as the owner of the boat hardly liked trusting us with it, we agreed to take his son for a "crew."

Tuesday, the 21st of September, was fixed as the starting day, and as we wished to make an early start, we stowed most of our things in a large tin box, and got it on board the night before.

The question of the weather was naturally all-absorbing, and as it was full moon that day, every change was watched minutely. Tuesday morning at last came, and, joy, a north-easterly wind, with a slight mist coming off the land. This was just the wind we had most wished for, and so, having said goodbye to our friends, and taken on board a hurried breakfast, we went down to the boat laden with baskets of provisions. Our yachtman was waiting for us, so we were soon off. Getting out of the harbour without mishap, we set sail, and the wind being about on the quarter, our big jib was set instead of the ordinary working one. Off we went at a most exhilarating speed, and so engrossed were we in trimming our sails that we failed to notice our friends who had come on to the pier head, as they afterwards told us, to wave an adieu as we flew past.

The first bit of coast, as far as Axmouth, is about as pretty as any to be found. Its beauty is caused mainly by the landlips which from time to time have taken place there, and which have broken it up into a picturesque wilderness not unlike parts of the Undercliff in the Isle of Wight.

We soon sped past the mouth of the Axé, Seaton, and Beer. The latter place is a snug little fishing village, sheltered from the westerly gales by Beer Head, which runs out a good way to the south. The fishing-boats are three-masted luggers, the middle mast being only stepped in light winds.

By the time we had got off Branscombe the wind began to shift round to the east and south-east, and became very light; so thinking that it would probably go round with the sun, we ran out to sea a bit so as to steal a march on the wind. As the day advanced

the wind became lighter still, but the tide was with us, so we dropped along steadily, passing Sidmouth about midday. The sun became most gloriously hot, and we glided along almost imperceptibly, Frank at the helm, the skipper (Hugh had been elected skipper as he was the eldest) and I pulling in an occasional mackerel, and our "crew" puffing away contentedly in the bows.

In this way we glided past Budleigh-Salterton, which looked very pretty in the sun. At about one o'clock we were off Exmouth, and the wind having dropped altogether we all had a bath, and after the bath came our first meal aloft, which was ravenously eaten.

We then basked in the sun, feeling really warmed through, and growing visibly browner every hour. By-and-by, as the evening approached, a dark line was descried inshore coming rapidly towards us. It was watched with delight as it came up to several little yachts inshore, and we perceived that it was a northerly breeze. This was nearly abaft of us, so we piped all hands, took in the big jib, ran out the spinnaker boom, set the big jib on it, and waited. On it came, caught us, and away we glided! For a mile or so we kept up with the breeze, and could see the white calm about a hundred yards in front of us; and once we seemed to shoot out of the breeze altogether. Being anxious to get to Torquay that night, we steered straight across for the Shag Rock, one of the beautiful little islands off Bob's Nose. We did not see much of Dawlish and Teignmouth, as we were a good way out and the wrong light was on them. But the view of the cliffs near Babbicombe Bay was very fine.

There are three rocks off Bob's Nose, the smallest, called The Thatcher, being close inshore. I had been told that there was plenty of water between it and the Point, so we steered through to make a short cut. However, this did not save us any time, as the tide, which had turned against us, was rushing through at a great pace, and it was all we could do to scrape through without being carried on to the rock. Having achieved this, we sailed round to Torquay, getting there about eight o'clock. Our "crew" had never been in before, so the arduous duties of pilot fell upon the writer, he having been there once.

The stove, a coal one, had been lit before we got in, and by the time we had anchored and stowed our sails, the kettle was singing away and we soon had tea ready. Torquay looks very grand from the water on a fine night, the lights of the houses seeming to tower up to the sky in a huge semicircle. During tea the moon rose and made the scene still more impressive.

After tea, the anchor was weighed, the sweeps were run out, and we pulled into the inner harbour and moored, and then went on shore to stroll about and make purchases. We intended making an early start the next morning, so our stock of provisions was renewed, and the water bottles were filled by the "crew" at a fountain on the quay.

When we had stretched our legs to our hearts' content we returned to our floating home for the night. Our man had meanwhile rigged up an awning for us, which was made by stretching a sail over the boom and tacking it along each gunwale. This reached forward to the mast, where it joined a piece of tarpaulin made to fit over the bows under which the "crew" slept, and reached aft about two thirds of the length of the boat, where it fell in a sort of curtain and formed a door. This little room, which was divided from the "fo'c'sle" by a bulkhead at the mast, looked very comfortable when it was lit up by a lantern, and afforded ample room for sleeping.

Some discussion took place as to whether we should sleep "athwart ship" or "fore and aft," and the latter was finally agreed on. After a great deal of spreading of blankets, arranging of coats for pillows, etc., the lantern was put out and the cabin gradually became quiet. About midnight a vague impression that something was wrong awoke the writer, when it gradually dawned on him that the boat had taken the ground, canted over, and its occupants had rolled or slipped into a heap. Having extricated himself, he awoke his two companions, who also extricated themselves, and after a great deal of groping about in the dark to collect blankets, etc., the three settled down, this time athwart ship, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with feet down and heads up. We were not long in this position, as the tide soon floated us again. But before long we were thoroughly aroused by a fishing boat coming lumbering alongside of us, its crew shouting most unnecessarily as they moored to the same buoy as we had moored to. It appeared that they usually lay there, and did not like to find us in the way.

We awoke soon after daylight, having passed rather a sleepless night. Getting our breakfast, we sailed confidently on with the intention of getting round to Dartmouth, about ten miles farther on. But as we got out from under the shelter of the cliffs we found that the wind, which was easterly, was blowing very hard, so first one reef was taken in and then another. The farther we went the rougher we found it, till at last it was unanimously decided to turn back, which was done, the boat being in a very wet, uncomfortable state. Thinking this sort of weather might last some time, we hired a dinghy, which was offered us at a reasonable rate, to save us the trouble of hailing a boat every time we wanted to go ashore. In this we paddled about among the yachts, of which there was a good show—some of them beauties—and we were never tired of examining and criticising their lines.

During the day the public bathing-place was patronised. The currents run rather strong past it, and there is always a man on the look-out to warn rash swimmers.

On that day we pretty well explored the town. The skipper had a headache, and thought he would sleep ashore that night, the mud in the harbour not smelling so sweet as it might have done. But Frank and I kept to the boat, and passed a much better night than the last. In the morning the skipper joined us early for breakfast, and after breakfast we made another start, but, alas! it was blowing harder than ever. So after having a sail about the bay, under shelter of the cliffs, we returned. One of the yachts, a large yawl, had started the evening before to try and beat eastward. But in the morning it had returned, with its bowsprit broken, a lot of its bulwarks smashed, and altogether terribly knocked about.

Torquay is a very good place to be detained in, the walks round being very fine. That day we visited Ansty's Cove and Babbicombe Bay. The surf rolling in was simply grand, and we watched it for a long time. St. Mary's Church at Babbicombe is well worth seeing; its spire is very noticeable from the sea, and makes a good landmark.

After tea on board we spent a pleasant evening, and then turned in. The next morning the wind was very much the same, but we were determined to make another effort.

Having disposed of our punt for the third time, we set off, carrying only a close-reefed mainsail and foresail. This we found quite enough when we got well outside. The boat plodded steadily on, taking in very little

water, and our hopes began to rise. Having tacked once to give Berry Head and its race a wide berth, we let her go, and away we scudded in the trough of the sea towards Froward Point. Some of the waves were very large, so that every now and then we had to run off and receive one on the quarter, and by these means we kept pretty dry.

Off Berry Head we went close past a trawler with its trawl down. There was no one on deck to steer or look out, but the trawl, the warp of which came in over the quarter, kept the smack perfectly balanced on its course. During all the rough weather which there had been for the past few days, the Brixham trawlers had been steadily at work. Their decks must have been one continual wash of water.

We were ready to cheer when we were once fairly round Berry Head. For the fishermen at Torquay had advised us not to try it, so we were very anxious not to have to go back. In a very short time after we had weathered our enemy, we shot into Dartmouth between

the two picturesque old castles which guard the entrance. The beautiful harbour seemed all the more lovely after our tempestuous little passage from Torquay, and we sailed triumphantly up past the stately yachts, and dropped anchor above the Britannia training ship. Our imposing appearance, however, in coming in was rather spoilt by one of the party losing his hat overboard, which did not look at all seamanlike.

After a bath and a meal we thought we might as well sail up the Dart a little, so the wind and tide being both fair, we shook out our reefs and went bowling up engrossed with the lovely scenery on the banks. Passing the village of Dittisham—famed for plums—we continued our wild career until brought to our senses by running violently on to a shoal a few miles farther up. Luckily the tide was still flowing, or we should have had to pass the night there.

When we got off we did not care to go much farther, as we had rather lost confidence in the river. By this time, about sunset, the

wind had dropped, so as we were very short of provisions, we started rowing back to Dittisham, which took us several hours, hard rowing. Having dropped anchor, we hailed a boat, and the skipper and Frank went ashore provision hunting, while the crew and I boiled the kettle and prepared tea. They had some difficulty in getting anything, as it was after shopping hours, but at last they succeeded in getting hold of some splendidly fresh butter and eggs. We thought the butter especially delicious, so much so that the pound of Torquay "butterine" was quickly slipped over the side. The skipper gave orders for some of the Dittisham plums to be stewed for us, and they were brought to us next morning and much appreciated.

That evening was about the pleasantest we had spent. The night was perfectly calm, and we sat watching the enchanting scenery lit up by the moon far into the night, owls and other birds keeping up continual sounds in the woods.

(To be continued.)

AN ENGLISH WATER CARNIVAL.

By W. A. CHATER, B.A.

HENLEY this year came to the front in a marked manner. The quaint little riverside town at the junction of the three counties, Berks, Bucks, and Oxfordshire, wakes up year by year for one brief week at the end of June from its peaceful beauty to the stirring activity of Boat Racing on the grand scale. Always dear to oarsmen as the premier inland regatta ground, the place is seized upon by an influx of athletes from Putney, the Cam, and the Isis in the leafy month. Strange garbs, outmatching Joseph's coat of many colours, are to be seen in every street. Flags flying from inns and private houses announce that the head-quarters of famous rowing clubs are fixed, for the nonce, at Henley. The champions for aquatic honours draw in their wake a floating population. In such glorious summer weather, what greater enjoyment than to glide between the banks of the silvery Thames, to camp in the open, under unclouded skies, and in merry picnic fashion experience the little inconveniences and delights of semi-civilisation? Henley has offered such charms in abundance, and gaily-painted house-boats, launches, and the humbler row-boat, with its companion tiny tent, show that this mode of life, at all events for a change, has been adopted with eagerness. Add the living stream pouring from the railway-station, and, on the last of the three race-days, the presence of Royalty, and Henley has reached its zenith. A bigger attendance than ever dissipates gloomy forebodings. As a popular spectacle Henley has beaten her own record, just as the oarsmen of to-day have beaten the records of the previous winners of her massive Challenge Cups.

THE COURSE.

Nature has been boon to Henley in providing her with a setting of extraordinary summer beauty, as well as with a stretch of water that offers a just and true race-course. Above and below the massive five-arched bridge are boat-houses and landing-stages, whither are drawn, by the hopes of plunder, a fleet of boats as many in number as the ships of the Greeks who set out for Troy. Quickly glancing at the river-side hostels on either hand, the eye notes the meadows along which the tow-path runs on the right, flanked by rising ground. The opposite bank is shadier, and beneath its overhanging foliage lie moored the house-boats, their bright colours of streamers, red and yellow cloth, and Japanese lanterns, softened by the en-

veloping green. Here is the smooth lawn of the Isthmian Club—appropriate name, for is not this as noble a gathering for the display of personal prowess and athletic vigour as was the old Greek festival where the young strove for the crown of wild olive or the parsley wreath? Amid the trees on the left we catch a glimpse of Fawley Court, a red brick house with white stone facings, to the owner of which belongs the left bank as far as the eye can reach, a mile or more straight in front to a temple, with columns and portico, built on an island at the farther end of the course, and enjoying an uninterrupted view back to the bridge and the square flint tower of Henley Church beside it. An amphitheatre of hills forms a picturesque background to the scene. They are crowned with hanging woods, and their slopes are bedecked with the brighter verdure of the corn blades, and here and there their chalk substance comes cropping out. The river winds at their feet, where nestles Greenlands, the home of Mr. W. H. Smith. No choice of locality could be made with happier taste. To day the Royal Standard floats from its white tower, for

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

with his family, and the Kings of Denmark and Greece, are guests beneath the roof of the Leader of the House of Commons. Their voyage down the course has been a slow one. Henley has given the heartiest of welcomes to the Prince and Princess on their first visit to her *fête*. The steam yacht with its royal freight must perforce drift with the stream, for she is entangled in a mass of craft, whose occupants toss their oars and cheer with a lustiness of lung power that few but rowing-men possess. It is only an ordinary-looking English gentleman in easy, summer dress, with a white hat a little tilted over his eyes, who pauses from raising it in salute, and lights his cigar with nonchalance. His son, but a few hours returned from a popular ovation in Dublin, follows his smiling mother and sisters with a slight strut as he takes his place on deck.

AND OTHERS.

In another launch are seated some of the Indian princes, in whose eyes, of all the Jubilee sights of England, Henley must be not the least novel. But their regular features do not betray excitement as they listen to the explanations of the political officers attending them. Dressed in cloth of gold and snowy folds of delicate tissue,

resplendent with jewels flashing upon their dusky hue, they make a bright spot in this most brilliant of pictures, and gaze with calm sedateness, unconscious how capital a subject they form for the artist of an illustrated paper. More difficult will he find it to sketch the panorama of ever-shifting boats, the crowds on the banks, the thousand types of faces, the stalwart oarsman, and fair English girl, reclining in a graceful *abandon*. Like the Ancient Mariner's fire-flies, skiffs, canoes, punts, and gondolas dart in and out, their pilots arrayed in all tints of the rainbow. Nigger minstrels court the coppers of the decorated barges. Banjo, harp, and dulcimer give the accompaniment to comic songs, which are lost in the general hum. A clear course would seem an impossibility. A good springer could cross the river on the impromptu bridge of boats.

ROWING AND RACERS.

But the starting-gun has been fired. The bell, apparently to little purpose, summons the pleasure-seekers to make way for those to whom the racing is a serious matter, till the umpire's boat whistles close at hand. Then the partisans of Oxford or Cambridge shout their loudest. The slim racing craft, each driven along by the muscles of two "Blues" from either University, slip past, and the first struggle of the day has ended in a victory for the lighter hue. With the exception of this pair-oar race, and the final heat for the Diamond Sculls, Oxford has no representatives in the races of the closing day. The result of the annual match on the long course, from Putney to Mortlake, has not this year, as sometimes, been called into question by the shorter trial of skill and strength at Henley. Here the field is left now to Cambridge, and a single college establishes its claim successfully to the premiership of English rowing clubs. Trinity Hall secures five of the eight events, and as the other three also fall to champions from the Cam, the inference is irresistible that their oarsmanship must have reached a high state of perfection on that narrow and sluggish stream. With more or less ease the Junior Eight and Four of the Trinity Hall Club vanquish their various competitors. But the Senior Eight, although their laurels, won as "Head of the River" and first of thirty boats at Cambridge, are still fresh, have the hardest of fights to retain for the second year their hold of the coveted

GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

For this, the proudest trophy an amateur crew can win, four rival eights contended. The Thames and London elubs contain the pick of the oarsmen of the metropolis. Oxford concentrated its strength in a crew of Oxford Etonians. Every member of this crew could show long familiarity with the oar since the days when he was coached by Warre, now the head-master of Eton, and caught from him that pretty dashing stroke characteristic of the boys of the royal foundation when rowing for the Ladies' Plate. Last but not least, the holders of the cup are the successors of the wiry spare-set men, possessed of dogged grit and sinew, whom Kingsley described in the pages of "Alton Locke," when picturing with appreciative zeal the glories of a boat-race on the Cam. Trinity Hall is the nursery of fledgeling barristers, and though it may be straining the point to connect aquatic with forensic qualities, still it cannot be denied that its representatives have argued it out against all comers at Henley and won their case conclusively. By sheer tenacity and practised unity of work, they won a race worthy to be described in the annals of boat-racing by a classic pen.

AN ANCIENT HENLEY.

The chief Roman epic poet has left an account of a boat-race that has never been surpassed for vividness of detail. One would think that Virgil had himself laboured at the oar and experienced every sensation of the athlete instead of—it may be—lounging as a valetudinarian on the Emperor's barge to witness the races of the Roman galleys in the Bay of Naples. Every circumstance is noted, every hope of the breast, and every turn of fortune finds expression in the long roll of his hexameters. The young men, now as in his day, watch intently for the signal, seated on the thwarts, albeit the sliding seat might have somewhat puzzled the Roman, and their bare shoulders do not drip with the oil dear to the peoples of the Mediterranean. But still as of yore throbbing excitement drains the heart, as the boats leap forward under the strain of the arm drawn home sharply to the breast. The plaudits of the backers of each crew rise loudly along the banks, and the hills and woods ring with the echo in the background. Virgil perhaps indulges in a poetical licence when he compares the speed of his crews to that of the headlong flight of chariots in the circus, but the exaggeration is lessened when the modern racing vessels of Clasper and Swaddle take the place of bulky triremes. Nor does any unlucky accident during the race cause one of the captains, vexed at losing his chances of winning, to push his coxswain into the water. But all the same the spectators find a similar subject of merriment in the dripping garments of some of their number, whose boat has proved not the safest standing-place when the swirl of the umpire's steamer surges along the banks.

WHO WINS?

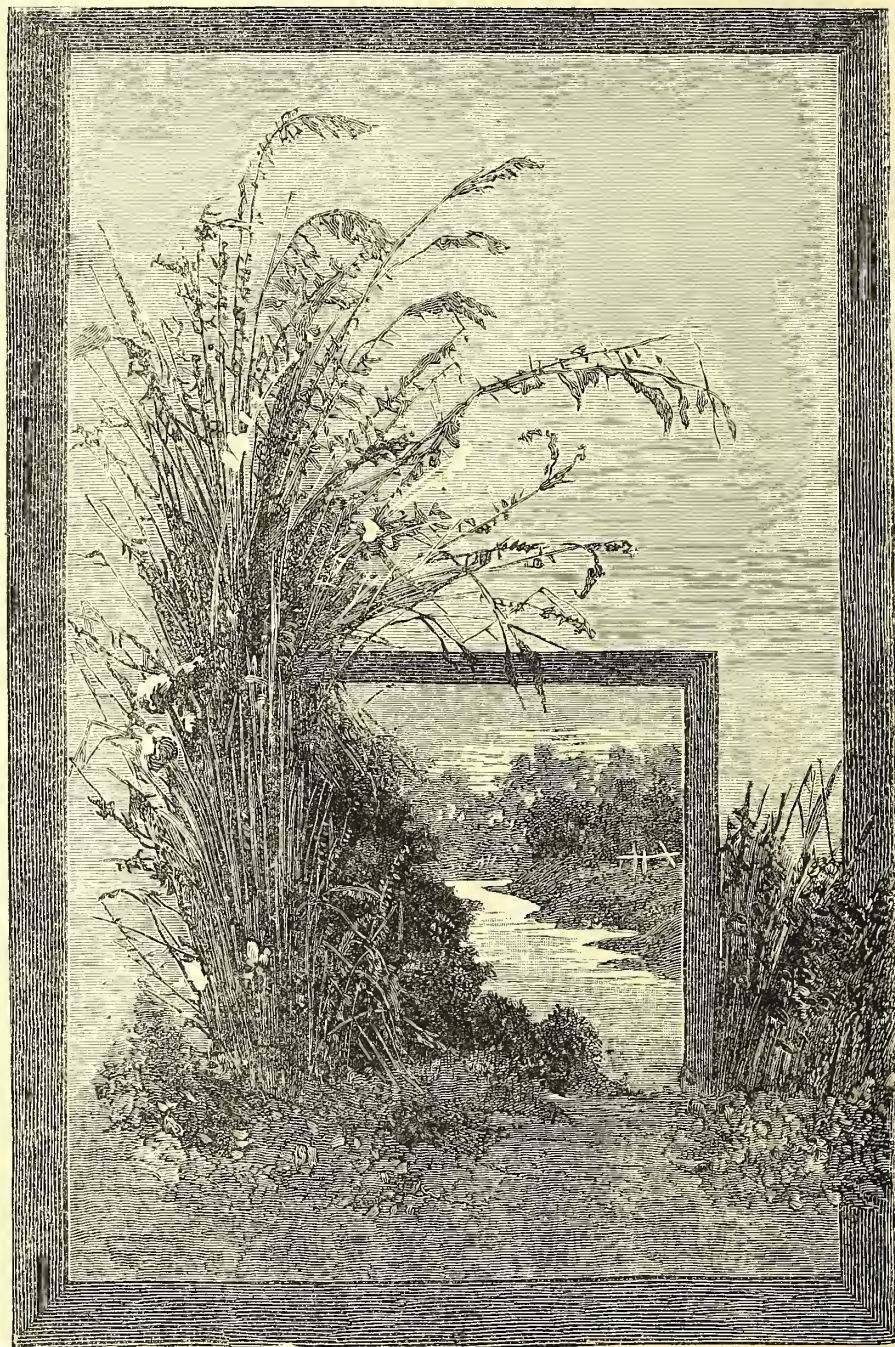
But what a grand struggle it is! Thames leads the way at the start, but the Hall boat quickly regains its level by dint of an extra stroke. Forty to the minute, and nearly ten yards between each dip. How long can such a rate be kept up in the glare of a midsummer afternoon? There is a mile and a third to traverse, and the water slips away beneath the keelless cedar boats. At the Temple, Thames is a trifle to the good; at Remenham, Trinity Hall has gained a yard or so. Before the half-way mark at the boat-house of Fawley Court is reached, the tiny black-and-white flag in the bows of their boat is more than a half-length in front of Thames. But the latter have a sterling stroke in Drake-Smith, and the tussle has yet

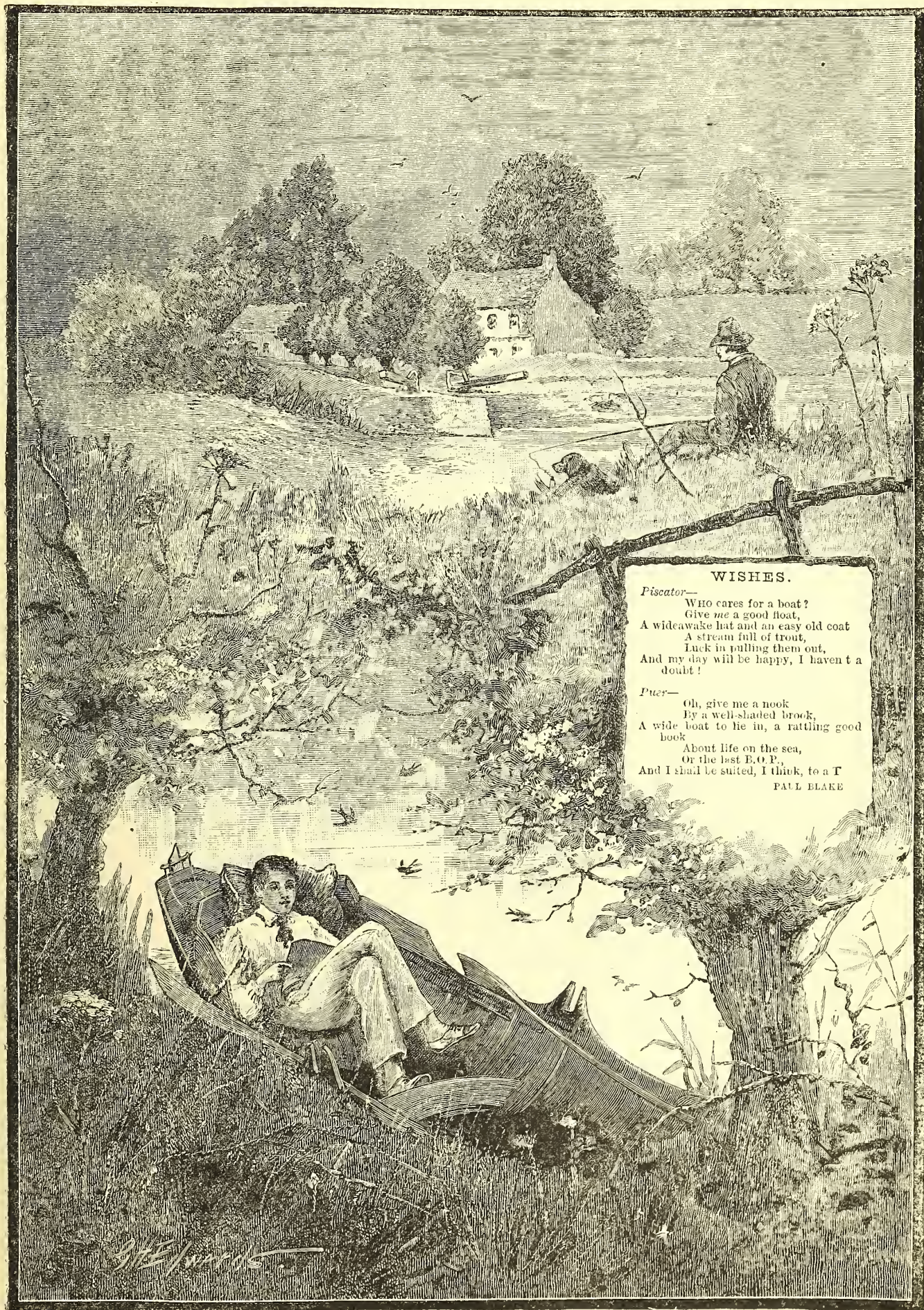
to come. Quickening, and backed up by the doughty oarsmen behind him, he steadily picks up the ground he has lost. Now blade answers blade, and the rivals, side by side, strain their utmost. The whistle sounds for the last time, and the issue is still doubtful. The ding-dong race continues to the very finish. So even are they that neither friend nor foe can speak with certainty till the judge declares in favour of the Hall by a couple of feet, a victory snatched from hazard in the nick of time. Rarely, if ever, has Thames sent a better crew to Henley, but the superior training of the Hall enables them to claim the guerdon of success. Nor is its triumph over for the day. Bristowe, its brilliant stroke, as well as of this year's Cambridge Eight, has still to bring his four home in front of the Leander, composed of four old Cambridge Blues, stroked by the redoubtable Pitman, with Moore immediately behind him, who, after three defeats at Putney, succeeded finally in his fourth essay against Oxford. Training and practice, however, are invinci-

ble, and the bright pink of Leander cannot go the pace to the bitter end.

The excitement subsides, but the consciousness remains that better racing one may never hope to see. Leaving the gay throng and threading our way through the myriad boats, we seek relaxation in a quiet paddle below the course. Quietly we push by sedgy banks, and underneath the hanging willow. The din of the hot strife we have quitted grows faint behind us. Hither, too, have retired the swans, shrinking from the unaccustomed clamour. Hither have come enamoured swains to whisper sweet nothings as though there be no such stir as the thrill of a boat-race. At another bend we come upon an *al fresco* tea-party, seated by a gipsy fire. So the evening draws on till dusk falls, and we return to a Venetian Carnival, to coloured lights dancing on the water, to banks fringed with lanterns, to see the bridge outlined with pretty devices, and to bid farewell to the incomparable pleasures of Henley.

(THE END.)





WISHES.

Piscator—

Who cares for a boat?
Give me a good float,
A wideawake hat and an easy old coat
A stream full of trout,
Luck in pulling them out,
And my day will be happy, I haven't a
doubt!

Puer—

Oh, give me a nook
By a well-shaded brook,
A wide boat to lie in, a rattling good
book
About life on the sea,
Or the best E.O.P.,
And I shall be suited, I think, to a T

PAUL BLAKE

J.H. Ward

"OLD RED."

A TASMANIAN SKETCH.

BY ALLAN M. TAYLOR,

Author of "There's Ane A'wantin'," "An Up-Country Cricket Match," etc.

I AM an old fellow. Some people, especially boys, might not concede the title "fellow" to me, but I cling to the name, and qualify it with the prefix "old." Still I am young at heart, and now, as I sit thinking of the past, I feel like a boy again, and could pace along in a way that would make some of you youngsters pant.

Well, some twelve years ago I began to feel rather miserable. So having plenty of money, and nothing particular to do, determined to travel. I went to Spain, Jerusalem, Madagascar, and Persia, just going wherever the whim led me, until one day I found myself in Hobart Town, the chief place in the colony of Tasmania.

I put up at the principal hotel, and whom should I run against before I had been an hour in the place, but young Burleigh Straggles, son of my old school chum Broadley Straggles, who it appeared was employed in one of the banks of Hobart Town.

Of course the first thing I did was to invite the boy to dinner every night whilst I was there, to which the lad assented with zest, for he was an honest English boy, and not ashamed to admit that he enjoyed a good dinner. One evening after dinner Straggles brooked, "I say, Mr. Oldboy, don't you shoot?"

"I usually have a few weeks at the partridges every season," I replied, "but do not know if I could do much with your Tasmanian game. What is there to shoot out here?"

"Wild cattle, quail, kangaroo, parrots, wombat, wallaby, possum."

"Stop; that's quite enough for one day. Can you manage to get me a day's shooting? I should enjoy it immensely."

"Yes; Mr. Sandstone, the geologist, asked me if I would like to go up to the Beltons' cattle station for a few days' shooting. It's no end of a jolly place. Sandstone does not shoot himself, but Mr. Belton has asked him to bring a few of his friends up with him. He himself will hunt for fossils, I expect, while the others shoot. What luck! There he is. I say, Red! Old Red!"

Thus appealed to, a tall, handsome man, with a red beard and whiskers, who had been passing, stopped, and looked up laughingly.

"Hallo, little one! What's the matter now?"

"Come in; I want to introduce you to my friend." While Mr. Sandstone was coming round, Straggles whispered, "Sandstone dubbed me 'Little One' because I am so big; but I have my revenge, because I christened him 'Old Red.' You see, he is mad about geology, and his hair and beard are positively fiery."

"Old Red" explained the position of matters, and said he would be glad if we could accompany him to "Wallaby Station," which was the name of Mr. Belton's run.

On my suggesting that Mr. Belton might consider the advent of such a large party an unwarrantable invasion, he assured me that my making a remark of that kind showed my complete ignorance of Tasmanian hospitality, which was not surpassed even by the Brazilian grandees. "Our going in such a way will simply rejoice our host."

We started next morning and rode all day, arriving at the cattle station the same evening. At the gate we were met by a boy of, perhaps, thirteen, a slim active-looking slip of a lad, who received us with as much dignified courtesy as if he had been owner of the place. He gave orders about our horses, and then led the way into the house, saying, "Awfully sorry; the pater got a telegram from Launce-

ston requiring him to go there at once, but the mother and I will make you quite happy. I say! let's see your guns."

At this moment the lad's mother entered and received us in such a friendly way that we felt at home at once. That boy Jack interested me exceedingly. He was a perfect host, leaving us to do what we liked, and yet seeing quietly that we could get what we wanted. He was evidently unconsciously imitating the absent father, who we felt must be a man both of heart and culture. At supper I said to Mrs. Belton,

"I suppose we must give up our intention of having a day's shooting now that Mr. Belton is away?"

"Oh, no; Jack is here. He is as good a bushman and shot as his father."

"Not quite, mother. I am as good with the rifle, but he is better at birds flying."

"But, Mrs. Belton, I understand it is very easy to get lost in the bush. Is it safe to go with no other guide than my young friend Jack?"

"Quite! Jack will take care of you," said the mother, with a look of pride at her handsome boy. The said boy murmured, "I should rather think so," and looked as if he was astonished that any sane person should express doubt on the subject.

Next morning we had breakfast just as dawn was creeping up into the sky, and started off in the cool morning air. We men carried double-barrelled shot guns. That boy, however, had one barrel rifled and loaded with ball, as we were likely to meet some wild cattle. The lissom, wiry boy, a picture of graceful activity, led the way along the track. We had to walk in single file at first, as the track was narrow. Following Jack came "Old Red," who felt and looked as uncomfortable as Leech's Mr. Briggs did when he first became a sportsman. He swung his gun about in a most terror-inspiring fashion. I followed, and Straggles came last. After sundry admonishments we succeeded in getting "Old Red" to carry his gun with the muzzle to the ground. Suddenly we heard a report where no report should be. The geologist's gun had gone off unexpectedly, the charge passing within an inch of Jack's leg and tearing up the ground in front of him.

"Hallo!" said the boy. "Having a shot at the ants? Poor little beggars, you have made a hash of some of them."

"Old Red" was distressed beyond measure. He put down his gun, saying, "That is the first shot I have ever fired, and it will be my last." He thanked the boy with a look for his ready kindness in turning the thing off. He would not even carry the gun, so it was left behind at a place where it could be picked up on the way home.

Shortly afterwards a wallaby got up and jumped away. Straggles and I both fired and missed. Jack was behind a tree and did not see the wallaby, which was going off scot-free. Just then "Old Red" threw his geological hammer at the retreating beast, with so sure an aim that it hit the animal on the back of the head and knocked it over. The blow only stunned it for a moment; it rose and hopped away to freedom. This humorous incident revived the spirits of the shooting party, which had been damped by the geologist's gloom, and that redoubtable person was promptly dubbed by young Belton, "The Knight of the Hammer."

Time went on. We got a regular, or rather irregular mixed bag, chiefly quail, wallaby, and kangaroo. Kangaroo are usually hunted with dogs and horses, but as the ground on

Wallaby Run was extremely rugged, and these animals so numerous that they ate nearly all the grass, rendering it difficult for the sheep to live, the Beltons shot them regularly.

I shall never forget the heat and thirst of that day. The sun was simply scorching; even the leaves of the gum-trees considered discretion the better part of valour and drooped their tips, with the object of presenting as small a surface as possible to his glare. There was no water. Midday came, and we arrived at a water-hole, where we expected to get a drink, but there was nothing but damp mud to be found. We walked on again through the broiling heat, and at last came to the brow of a ravine, from which a stream of water was visible away down at the bottom of the gully fifteen hundred feet below. At this point Jack turned aside and began walking unconcernedly along the ledge, telling us to "look out for snakes, for there were plenty about."

"But look here, young one! What about water?" Straggles remarked.

"We will come to a water-hole in about two hours."

"Mud-hole, I expect; like the last."

"No; it is really a good water-hole."

"But two hours, and we are dying of thirst!"

"That's because you perspire so much; it takes a lot of water to keep up the supply," said the lean, wiry youth, who looked as fresh as a daisy and had not turned a hair.

"You can go on if you like, but we must have water at any cost."

"Do you mean to say you intend going down and climbing up that steep gully just for a drink?"

"Yes."

"You would have made indifferent Spartans. However, we must all stick together, so come along."

We ran down the steep gully-side without a break either in our pace or necks—the latter was surprising—and soon reached the water. How we enjoyed that drink! The memory of it is like a testing acid to gauge the quality of other physical enjoyments by. Then we found a glorious pool, over which a fallen tree-trunk hung. From this diving-board of nature's making we took running headers into the translucent water. The water was so clear we could distinguish tiny pebbles at a depth of fifteen feet. "Old Red" was a notable swimmer, and it was fun seeing him fossicking fishlike along the bottom of the deep pool, from which at length he brought up a bit of quartz, which he said was a treasure of great price, for it showed signs of gold on its surface.

After emulating amphibious animals for about an hour, we climbed on to the tree-trunk and were making towards the bank, when we found our way barred by an enormous black snake. That boy immediately dived back into the pool, swam across to the other side, tore down a thin sapling, brought it back to the tree-trunk, and then marched boldly up towards the snake, which, like another Horatius, seemed determined to hold the bridge or die. On Jack's approach the reptile raised his head on a sinewy neck two feet above the ground, swinging it about menacingly, and flattening it out as the deadly poison was gathered into the cruel fangs. This was just what Jack wanted, for the position of the serpent gave his assailant a good opportunity to strike. The ready wand whistled through the air, dealing the invader a cutting blow on the neck, which

broke his spine, and killed him instantly. Jack took the adventure quite as a matter of course. "I never pass one without killing it," he remarked; "a bushman never does." I thought, "Well, if the bush-boys are made of this stuff, the bush-men must be worth knowing." The bite of these black snakes usually causes death in less than fifteen minutes.

Soon afterwards "Old Red" was walking carelessly along examining a geological specimen which he had picked up, when Jack, who was behind, jumped in front of him and hit vigorous blows with his stick at a brown object which lay on the ground a yard in front of our friend. The brown object writhed and wriggled, and then was still.

"Narrow escape," said the boy. "You must be more careful."

"Why, what is it?"

"A deaf adder."

"It looks exactly like a bit of stick."

"That's the danger; not being able to hear, it does not get out of the way, and you are apt to tramp on it. Its bite is certain death. Our stockman's youngest boy got bitten by one, and he was black in five minutes. You are quite safe if you keep your eyes open. There are very few of them. Some old bushmen have never even seen one."

Soon afterwards we climbed out of the gully. As a rule "Old Red" was separated from us looking for specimens, and not attending in the least to the shooting, but at this time he happened to be with the rest of the party. The noise we made awakened a sleeping kangaroo, which hopped away with long bounds. Straggles fired and knocked it over with his first barrel. The creature was a doe, and a pang of remorse shot through me when I saw her soft eyes, full of agony, turned towards me with what I fancied was a reproachful look which seemed to say, "How *could* you do it?" Then, out of the dying doe's pouch hopped her young one, which she had been vainly trying to carry to safety. The tiny creature did not run away, but crept up to its dying dam, and rubbed its little nose lovingly against her cheek, a cheek down which the life-blood flowed that made the young one motherless.

"I say," said "Old Red," "I don't see the fun. I call this simply cruel," and while two unbidden tears coursed slowly down his cheek, the big fellow knelt down, and lifting the little creature tenderly in his strong arms, he put it in his bosom and walked on silently alone.

"I didn't know it was a doe," said Straggles, apologetically.

"We won't shoot any more kangaroos to-day," remarked Jack, "as it hurts 'Old Red.' He's a bit of a brick, you know. I never saw a chap dive like he can. Let's get on to the water-hole and wait for the bronze-wings."

We soon reached the water-hole and, having made a screen of branches, we lay in wait for the bronze-wing pigeons, which were expected to come to the water-hole for their evening drink. We had been lying quietly for perhaps half an hour. The sun had set, and darkness was creeping on, when Jack put his hand softly on my arm and pointed out an interesting sight.

Behind a grass-tree close at hand, a doe kangaroo sat playing with her little one, which was frisking and gambolling as we see a lamb play in our meadows on a May morning. On the other side of the grass-tree, only a few yards away, two splendidly-marked tiger wolves (*Thylacinus*) were stealing up against the wind with the evident intention of disturbing this happy family.

"You take the first one," whispered Jack. "Give him both barrels." We fired together. The tiger-wolf at which Jack fired bounded into the air and fell dead on the spot, but as my gun was only loaded with buckshot in one barrel and No. 5 in the other, the second animal, although badly wounded, made off. We dashed after him, and ran him down

after a chase of about a mile. He was a fine specimen of this fiercest quadruped of the Antipodes, measuring seven feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. I have his skin now below my feet as I write.

After this exploit, Straggles and I started along the track at a quick pace, for it was now almost dark, and we were still far from Mr. Delton's house.

"I say," said Jack, "where are you going?"

"Home to your house, of course."

"How far do you think you will require to go in that direction to get there?"

"Ten miles, perhaps."

"About twenty-five thousand," observed the youth, "You are just going in exactly the wrong direction."

"Are you sure? Have you been here before?"

"No, but when you are accustomed to living in the bush, you get to know direction almost intuitively."

We gave way to the boy's judgment, and he was right, for three hours later we saw the welcome lights of the house, and were soon afterwards learning what fine venison kangaroo tails make when cooked in regular bush fashion. I can tell you we slept sounder even than was our wont that night.

Two years later, after visiting New Guinea and other out-of-the-way places, I again found myself in Tasmania, and went up country to see the Beltons. Jack had grown very much, and was a fine, manly-looking fellow.

"By-the-by, Jack, do you ever see 'Old Red'?"

"Yes; he was up here not long ago. He's a good sort, is 'Old Red.' You remember that tiny baby kangaroo he carried home the day we were shooting?"

"Yes."

"Well, he took it to Hobart Town, and reared it up there. She was a great pet, became very fond of him, and even used to follow him about the town sometimes. He called her 'Sally.' They were a queer pair. However, Sally began to get ill and then to pine. 'Old Red' thought she must be longing for freedom, and therefore brought her up here with him one day. We took her out to the rugged part of the run where she was born, and left her there. We could not get her to stay behind at first, so I made a noise to frighten her, and then we started off at a gallop, though for more than a mile we heard the thump, thump of her tail as she bounded after us, trying to overtake 'Old Red.' When we stopped he said to me,

"Jack, will you do me a favour?"

"I don't know. What is it?"

"Don't shoot kangaroos at the north end of the run."

"Right you are."

You should just have seen how happy and relieved he was when I promised this. When he went back to Hobart Town he kept sending me up rare geological specimens and things, and always ended his letters with, "Do you ever see Sally?"

A year after that—indeed just last week—the old fellow appeared one day and said,

"I have come to see if I can drop across Sally."

"It's like searching for a needle in a haystack," I remarked, encouragingly.

We went to the north corner of the run. As we walked I was examining the track of a "devil" when "Old Red" suddenly put his hand on my shoulder and whispered, "There she is." I kept behind a bush, and "Old Red" walked out towards a kangaroo which was feeding about thirty yards away. He called out "Sally!" The kangaroo looked round, then came bounding up to him and fondled him just as a dog might. She had a young one with her, just about the size she was when her mother was killed. This little creature was evidently very frightened, and her fear affected Sally, for, after playing with

"Old Red" for a minute, she suddenly made the young one jump into her pouch, and then hopped quickly away. When she had gone about twenty yards she stopped and looked round at her old friend for a few seconds in an apologetic way, as though she would say, "Forgive me; as far as I am concerned I would trust you, but you see I have others to consider besides myself now," and then she bounded right away. You should just have seen how pleased the old chap was. His face positively beamed with satisfaction.

* * * * *

Eight years have passed since then. Jack has been home at Cambridge and spent all his spare time with me. He got into the eleven and made a great score the other day. Last week he came to my rooms in great glee.

"I say, won't the pater be pleased!"

"Yes, indeed, I have just read of your success in the papers. Capital, my boy! Sixth wrangler. The whole colony will be proud of you."

"Oh, it's not that I mean, though of course that will please him, but just won't he crow over that 103 not out!"

I am feeling dull and lonely, because Jack sailed away yesterday for Hobart Town. I am fond of that boy, and am an old fellow with few to love or to love me. I saw the boy off, and was glad—yes, I must say I was glad to see tear-drops in the lad's eyes, when he said good-bye.

As the tender which took me back to the shore was steaming away, Jack sprang into the rigging and sung out,

"I'll remember you to 'Old Red.'"

(THE END.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

RELIGION AND OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in speaking at a Diocesan Conference, said: "With respect to our public schools, I think those who know agree that there is more religion taught in them than those unacquainted with the subject might suppose. I am far from wishing to say 'Peace' when there is no peace; but I believe that some of the most beautiful Christian characters we have seen in these days have been formed in public schools. What, however, the masters of public schools complain of is the very imperfect training which boys bring to them from their own homes. As to the chapel services, my experience is that the boys value them very highly. No one could attend the services at Harrow, as a well-known instance, without feeling that the chapel was pervaded by a spirit of real worship. I have heard of other instances where men in India have recognised each other as schoolfellows by hearing them hum to themselves on steamers or on the slopes of the Himalayas the familiar strain of some school hymn. A system of Sunday questions has prevailed at Eton for many years. On Saturday three or four questions are given by the master, the answers to which may be obtained from any source the pupil pleases, but the boys must bring them in writing on Monday morning. The result is that they gather in a large amount of the best religious knowledge. In fact, the master of one of the colleges at Oxford told me that if he came across a Paper exceptionally well done he generally found that it was the work of an Eton man. When I was at Rugby the religious teaching was also very real. A cycle is in most schools arranged by which the boys, in their progress through the school, passed through the whole of the Bible, besides receiving in the higher forms most valuable teaching in the Greek Testament. I have always held it to be one of the greatest blessings that I read Paley and Butler under Prince Lee, with that Greek Testament work which turned out a Westcott and a Lightfoot."

COOL ENJOYMENT.



How jolly it is in this blazing hot weather
 To throw down your clothes in a heap on the bank,
 And then with a spring disappear altogether,
 And leave but a bubble to show where you sank.

You open your eyes, and a few feet below you
 The gravel glides by in the bed of the stream.
 While rigid and stiff as a shaft from a bow, you
 The water divide, as it were in a dream.

And then when you find that your breath's growing scanty,
 You have but to rise for a further supply,
 Unlike a beginner all puffy and panty,
 At ease on the surface extended you lie.

No bed is more soft, it requires no making,
 But always is ready when you wish to rest;
 No mattress nor pillows require a shaking,
 It beats every feather bed, even the best.

You lie there and bask in the sunshine contented
 Until you are tired, then paddle along.
 You're fanned by the summer breeze, wild-flower scented,
 And music you have in the sweet woodland song.

It's quite a new life, so deliciously lazy,
 You're just at your ease without trouble or care;
 The gnats overhead dance a minuet mazy,
 And revel like you in the heat-laden air.

You're cool while the rest of creation is broiling,
 You envy not any, you're hardly awake,
 Exertion you know in such weather is toiling,
 And therefore you're careful no effort to make.

Some fellows will say that in cricket or rowing
 Alone you discover the summit of bliss.
 The tastes of *some* people there's really no knowing,
 But give *me* the water in weather like this.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

BOAT-SAILING.

BY FRANKLIN FOX (LATE CAPTAIN P. AND O. SERVICE),

Author of "How to Send a Boy to Sea," etc.

PART IV.



IN the interests of a pastime so enjoyable as boat-sailing, and one that, in its pursuit, fosters many good qualities, it is very much to be desired that the Marine Mahdi who predicted its decline and fall with the advent of the short-pleasure-trip steamer now so common on our coasts, may share the same discredit as the False Prophet who foretold that equestrian locomotion would be abandoned upon the appearance of the iron horse.

In the latter case steam appears to have acted as a stimulant to vehicular traffic and the use of horses. And in the former the excursions to short distances in small steamers should only enhance by comparison the pleasure of a sail free from overcrowding on one's own little craft.

One advantage may be found by the boat-sailer in observing the programmes of projected trips to pretty places that the excursion steamers put forward on their placards as suggestions for a cruise in the same direction under canvas. It will be well, however, to take a few precautions in starting for these trips.

When setting out for a sail in a strange boat look carefully at the mast, the sails, and the blocks (pulleys), if there are any; and notice if the mast be too long for the boat—it should not exceed it in length; and if the sails fit, and are not either too large or heavy. See that the ropes are not too new, in which case they are liable to “kink” and foul; or too old to be serviceable or reliable.

Examine how the sheets lead and how they are made fast, and make yourself positively certain that, when under way, you can let them go in an instant, if you do not hold the main-sheet in one hand while steering with the other.

Look at the tiller, and see it fits the rudder-head and works freely; or, if steered by a yoke and lines, see the yoke fits in its position properly, and that the rudder-pintles are all right. Take particular notice of the kind and quantity of ballast you have in your craft before you let go from the pier steps or shove off from the shore. See that no movement of the boat can possibly be likely to cause the ballast, of whatever nature it is, to

move from its proper place in the bottom and middle of the boat; and when you start, if accompanied by friends, do not have more persons in the craft than she can carry with ease, nor than will admit of her being worked without difficulty.

Many boats have come to grief from overcrowding; and, for an ordinary-sized sailing-boat, such as may be hired for a sail at our seaside resorts, with the usual rig of sprit-sail, jib, and mizen—a boat, say, about the size of the Atlantic twenty-six-foot cutter, the Little Wonder—for such a craft four, or at the most five persons is quite a sufficient complement to give safety and convenience.

It is impossible to work a boat with that promptitude of action, upon which so much often depends, if there are too many persons in her. You can neither let go the ropes nor make them fast quickly when access to the pins and cleats for doing so is obstructed by too many sitters-about, and in turning to windward every time you make a tack the inconvenience of shifting your movable ballast, if too voluminous, makes itself prominently felt. It can hardly be necessary to say more upon the danger of overcrowding a boat, it is too obvious to need much mention, the only point requiring to be emphasised is the necessity, in cases where too many persons are bent on embarking in the same skiff, of some one among them assuming the authority to limit the number to safe dimensions, and this assumption of authority can only be enforced with any chance of success by a person possessing some familiarity with the rudimentary principles of the art of boat-sailing. Knowledge gives power here as elsewhere.

I am not aware that any one has ever compiled a descriptive list of the very many delightful short boating trips that present themselves to the visitors and residents at our numerous watering-places—to say nothing of our river attractions in that way. If there were such a guide I should like to quote from it here to illustrate and enhance a description of the pleasure that may be enjoyed in a smart, well-rigged boat, properly handled, when sailing at some of the many beautiful places with which our country is blessed.

I know of nothing more delightful in its way than a good sail, with a moderately fresh breeze, so that your craft will move through the water, and the interest of the thing is augmented if you have somewhere to sail to, instead of taking what sailors call “a man-of-war’s cruise—there and back again.”

With your boat nicely trimmed, your sails set without a wrinkle, some one to share your enjoyment with you in the boat, a fresh breeze—and off you go, spinning along past beautifully-wooded ravines and bold chalky cliffs; now steering close to the sandy beach and scanning its crowds, or, luffing up to the breeze, take a stretch off the land out into the broad Channel, with its panorama of sailing craft and steamers passing on their way up and down.

Of course, the amusement is specially a summer one, but it is truly a delightful way of passing some of that period. The sensation of “spring” in one’s nerves and freshness in one’s feelings as the boat flies through the water or bounds over the gaily-crested blue-and-white little waves, is an experience worth having. As your hand rests on the tiller you feel a kind of pulsation in harmony with its movements, while the boat springs forward and bounds along, heeling over to the breeze; a sort of sympathetic vibration tingles through your frame, and gives fresh elasticity to your inmost being.

Scarcely a touch is required on the helm in a properly-rigged boat to steer her. The sails should be of such size and shape and so adjusted that when your boat is “on a wind” the rudder remains very nearly amidships, and the tiller should need only the gentlest movements to keep your course. Running free before the wind a little more steering is required, or in a squall, but you may be certain of this, that if a boat under sail carries her rudder across the stern, instead of being nearly on a line with her keel, there is something wrong with the cut of her sails, the position of her mast, or with her rig generally. You had better have nothing to do with such a craft as that, or else re-rig her.

The adaptation of steam to the launches of our men-of-war does not seem to have interfered so much as might have been expected with the practice of boat-sailing in the Royal Navy, although it has doubtless affected very considerably the mode in which, on stations like the West Coast of Africa, the business connected with “blackbird catching” is carried out. The boats of the vessels rigged for cruising, independently of their ship, in search of slavers, being the plan formerly adopted.

Some years ago this station used to afford a very admirable school for boat-sailing. The portion of the West Coast of Africa, extending from Sierra Leone to Great Fish Bay, a distance of about seventeen hundred miles, and the islands of St. Helena, Ascension, and Fernando Po, were allotted to twenty-four ships of her Majesty’s service, to which space they were directed to devote all their energies in keeping watch for slavers and suppressing the horrible traffic in human beings, existing chiefly under cover of the Brazilian and American flags between South America and the West Coast.

Two years was the duration of a commission—one of the twenty-four ships having to leave England, and one to proceed home to be paid off every month, besides a vessel for the Commodore with a roving authority attached to his broad pendant. Each ship of the squadron had ninety miles of sea-board to watch—a distance, in the case of a steamer, she would be quite unable to guard efficiently

by herself. I say a steamer more particularly, as being strictly limited by Admiralty regulations in the use of coal, except in chase, she would be frequently unable to cruise up and down her allotted space of ninety miles under canvas. The boats, therefore, were put in requisition, and not only in the cases of the few steam ships of war at the time I speak of thus engaged, but also with the sailing 12-gun brigs employed on this service, the boats were more used probably than in any other branch of her Majesty's naval service.

To great experience in managing a boat under all circumstances the excitement of chasing a slaver was added. There was also the prospect of prize-money in the event of being fortunate in rescuing some of our fellow-creatures from the horrors of slavery. A grant from Parliament every year provided a sum of money for this purpose: five pounds a head for every captured slave landed alive at St. Helena or Sierra Leone, and two pounds ten a ton for the slave vessel. When a slaver was taken empty the grant was five pounds per ton, and this money was handed out in shares, the flag taking an eighth, captain seventy-five, lieutenant twenty, mates and officers of equal rank five, midshipmen three, A.B.'s two, and boys one share.

For eleven months we were engaged in H.M.S.S. Firefly, on board which vessel I had the honour to serve, in watching the River Congo, then a notorious nest of slave-dealers, and our boats were incessantly engaged away from the ship. On one occasion we were left in the cutter and second gig to watch while the Firefly went to get re-coaled. On another we had to take a vessel's duty off Ambriz, narrowly escaping being poisoned by the fresh water supplied to us by the natives, and we had on that occasion to perform a trip of 117 miles to rejoin our ship. Most of the slave vessels sailed up the Congo a distance of some thirty miles from Sharks Point to a place called Ponto d'Elhina. Here, when we took up our station, were no less than seven vessels, one a fine schooner armed with four brass guns, which had no other object except that of procuring a cargo of slaves and getting out clear of us. They had no-

thing on board to justify our seizing them then and there, so we had to watch for them coming down the river. As a whale-boat was usually sent down every day to see where the Firefly was and what her boats were about, we were obliged to adopt strategic measures to secure our object. Accordingly the Firefly's masts and yards were sent down and she herself hauled in almost amongst the mangrove bushes below Sharks Point, a sandy spot where the fresh water of the river met the sea, and where dozens of sharks could always be seen. The boats—a large cutter with false keel, manned by fourteen men, and rigged with standing lug, jib, and mizen, having a little one-pounder gun on a swivel in the bow, in charge of a mate (or sub-lieutenant), and the jolly-boat with six hands, rigged in a similar way—which were usually away for a fortnight at a time some fourteen miles up the river, were ordered to sail up the creeks which intersect the banks of the Congo during the daytime, and keep out of sight. Consequently when the white whaler came down the stream no signs of the Firefly or her boats were visible, a ruse which after one or two “miss-fires” gained us a good prize.

The sail up those marvellous creeks or small streams which intersect the delta of the Congo is a wonderful experience, the trees springing out of the very water, as it were, and growing with a luxuriance difficult to realise without seeing. We had visited King Medora at his establishment on the little eminence above Trade Bay, and were returning to our stations; there was one boat on each side of the channel of the stream, about a mile from shore, the river being four miles broad at that part, when our captain's gig appeared sailing and rowing as hard as possible.

“The schooner with the brass guns has given you the slip, I hear,” cried he. “If it is so it is most unfortunate.”

He did not pause for a moment longer than to take six of our hands, who were fresher than the gig's crew, and leaving his own men, dashed on up the river to ascertain, as we soon learnt, if it were true that this vessel had outwitted us and escaped. Happily it turned out to be a false report, and our cap-

tain returned after some hours, having satisfied himself by personal inspection that the vessel in question was still moored at Ponto d'Elhina.

The monotony of our life in the boats became at times irksome, although the sail we indulged in every day along banks glowing with immense convolvuli, and from which we could pluck cotton pods as we swept by, was truly enjoyable. It was relieved at last by an incident which gave fresh stimulus to our energies, and varied the routine of boat-life most stirringly. This routine usually included a bathe in the river to begin the day, a thorough scrubbing of boat and gear, and a rest under the awning till the sea-breeze came up, devoted to our only two books, the Bible and Shakespeare. Then dinner on board the cutter. She, being the biggest boat, had cooking copper and utensils in her; and in the afternoon a spin up-stream under sail or across the river to Boolambemba—fathomless point. The incident which broke upon this mode of life was no less than the capture of a full slaver.

One night we had taken up our stations as usual, when, shortly after midnight, a dark moving mass became visible against the sky, coming down the river. A rocket was exchanged between our two boats.

The orders were given to furl the night awning, up anchor, and pull for the vessel, for such it was, running out to sea. A fresh wind was blowing, and the strange craft had all sail set. Up went our sails and out flew our oars in a second, and “Give way, give way!” was the cry in both the boats.

The cutter fired her little gun across the bows of the vessel, but no notice was taken of it.

“Take the port side!” cried the officer of the cutter, “and I will go the starboard. Give way hard, men, or we shall lose her.”

The boats flashed through the water at their highest speed, and in a few moments were alongside the vessel. To throw the grapnels, to swing ourselves upon the deck, was the work of an instant, and in the next minute a fine brig, with six hundred slaves on board, was the prize of the boats of H.M.S. Firefly.

SOME HINTS ON BATHING AND SWIMMING.

BY AN OLD HAND.

IT was the good fortune of the writer to live during his boyhood in a seaport town, where, at a very early age, a knowledge of swimming was acquired, which has ever since been the source of one of my greatest pleasures.

The waters in which I have practised the art that is sometimes grandiloquently styled “Natation,” have varied as widely, in respect of distance, density, and temperature, as the wonderfully salt and buoyant waters of the warm Mediterranean Sea, in which I first learnt to swim, differ from the chilly freshwater lakes in Westmoreland.

Most of the watering-places round our own coasts are pretty familiar to me, and with regard to river bathing, my memory affords pleasant recollections of many a good swim in the “Silvery” Thames, more particularly during two pleasure trips by boat from Kingston to Oxford; likewise do I call to mind my habit for several years of taking every summer morning a refreshing plunge in the “winding” Avon, and the still more exhilarating pleasure enjoyed for two seasons of breasting the current in the rapid Derwent.

To myself, and, doubtless, the vast majority of swimmers, a good deal of the charm of this exercise depends on the locality in which it is enjoyed. Londoners are much to be pitied by reason of their confinement to

covered-in baths for their acquirement and practice of this art. The pleasure of swimming in a bath will no more bear comparison with that of swimming in a river or in the sea, than roller-skating in the close atmosphere of a gas-lighted rink can compare with the delights of skating by moonlight on a frozen lake or river.

From a somewhat extensive experience of bathing, I may, perhaps, be able to give a few useful hints for the benefit of the learner, and also, possibly, for the expert swimmer.

Books of instruction on swimming, when speaking of its many advantages, sometimes take occasion to point out that a most elementary knowledge of the art, such as the ability to swim a few strokes, may, in the event of an accidental immersion, be the means of saving life. This fact is so obvious that it seems needless to call attention to it, especially as too many people are contented to remain stationary in the condition of being “able to swim a few strokes.” I am inclined to go farther, and say that the possession of such a limited knowledge is sometimes a positive danger, as it induces the bather to run foolish risks. It would be extremely easy to multiply facts in proof of this, but I will content myself with giving two instances, in both of which the actors were friends of my own.

The first occurred about fourteen years ago at Bath. A friend and myself had arranged to meet an acquaintance named B—y on the following morning in order to enjoy a swim at a well-known bathing-place on the banks of the Avon. B—y arrived first at the appointed place, and getting tired of waiting, had finished bathing some time before my other friend and I arrived. We had never previously seen B—y's performance in the water, and as he had claimed to be a good swimmer, but was known to be somewhat addicted to brag, we rather foolishly induced him to re-enter the water. Plunging in, B—y struck out bravely for the middle of the stream, but before he had achieved half the distance he turned round to come back. We soon perceived by the slowness of his progress that he was in difficulties. Fortunately my friend and myself were more expert, and we succeeded in getting him, but not without considerable difficulty, to the bank. Without such help he would certainly have drowned; as it was, he swallowed more water in that short interval of swimming than he had ever done before in the same space of time, but in compensation he had gained a lesson which, though painful in acquiring, will doubtless be valuable to him for the rest of his life.

The other circumstance had a far sadder

ending. The actors concerned, all three fellow-clerks, and very intimate friends of mine, were spending a short holiday two summers ago at Eastbourne. One of the number, a burly young fellow, captain of a cricket-club, and half-back at football, had no knowledge of swimming, and this ignorance was the cause of his suffering the anguish of seeing the death-struggles of both his friends only a few yards from where he was standing powerless to help in any way, the beach being deserted at the time.

In the cases of the unfortunate youths drowned on this occasion, a very small knowledge of swimming was combined with too great a proportion of that spirit of emulation which, as the philosopher would say, is, in its proper place, "one of the principal sources of human as well as individual greatness."

It will be no part of my task in this paper to say anything about the first steps—or rather strokes—in the art of swimming. Instruction books on the subject are both numerous and cheap; I shall therefore confine myself to pointing out dangers which lie in wait for those who can, perhaps, swim a phenomenal number of lengths in a bath, or possibly "pull off" the prizes in river or sea swimming-matches, as well as for swimmers of humbler attainments.

Ignorance of the hidden dangers of a strange bathing-place, which probably holds out peculiar allurements in the way of picturesque surroundings, combined with over-confidence, is often the cause of painful accidents. What, for example, can be more tempting to the heated tourist or oarsman, on a hot summer morning or afternoon, than to plunge from the steep grassy banks of some quiet reach on the upper waters of the Thames into the gently-flowing and deliciously cool depths of the stream? But if you are a stranger to the spot selected for a bath, it is sheer folly to yield to the temptation—unless, indeed, you are in company with some one well acquainted with the locality.

The experienced swimmer will tell you that often, quite concealed from view, some tree, which recently or long ago fell into the river, may be lying in such a position that its branches form a veritable *chevaux de frise* for the laceration of the reckless plunger. Or it may happen that a sharp stake, driven in for the preservation of the bank, has become loose, and now sticks out like a bayonet. Sometimes the diver is deceived by the apparent depth of the water, which in reality is much shallower than it looks, the appearance of depth being caused by the colour of the bottom or the way in which the light falls upon it. Or he may spring from the bank fancying he will plunge into deep water, and, to his surprise, strike with unpleasant, if not fatal, force on a sandbank or other obstruction lying perhaps a considerable distance from the bank.

These facts are more or less true of most English rivers, but more especially apply to the Thames.

The bather should likewise keep his weather eye open for weeds. Some reaches of the upper Thames are in a simply terrible condition, the weeds completely filling the whole breadth of the stream for many hundreds of yards. A swift and awful death would be the fate of the strongest swimmer who should happen to be immersed in such a death-trap. A feeling of disgust and horror seizes the swimmer when he finds his limbs entangled with the clammy and slimy stalks of the water-lilies, which look so picturesque when seen from a boat or from the banks of the river; but there are some varieties of river weed which are tougher in fibre, as well as growing more thickly than the water-lily, and the grasp of these is as tenacious and deadly as that of the octopus of the sea. Let the swimmer, therefore, always give weeds the widest possible berth.

There is to many swimmers of an adventurous nature a strong fascination in breast-

ing the current and swimming in the turbulent waters at the foot of a weir; a knowledge of the delights and perils of this kind of swimming should be slowly and cautiously acquired, for, although drowning is said to be a very painless form of death, it is a most unpleasant ending of a swim. As it is just within the limits of possibility that some one who reads these remarks may have the ill-luck to be drawn over a weir, I will give for his benefit the experience of an individual to whom this accident happened. He was, fortunately, uninjured by the weir itself, there being a flood at the time, but the undertow of the current at the foot of the steps, combined with the non-buoyant nature of the water, caused by a large admixture of bubbles and froth, prevented him, for a time, from getting away; he saved his life finally by diving for the nearest bank, swimming on the surface in such water being quite impossible.

Strangers to the peculiarities of a lake, should beware of attempting to swim more than a very short distance from the shore, the danger being that many lakes are in some parts shallow and warm, and in others deep and traversed by a spring of such an icy coldness that it is very likely to strike the dagger of cramp into the limbs of the strongest swimmer. I have a vivid remembrance of the comical look on the face of a friend who, unsuspecting of the extreme coldness of the water, plunged early last summer into Lake Coniston. Although a strong swimmer, he would have needed a very great inducement to risk a swim for any considerable distance in water of such a deathly chill.

Sea-bathing has dangers of a somewhat different nature from lake and river bathing, but in plunging from a boat or off a rock into sea-water of which you are ignorant, there is a large element of risk. Ocean currents are both strong and treacherous, and the submerged rock is as formidable to the sea-swimmer, as the sunken tree is to the bather in rivers. Weeds, although not so frequent in the sea as in rivers, are quite as dangerous when met with. The chief danger, however, of sea-bathing is undoubtedly from the treacherous nature of the currents on many parts of our coasts.

Bathing-machines are generally placed on a part of the shore where there is little if any current, and those who bathe from a machine avoid this risk. The youthful male swimmer very frequently despises the bathing-machine as being more for the convenience of women, invalids, and children; hence he is in danger, if unwarned, of being deceived, by the smoothness of the sea surface at the spots he selects for his bath, into thinking that there is no current, and that the bathing is consequently safe, while, in point of fact, there may be a current running, in some direction, probably seawards, at the rate of three or four miles per hour.

Not long ago the writer was swimming at the mouth of the Mersey near New Brighton, and was taken by the current imperceptibly but rapidly so far from shore that his return was only accomplished after a very exhausting struggle.

My narrowest escape from drowning, however, occurred several summers ago in Weymouth Bay. I had arranged with a boatman to meet me at the pier early one morning so that I might cross the bay to the point at which I wished to commence my walk. When we had reached the middle of the bay I stripped for a swim, and looking over the side of the boat, before plunging off, I noticed—the sea being very calm and transparent—several white stones which seemed about the size of my head lying on the sandy bottom apparently at a depth of about fifteen or twenty feet. I at once determined to bring one of these stones to the surface, and without taking a very long breath dived straight down to them, but to my surprise my efforts to reach the bottom,

though prolonged till I had exhausted nearly every particle of air in my body, did not seem to bring me much nearer the desired stones, which appeared to increase remarkably in size the deeper I dived. I resolved at last to give up the attempt. In my boyhood days I had read in an old volume of "The Boy's Own Book" that the human body is specifically lighter than water, and that the diver returns very rapidly to the surface by reason of this quality of lightness. I now discovered, at the risk of my life, the misleading nature of a general statement of this truth unaccompanied by any qualifying remarks. Every swimmer should know that there is a great difference in the specific gravity of differently built individuals. Any one with a thin body and long muscular legs and arms is very little lighter than water when his lungs are inflated, and if they, in diving, become exhausted of air, his return to the surface is by no means rapid unless he has the advantage of a spring from the bottom. Like a flash this fact entered my mind as I looked upwards and saw the great depth of water separating my Henry-Irving-like body from the surface and felt the aggravating slowness of my ascent, but I fully recognised that if I yielded to my almost irrepressible desire to gasp for breath I should drown, while my body would doubtless not reach the surface until mortification commenced. These thoughts braced my energies for the struggle to the surface, which I at last reached with devout thankfulness, but my exhaustion was such that I could only feebly grasp the boat-side, which was fortunately close to me when I emerged. While I was recovering breath the boatman informed me that the spot where I had dived was about the deepest in the bay, and I think he added that there were more fathoms of water than I had guessed there were feet, while the pebbles probably weighed many hundreds of pounds.

I think I have now pointed out the principal dangers which menace the incautious swimmer; there are others, however, which no precaution can do much to avoid, such as the cramp and stings from poisonous fish. The phenomenal endurance of Captain Webb was, perhaps, shown as much by his stoical disregard of a sting he received while doing one of his big swims, as by his remarkable power of resisting cold and fatigue for a score of hours. The pain from a sting is often very slight at first, resembling a sharp puncture from a pin, but no time should be lost in getting ashore, especially if stung in a sensitive part.

I once saw at Bournemouth the great toe of a swimmer swelled up to twice its ordinary size a very few minutes after being stung, but the pain, although intense for a time, soon subsided, as is mostly the case in accidents of this nature. As for the cramp, the most deadly of all the dangers to which a swimmer is liable, but to which, fortunately, only a very small percentage of swimmers are liable, the best safeguard against a seizure is a thorough mastery of every mode of swimming and floating, and, in particular, to be able to swim for a considerable distance with the aid of the arms only, and likewise by using the legs only. A knowledge of swimming on the back in these ways is comparatively easy to acquire, but to execute such performances while swimming on the face requires greater exertion and perseverance. The security, however, afforded the swimmer who possesses these accomplishments when his arm or leg happens to be seized by the cramp, is well worth any trouble spent in acquiring. It is never advisable to enter cold water when in a perspiration caused by violent exertion, such as running, rowing, etc., but the fact of the body being warm, or even hot, when caused by moderate exercise or the heat of the weather, need not deter any one of ordinary health and strength from a bath, always providing that the water is not a cold spring, or from any other cause of a very low temperature. Perhaps a final

word as to the seasons at which a person should bathe may not be unnecessary.

General rules, for example,

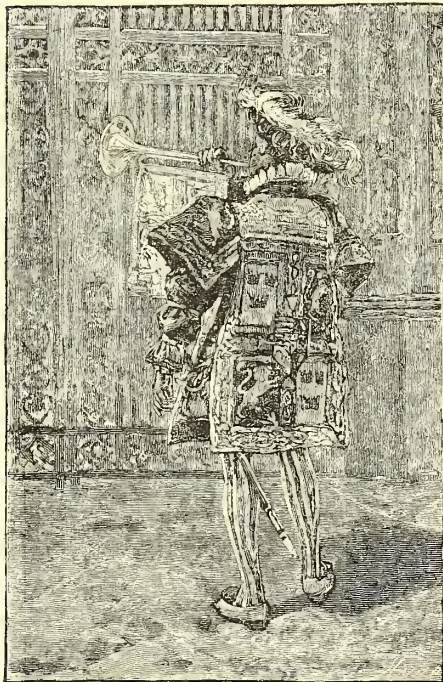
"Never bathe when very exhausted,"

"Never bathe on a full stomach,"

need not be too literally accepted. Swimmers differ as much in regard to the times at which they enjoy a bath as they do in the build of their bodies and the strength of their constitutions.

We are all taught to believe that heavy suppers are, as a rule, bad. Thousands of men who are forced by the exigencies of their occupations to eat a hearty meal just before taking their sleep never feel any ill effects from the practice. The writer has experienced, after a hard day's work and a night in a railway train, the opposite of an ill effect from taking, while thus completely tired out, a bath in a cold mountain stream; in fact the "dip" effectually banished all feeling of exhaustion, and marvellously toned up the jaded system. Generally speaking, in regard to the time of day, fulness or the opposite of the stomach, temperature of the water, and general state of health of the bather, any one's own experience and observation are nearly always his best medical adviser. To quote a well-known saw, in bathing as in eating, "One man's meat is another man's poison."

Correspondence.



A LOVER OF THE B. O. P.—James is the same as Jacob, and means "a supplanter"; Richard is the Saxon for powerful; Henry is a rich lord; Kate is Katherine, and means pure or clean; Ida is said to mean goodness.

LEDGER.—Get Barnes's "Universal System of Book-keeping," and "Professional Bookkeeping," in Wyman's Technical Series. One costs a shilling, the other two shillings. Any bookseller will get them for you. For an examination-book you should get, in addition, Hamilton and Ball, published by the University Press.

H. DUNN.—You could only get the report of the trial of Warren Hastings by advertising in the "Exchange and Mart," "The Bookseller" or "The Publishers' Circular." In Howell's "State Trials" there are many reports that might be useful to you. Perhaps a letter to Mr. Quaritch, Piccadilly; or Messrs. H. Sotheran and Co., Strand, might get you a copy. A State trial is not a very lively subject either for "mutual improvement" or for an audience to sit out.

G. W. G.—There were three articles on coins in last volume. Half-farthings were issued in 1854, at the suggestion of Mr. Gladstone. They were a dismal failure. See an article on "How Money is Made—a Day at the Mint," in last January's number of the "Leisure Hour." Your other coin is an Irish half-penny, of which there are thousands in existence.

C. W. S.—You can steam the photograph off, or soak it off in water, but the photograph will never look the same again. If you want to paint on it, no damage will be done, otherwise you had better leave it alone.

HARRY.—You should have your eyes seen to by an oculist. Look down the list of the staff of one of the great London hospitals, such as Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, St. George's, etc., and thus find the name of a good specialist.

H. M. S.—Mr. Adams's story "For James or George" was in the sixth volume. It ran for the six months ending March, 1884.

C. ET F.—1. The largest British garrison abroad is at Malta. Gibraltar comes next. 2. The largest guns require a thousand pounds of powder for each discharge.

T. WILKINS.—In the third volume, in the parts for September and October, 1881, we had a series of articles on Model Engine Making, which completely covered the ground.

F. FULLER.—There are the Chelsea Swimming Baths at 171, King's Road; the City of London at 100, Golden Lane, E.C.; the Crown, at Kennington Oval; the Pentonville, at 83, Pentonville Road; the Lambeth, at 156, Westminster Bridge Road; the Metropolitan, at 89, Shepherdess Walk, N.; the Poplar, in the East India Dock Road; the Westminster, at 34, Great Smith Street; the Rotherhithe, in Deptford Lower Road; the St. George's, at 8, Davies Street, Grosvenor Square; the St. James's, at 16, Marshall Street; the St. Marylebone, at 181, Marylebone Road; the St. Pancras, in King Street, Camden Town; and the Wenlock, at 20, Wenlock Road, City Road. Instruction in swimming can be obtained at all these baths.

OXIDE OF IRON.—Petroleum will prevent rust, and remove rust, though cyanide of potassium is the best cleaner. Use paraffin oil or vaseline for lubricating purposes, and thus keep your tools bright. We have often given an anti-rust composition of blacklead and lard. For the proportions see back.

CANOE MAST.—You can buy bamboos for canoe masts from Mr. E. Davis, 37, Hart Street, Bloomsbury.

J. S. ROSE.—The colours are ordinary colours, mixed with varnish instead of oil. Get a little oak varnish, and stir into it some powdered colour until it is of the consistency of paint. Gold-size will do as well as varnish, but it is not so cheap. It, however, dries quicker.

YOUNG COLONIST.—1. The best age to join a farm is about seventeen. The apprenticeship is generally for three years. You have thus one year to serve out of your time, and can begin on your own account as soon as you have attained your majority. 2. In British Columbia any man over eighteen years of age can acquire Crown land, and mining claims can be acquired by any one over sixteen. 3. Cost of outfit about twenty pounds. 4. Fare, including railway fare across the continent—3,000 miles—say fifteen pounds; but apply for particulars to the Canadian Government Agent, Victoria Street, Westminster.

PEKOE.—You can get platinum foil from Messrs. J. J. Griffin and Sons, Chemical Apparatus merchants, Long Acre and Garrick Street, W.C. (near St. Martin's Lane).

DEVONIAN.—The social position is not worth mentioning, and the life is one of genteel poverty. You would be much better off as an artisan. There is no chance of an improvement in the prospects of the Civil Service so long as such crowds flock to the examinations, attracted by the commencing salary.

COPY.—1. Refer to back numbers; we have given quite a dozen mixtures for graph-making, both in articles and correspondence. 2. Mix lampblack with best copal varnish.

B. E.—Your best plan would be to buy "Every Man his own Mechanic," published by Ward, Lock, and Co., Salisbury Square, E.C.

RADIANT.—The Great Eastern is the largest steamer in the world. See our articles on "The Mercantile Navy" in the March part for 1887.

M. A. R.—1. The Koran is published at two shillings in Warne's Chandos Classics. Any bookseller can get it for you. 2. You can buy Brunswick-black at the oilshop. You cannot make it economically.

H. W. ILES (Jun.).—The articles on Model Steam Engine Making were in the September and October parts for 1881.

A READER OF THE B. O. P.—The eight largest vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental fleet are the Rome and Carthage, each 5,013 tons; the Valetta, 4,911 tons; the Massilia, 4,908 tons; the Parramatta, 4,759 tons; the Ballarat, 4,752 tons; the Bengal, 4,497 tons; and the Comorandell, 4,496 tons. The eight largest vessels of the British India fleet are the Manora, 4,650 tons; the Rewa, 4,117 tons; the Gorkha, 4,114 tons; the India, 4,065 tons; the Dacca, 3,909 tons; the Navarino, 3,400 tons; the Eldorado, 3,332 tons; and the Quetta, 3,302 tons. In a steamer's registered tonnage the engine space is not reckoned.

REX.—You can get the examination-papers from Mr. E. Stanford, Charing Cross. About September is the best time.

JOINER.—You can buy veneers for inlaying from Mr. John Wright, Arlington Wharf, Arlington Street, New North Road, N. Maple costs about three shillings a hundred square feet, rosewood or walnut about five shillings, birch and mahogany about four shillings, but may run to fourteen shillings if of good grain; pearwood, applewood, etc., run about the same prices.

F. W. B.—In gardeners' phraseology the sweetwilliam is described as a hardy biennial. Botanically it is a dianthus.

APPRENTICE.—1. Have a cold bath each morning, and take Indian club exercise immediately afterwards—in fact, before you dress. With this and a good walk each day you will keep your body quite as fit as if you had the run of an elaborate gymnasium. 2. In Dr. Dio Lewis's "Gymnastics" you will find many dumbbell exercises. 3. Dumbbells should always be light. Heavy dumbbells are quite out of fashion. Get the official "Gymnastic Exercises" for use in the army. It is published by authority, at two shillings, and can be had of Messrs. Clowes and Son, 13, Charing Cross, S.W.

WEST AUSTRALIAN.—There are Grosvenor's "Model Yachts," published by L. U. Gill, 170, Strand; and Biddle's "Model Yacht Building," published by Wilson, 156, Minories.

G. G.—1. Michael Drayton's "Nymphidia" was first published in 1627. 2. No. Chaucer's "The Flower and the Leaf" was first printed in 1593.

H. H. S.—You can buy wood for making violins from Mr. Hart, Wardour Street, W.

O. R. HUGHES.—1. Have your paddle three times the beam of the canoe. Unless it is for racing do not have the blades too broad and spoonlike. 2. You could have a paddle sent from any of the Thames or Mersey boat-builders. Try Searle, of Lambeth; Ayling, of Vauxhall; Burgoyne, of Kingstou; Tagg, of Moulsey, etc., etc.

CURIOTUS.—"Dick Sands, the Boy Captain" is now published at one shilling by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

SAMBO.—1. Farthings of George III. may be worth a penny each, but it is as much as they are. It depends on the date and state of preservation. 2. We have no intention of publishing Spring and Autumn numbers.

KORMAK.—Nearly all the conjuring apparatus described in Professor Hoffmann's articles can be bought at Bland's Magical Repository, New Oxford Street, W., opposite Mudie's.

JOHN JOINER, Jun.—Send to Messrs. P. B. Cow, Hill, and Co., india-rubber manufacturers, Cheapside, E.C.

Z.—1. The address of the Willesden Waterproof Company is 34, Cannon Street, E.C. 2. The best on record for the high jump is P. Davin's 6ft. 2½in., done at Carrick-on-Suir July 5, 1880.

R. FINNEY.—1. The best books for you are advanced mathematical ones. Before your apprenticeship, acquire as much algebra, trigonometry, and mechanics as you can. You are not examined on technical subjects until you have passed in. 2. The position of captain of a merchant steamer is not to be compared with that of captain of an ironclad.

INDIAN C. S.—The articles on the Indian Civil Service were in the sixth volume, and ran from November, 1883, to January, 1884.

H. W. B.—Get from Messrs. Spon, of 16, Charing Cross, "Workshop Receipts" (third series), by C. G. Warnford Lock. It costs five shillings, and gives much practical information as to electric bells and other electric appliances.

A. H.—There is St. Paul's School at Addison Road Station, University College School in Gower Street, King's College School in the Strand, the City of London School on the Thames Embankment, and Merchant Taylors' in Charterhouse Square. He should try for a scholarship, and thus pay his own fees with the result of his work.

H. J. C.—As marking-ink is only used when it is endeavoured to stain the linen indelibly, it seems somewhat strange to ask for a means of getting rid of the marks. The best way is to dip the fabric in a strong solution of cyanide of potassium, which is a poison, and not easily procurable.

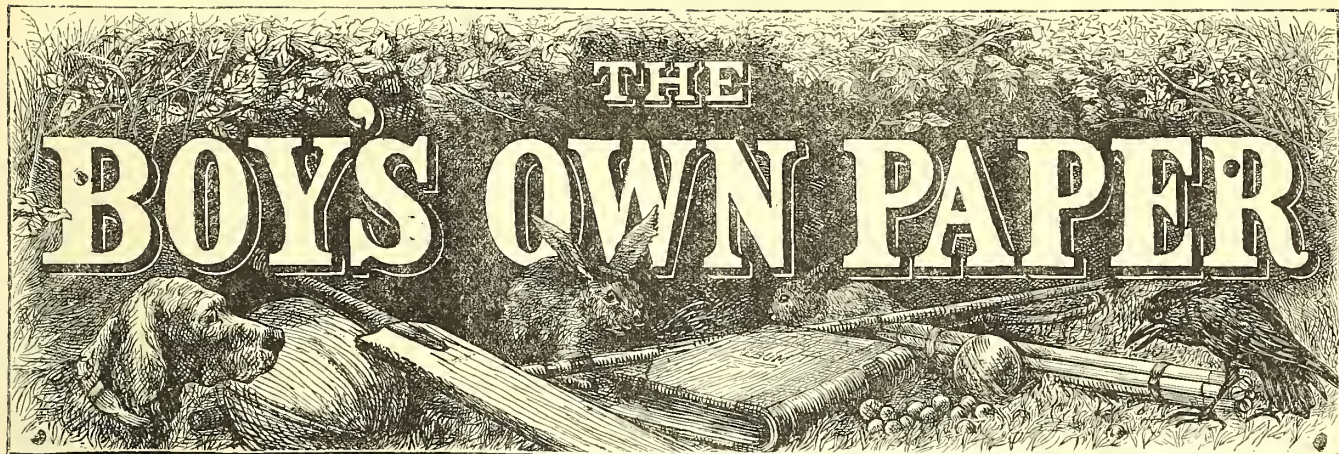
CORYUS.—1. Benares is pronounced Benâhres. 2. Yes, the lime gives what is wanting, and the roots favour the growth of mould. 3. The turtle-dove is best known now as *Columba turtur*. 4. Pronounce the *a* in conversazione like the *a* in bad. 5. Gatta-percha is pronounced gutta-percha. It does not come from a Greek root, but from a Siamese one.

X. Y. Z.—1. Cats are full-grown at one year old.

AVIS.—Give the canary two or three drops of castor-oil. Change your feeding. Read reply to CONTRIBUTOR.

G. C. WYCHERLEY.—Possibly you do not put old lime and gravel about your loft. Try salt-cat, and give a handful of hemp-seed now and then. The trouble comes from weakness, and the season has been very inclement.

W. FOOTE.—The Kapunda, run down by the Ada Melmore, was a clipper ship, not a steamer.



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SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1887.

Price One Penny.
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TOM SAUNDERS: HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

By COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,

Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEXT morning the fugitives came into camp, and messengers being dispatched to warn the captain of the salt-
 pans of our approach, and of the change of government, we loaded our men and commenced our march with lighter hearts
 than we had had for many a day; and Kalombo and all the guards of salt parties that we had as prisoners were now



Great London Fires : Tooley Street.—See p. 743.

only too eager to get away into Katanga, as having been engaged in expeditions against the new Muata Yanvo they knew that they could expect no mercy if ever they fell into his hands.

After marching about two hours through woods the trees began to disappear, and we emerged upon a barren and desolate-looking plain which stretched as far as the eye could reach, and a long way in front of us we could see some columns of smoke which we were told were caused by the fires of the salt-makers of Kwitula. Here we halted for a time, and every one set to work to cut firewood, as none was to be got at Kwitula; and salt being most valuable in Katanga, they determined to stop a day to make salt, notwithstanding their fear of pursuit, so as to have something to pay their way in their new country.

It did not take long for all to procure what they could carry, and we set off across the plain to the settlement, and about half way were met by the kilolo, who was most anxious to hear the news and to find out if it was really true that his sovereign was dead, or if the messengers had only been sent to test his fidelity. When he saw the number of fugitives accompanying us he doubted no longer, and said that he too would take refuge in Katanga on the shores of a great lake called Lohemba, which lay about five days' journey to the north of where we should cross the Lualaba.

On arriving at the village of salt-makers, we found that provisions were scarce, and, in fact, there was little to be got besides salt, nothing being grown on the salt-plain, though sometimes game came to lick the salt soil, and were killed by hunters. Guilhermé and I were given one of the best of the huts for our lodging, but it was a miserable place after all, though on that bare plain it was more endurable than the tent which we had still with us, though we scarcely ever used it. As salt was reported to be so valuable, we set to work to buy a large quantity, and our shells and beads being in demand, we were able on very good terms to get ten loads, and although we now liberated all our captives, we managed to hire men to carry it as far as our roads and those of the Walunda lay together.

After our bargaining was finished we went out to see the way that salt was made, and found that the people dug up the salt soil, and, mixing it into liquid mud, poured it in large filters made of leaves and sticks shaped like a sugar-loaf with its point downwards, and then pouring hot water on it, let it drain through into pots placed to catch it. When these pots were full of the brine resulting from this operation, they put them on fires to evaporate the water and obtain salt mixed with mud and dirt, which they moulded into small conical cakes weighing about three or four pounds.

Besides the Walundu, we found that there were also many people from Katanga, who had come to buy salt with copper, and who now were preparing in all haste to return to their own country. Towards evening we were alarmed by some more fugitives arriving, who said that the new Muata Yanvo was on his way to Kwitula with a large number of men, and that they might be expected to arrive there the next day. All thoughts of salt-making were in-

stantly abandoned, and many of the people, forsaking all they had, set out at once for the Lualaba, but the greater portion said that if we started at moon-rise, which would be soon after midnight, we should be able to get away to the Lualaba before we could be overtaken.

Guilhermé and I arranged that we should be ready to get away then, and as soon as the first rays of the rising moon could be seen we roused out our men, and, packing up our loads, made haste to get away before we should be hampered in our march by the body of the fugitives. There was no need to hurry our men, for they as well as ourselves understood the necessity of haste, and we were soon on the road and marched on without a halt till about nine o'clock, when we halted on the banks of a small stream, which we were told fell into the Lualaba. An hour's rest, however, was all that we allowed ourselves, and then resuming our way we soon came into a wooded country with many streams, and pushed on until at sunset we felt that we could march no farther.

We were all too tired to attempt to build huts or construct a fence round our camping-place, so, cutting down enough trees to form fires to frighten any wild beasts away, we lay down by them to enjoy our well-earned repose. Once or twice in the night we were disturbed by the sound of lions roaring, but fortunately they did not come near, and at daylight we resumed our flight. The Walunda were in abject terror of being overtaken, and threw away all that encumbered them; and the sight of women trying to drag their children along, who were footsore and weary and crying from fatigue and hunger, was pitiable in the extreme. This day's march was most trying, as although the forest through which we were marching was open, the number of streams which we had to cross kept on increasing, and while some ran in deep gulleys or nullahs, others were only to be approached across wide strips of marsh and morass, and when we reached our halting-place for the night I felt that another day or two of the same sort of work would be as much as I could get through. Indeed, I asked Guilhermé whether, as we had guns, it would not be better to run the risk of being overtaken by our pursuers, and trust to being able to beat them off. "Courage, my friend," he replied; "one more day, and then we shall be near the river; and every hour we march puts us nearer safety and diminishes the number of those coming after us."

In the middle of the night we were aroused by stragglers coming into camp and telling us that some of their comrades had been overtaken and killed by Muata Yanvo's advanced guard, which was now only four hours behind us. There was instantly a *saue qui peut* among the Walunda, and it was as much as we could do to prevent our men sharing in their panic and leaving their loads behind, commencing a headlong flight to the river.

Thanks to the exertions of Bill, Ngoi, Ombwa, and a few others, we prevailed on them to keep their loads and preserve some degree of order. We now marched with the energy of despair, but about noon we could hear the yells of Muata Yanvo's men close behind us. Some of our men now threw down their loads and declared their intention of running,

but Guilhermé pointed out to them that if they did so they would be caught in detail and murdered without mercy, whereas if they held together we might inflict a serious check on the men we heard, who could only be a small portion of Muata Yanvo's force, for it was impossible for a large body to travel so rapidly as they must have done.

We put down our loads so as to form a barricade across the path we were travelling by, and Guilhermé and I, with a few of the pluckiest of our followers, remained by them, whilst the rest set to work with feverish haste to cut trees to construct a fence to protect us on the other three sides. We could hear the yells of our pursuers as they drew closer and closer, sometimes mingled with the shrieks for mercy of some unfortunate wretch they overtook and killed; but before they came in sight we had been able to make a fairly good fence, and now set part of our men to defend it and others to dig a ditch inside, in which we would be more protected from the arrows and spears of our enemies.

The leading men of those in pursuit of us halted when they saw the path blocked, and gave us time to deliver an effective volley before they charged home. We had told men off to reload our guns and kept up a steady fire as they approached, but though we killed several and wounded many more, they came bravely on, and we soon had to resist a hand-to-hand attack as they attempted to storm our defences. Several of our men were wounded, and we should have been hard put to it for weapons if we had not seized upon the spears which they hurled at us and turned them against them as they tried to tear down our defences. Guilhermé with me occupied the centre of the side on which the principal attack was delivered, and we both ran many risks as arrows and spears flew past us; nor were Bill and his chums behindhand in assisting us in beating back our enemies.

At last, after what had seemed hours, though I believe the whole conflict did not last forty minutes, the enemy commenced sullenly to withdraw, and we were able to again take to our guns, which had been useless in the hand-to-hand fighting. But though they drew off they retreated fighting, and shot arrows at us and hurled their spears as long as they could do so with any prospect of damaging us. At last it seemed as if all was finished, and I was turning to congratulate Guilhermé on our having escaped scathless through such a desperate encounter, when, to my horror, I saw him falling backwards with an arrow through his breast. Turning in the direction from which it had come I saw a Munda in the act of fitting another arrow to his bow, but before he could draw the string a bullet from my gun stretched him on the ground.

Throwing down my gun, I assisted to pick Guilhermé up, and to my horror found that the jagged head of the arrow had broken off in the wound, and it was impossible to pull it out. Looking through our numbers, I found that no less than thirteen had been killed and many wounded, but I managed to get some carriers to take Guilhermé in his hammock—though many who had come off scathless had taken to their heels—and dispatched him under charge of old Ngoi, who had fought well, and, though slightly wounded, was still full of fight.

As soon as he was gone I got about twenty to take up their loads, being especially careful to send on all our powder, and then, ripping open our bales and scattering their contents, I was about to stave six kegs of rum, which were the last left in the caravan, when Bill, who, I was glad to see, was unwounded, said that if we left them the Walunda, who we had beaten off, when they came on again would stop to drink, and that it would delay them for a long time. I fully agreed with him, and then, looking round to see who I had left, I found, besides Bill, that Buku, Mbuzi, and Ombwa were still with me, though the two former were wounded, Buku with a gash from a spear on his shoulder, and Mbuzi by an arrow through the side of his neck, the head of which, by breaking off the shaft, he had been able to pull right through, and that two others of Senhor Ferreira's men were unwounded, and said they would stand by me to the last.

With these I covered the retreat, and though I was much delayed by having to bind up the wounds of some of the wounded whom we overtook, and by repelling four or five small attacks, which were not, however, delivered with the same impetuosity as the first, we at last arrived on the banks of the Luabala, which I found was a river about

four hundred yards in width, with a current of three or four knots. Here the scene of confusion almost baffles description. Some of the fugitives who had arrived first had found canoes and got across to the right bank, but in most cases had been too much afraid to send them back for their companions in flight. Some of those who were thus abandoned had cast themselves in the river to attempt to swim across. A few succeeded in this, but others, being unable to swim well, were carried away by the current and drowned, while every now and again a startling yell showed where some poor wretch was seized and carried off by a crocodile, of which reptiles there were numbers in the river.

I found Guilhermé lying under a leafy shelter which Ngöi had rigged up for him, and though he said he was not suffering much pain, it was plainly visible that he had received his death-wound. I endeavoured to secure a canoe in which to take him across the river, but such was the panic with which the majority of the fugitives were seized that I could not get any one to listen to me, and four canoes, which were all that were now available, were so overcrowded that before they had got twenty yards from the banks they capsized and threw all their occupants into the river.

Bill, who seemed always ready for any daring work, said he would swim out and bring one in. I agreed, and telling the brave fellows who had stood by me to cover us and bring Guilhermé to wherever we might reach the bank, and keep off the panic-stricken, I with him dashed into the water, and, avoiding the poor wretches who were struggling to escape a watery grave, we managed to bring a canoe to bank. Ngöi and his men protected it whilst we emptied the water out, and then we set off after the others, and had the great good fortune to secure them all, besides saving many of the people in the water. In the largest I placed Guilhermé, with some steady men, and into the others I allowed those of the fugitives to get who seemed to have retained some portion of their senses, on the condition that they would send back not only these four, but also any other canoes they might find on the opposite side.

While they were away I endeavoured to restore order among the frantic people by whom I was surrounded, and at last, by dint of much labour, we managed to get all I could see safely across the river, and even to save the greater portion of the loads I had sent on from the place where we had been first attacked.

(To be continued.)

THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER;

OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE week passed swiftly by, and no new house-master appeared on the scene.

Bucknill's fortnight was up, and he was now at liberty to go into the town if he could manage to secure the necessary permission to do so. He was not, however, at all inclined to ask the Doctor for leave, for it was at present his one object to keep out of the Doctor's sight as much as possible. He had promised Ennis, though, that he would go, and he wanted to do so. With care, therefore, they thought they might risk it. They knew it was the Doctor's custom to lie down for about half an hour after dinner, so they thought they could manage to slip out unobserved, and be back again before he was about.

In order to make things pretty safe they persuaded Lee to keep "cave" for them. He was to stay by the gate and give a signal if it was safe for them to return.

Lee did not much like the job, but Bucknill had quite regained his former ascendancy over him, and he did not very well see his way to decline the onerous post. It so happened, however, that on this occasion the Doctor did not take his customary nap, but imbued with his renewed enthusiasm for inspecting the school came into the courtyard shortly after the two boys had departed.

"Have you seen Bucknill?" queried the Doctor as soon as he caught sight of Lee. "No, sir," replied Lee, somewhat tremblingly, though,

"Oh, very well," said the Doctor, turning away.

Lee had spoken the truth to a certain extent. He had not seen Bucknill and Ennis actually pass out of the gate to go to the town, although at the same time he knew very well that they were going there. He was not quite easy in his conscience, but he tried to justify himself by saying that it was impossible that he could sneak to the Doctor and tell him that Bucknill had broken bounds. Besides, he expected the Doctor did not want to see Bucknill for any pleasant reason, but on this point he was mistaken.

Lee kept careful watch, and seeing the coast quite clear, duly gave the signal. Bucknill and Ennis crept safely into the courtyard without being observed, and during the remainder of that day heard nothing to make them believe that they had been seen.

After preparation, however, the Doctor sent for Bucknill, who in some trepidation obeyed the summons.

"I have two things to speak to you about," began the Doctor. "One is that I have had a letter from your father asking that you may be allowed to take lessons in Italian in future. It will be necessary in that case for you to go into the town to Signor Mancini, as we have no Italian master on the premises."

Bucknill did not think he was called upon to do more than bow his acquiescence, and imagined all was right.

"But," resumed the Doctor "I have another matter to refer to, as I told you. Who gave you permission to be in town this afternoon?"

Bucknill was taken back. He had no defence, and had to listen to a very sharp reprimand from the Doctor, couched in unusually strong terms, and closing with a distinct warning that on the next occasion on which he might find it necessary to punish him it would probably lead to his expulsion from the school.

Bucknill went to bed in a very depressed state of mind, with punishments enough on his hands to last a week.

"What's the row now?" asked some one in his room.

"Why, row enough," said Bucknill, who was glad to be able to let them know how unfairly, as he put it, he had been treated. "Who could have told him I was in town?"

"I know," said Smythe, "I saw the Doctor talking to Lee near the gate this afternoon just after you had gone out."

"Did you?" said Bucknill.

"Yes, I did," was the reply.

Bucknill at once jumped out of bed and went into the next room. He somewhat naturally concluded that Lee had told the Doctor that he was out, and that the trouble which had ensued was the result thereof.

"You little beggar," he muttered angrily, as he hauled Lee out of bed. "You told me that no one saw us go out to-

day, and now I find that you were speaking to the Doctor just after we started."

Harrison was not present, being downstairs working for his exam., so there was no one there to protect Lee from Bucknill's angry violence. He would listen to no protestations of innocence, but at once gave him a severe licking.

"All right," said Lee, "I'll keep cave for you next time, see if I do. I'll tell the Doctor everything you do now, you see."

"Very well," said Bucknill, "we'll see who gets tired of that game soonest."

Lee, still crying with pain and vexation, reiterated his threat, knowing full well, however, that he did not mean to carry it out. Glubb sneaked, but he was the only boy privileged to do so, and it endangered even his popularity.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE next day the new master came. His name was Mr. Mayhew. He was a fine-looking man of about thirty years of age, with much more decision in his face and manner than Mr. Partridge had.

The boys soon began to feel that they were not under the same weak hand as before. Mr. Mayhew spent a good deal of time in the playground with the boys, and did not shut himself up in the classroom with a book, as Mr. Partridge was in the habit of doing.

Some of the boys, however, were still rebellious, and Mr. Mayhew had to show them—as he did in an unmistakable manner—what sort of stuff he was made of, and consequently he was obliged to act more severely than he would otherwise have done before the boys thoroughly understood that they had to deal with a determined and firm master.

The Markiss had not spoken to Lee since the interview about the cribs. He had heard, however, that Bucknill had given him a good licking, and so went up to the boy the following morning.

"Well, I hear you've been in trouble again young un," he said. "How do you like your new friends now?"

"I hate them," exclaimed Lee.

"Well, that's a good thing," said the Markiss; "I don't like to see the decline and fall of a small boy. You haven't taken my advice too strictly yet, have you? However, I'll just give you some more, though I don't suppose it will be of much more use. Don't you see anything more of Bucknill and that lot than you can help, and stick to your lessons—that will keep you out of mischief at any rate."

The programme was not a pleasant one for Lee, but he was compelled to acknowledge that the Markiss's advice was good. He felt the more ready to fall back upon the Markiss and Glubb, and other "safe" boys for friends, inasmuch as he had now learnt the truth about Bucknill's expedition to the town.

It seemed that Miss Calcott was doing some shopping "down town," and had seen Bucknill there, and knowing that the Doctor wanted to see him as he regarded the Italian lesson, had naturally mentioned to her brother on her return that she had seen Bucknill.

When Lee heard this he told Bucknill, who, however, soured by his recent

troubles, did not condescend even to express any sorrow, but merely remarked that he had owed him a licking for a long time and that that would do for it.

This completed the rupture between the two, and Lee, to his subsequent benefit, cut himself adrift from the boy who should have been his monitor, but who had instead been his evil genius.

Lee found it difficult to turn over his new leaf; old associates and habits were not to be dropped at a moment's notice. It was fortunate for him that the school as a whole fell into better order, so that there were fewer temptations than there used to be.

What caused him most sorrow was the knowledge that he had not regained the Markiss's confidence. Not that the latter was unkind, he was only indifferent, and Lee felt this keenly in contrast to his former kindness.

He had enough to think of in other directions, however, just at present. The result of the Easter examination was made known, the Doctor reading out the lists of precedence with comments. These comments were the cause of much blushing on the part of those who had made mistakes unintentionally, and of much uneasiness on the part of Smythe and one or two others who had made them on purpose.

"There is one boy," said the Doctor, severely, "who has had the effrontery to give the following reply to the question, 'How was the house of Tarquin destroyed? By fire!' Such an answer could only have been given out of bravado, and I shall know how to make that boy repent his ill-timed jesting."

Poor Ashbee was very downhearted. "What an awful shame!" he remarked afterwards. "I meant it genuine, and the Doctor only read out as a joke Smythe's rot about the Nile rising in Mungo Park, and excused him on the ground of 'his want of acquaintance with modern travel.'"

Lee got into hot water, for his papers were very poor; moreover, he found Mr. Mayhew exacting and strict—lessons could not be shirked any more. Cribs, too, were rendered worse than useless by an ingenious dodge on the master's part.

Twenty lines of *Cæsar* was the daily portion of the lower fourth, besides grammar. The boys who considered themselves fortunate in the possession of their cribs, prepared their *quantum* and felt easy in their minds. Mr. Mayhew calmly announced one morning that they would repeat yesterday's lesson instead of the one which had been set.

Consternation reigned amongst those who used cribs. One of the drawbacks to their use is that once the lesson over no recollection of it remains. So Ashbee, Smythe, and the others found themselves rapidly descending to the bottom of the class; passages which they had translated smoothly the day before now presented insuperable difficulties. It was a grand collapse.

Mr. Mayhew had made a shrewd guess at the reason why some of the most careless boys construed the best, and his little plan succeeded admirably in showing up the impostors. Cribs were no longer of any use, they were worse than useless, so they were relegated to the backs of their owners' desks.

(To be continued.)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(NINTH SERIES.)

A Story Needing Words.

SECOND DIVISION (ages 14 to 18).

Prize—One Guinea.

ARTHUR J. JOHNSON (aged 16), Avenue Road, King's Heath, near Birmingham.

CERTIFICATES.

[The names are arranged in order of merit.]

JAMES S. HOGG (aged 16), 1, Lutton Place, Edinburgh, Scotland.

GEORGE GIBBS (aged 17), 42, Churton Street, Pimlico, S.W.

LEONARD ETHERINGTON (aged 15½), Falkland Park School, Torquay.

WALTER J. REDSHAW (aged 14), 4, St. Mary's Place, Southampton.

HERBERT R. G. COTTER (aged 14½), 11, James Street, Masbro', Rotherham, Yorks.

ROBERT DRYSDALE (aged 14), 3, Randolph Terrace, Mount Florida, Glasgow.

JOHN JACKSON CAMERON (aged 15), 3, Dixon Avenue, Govanhill, Glasgow.

GEORGE GAYET (aged 16½), 106, Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville, Lyons, France.

FREDERICK HAMMERSLEY BALL (aged 16), Sandiacre, near Nottingham.

ALFRED HUNTER (aged 18), 25, West Hill Street, Brighton.

ARTHUR CLARKE (aged 14), 285A, Crystal Palace Road, East Dulwich, London.

WILLIAM C. JONES (aged 14), 35, Millman Street, Bedford Row, W.C.

WALTER GEORGE SMITH (aged 17), 12, Grove House Road, Horsey, N.

FRANK TOWNSEND WELLER (aged 17), 4, Crystal Terrace, Clifton Road, South Norwood, S.E.

HENRY WYATT (aged 17), Mr. E. Gilbert, Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire.

JOHN BLADON (aged 16), 12, George Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

GEORGE ARTHUR RYLAND GROVES (aged 15½), Middleham, Ledale, Yorkshire.

MARY CAROLINE MARCH (aged 17), The Beach, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancashire.

FRANK MORAN (aged 15), 4, Alexandra Terrace, Glebelands Road, Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire.

JAMES MUIR (aged 15), 221, Morningside Road, Edinburgh.

CHRISTINA STEEL SMITH (aged 15), 9, Kelvinside Terrace North, Glasgow.

THIRD DIVISION (all ages up to 14).

Prize—Half-a-Guinea.

R. L. W. MARSLAND (aged 13), 2, Cumberland Gate, Kew.

CERTIFICATES.

ALFRED WILLIAM WARD (aged 13), 1, Windsor Terrace, Beckton, near North Woolwich.

JOHN MAXWELL EDMONDS (aged 12), The Vicarage, Great Gransden, St. Neots.

PERCY GREENHALGH (aged 11), Skelmanthorpe, Huddersfield, Yorks.

B. SYDNEY HARVEY (aged 13½), Hurstbourne, Highgate, N.

KATHERINE AVENEL VAN SOMEREN (aged 13½), 44, Grange Park, Ealing, W.

JOHN HENRY WEBBER (aged 13), 5, Wingford Road, Thornbury Road, Clapham Park.

CHARLES ALFRED BLACKNALL (aged 12), 24, Cobden Road, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

C. H. BROOKES (aged 11), Glenbrook, Nightingale Lane, Clapham, London, S.W.

ARTHUR JOHN GREEN (aged 13), at Mrs. Coney, 51, Albion Street, Birmingham.

J. H. BARRON (aged 13), 62, Hamilton Place, Aberdeen.

WALTER JOHN HEANEY (aged 13), 10, Mount Vincent Cottages, Rosbrien Road, Limerick.

HERBERT MONTGOMERIE FARRINGTON (aged 13), 18, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

JAMES FREDERICK EDWIN WINDER (aged 12), Cranworth House, Upperton Gardens, Eastbourne.

WILLIAM HAMILTON JAY (aged 12), 2, Park Place, Eltham.

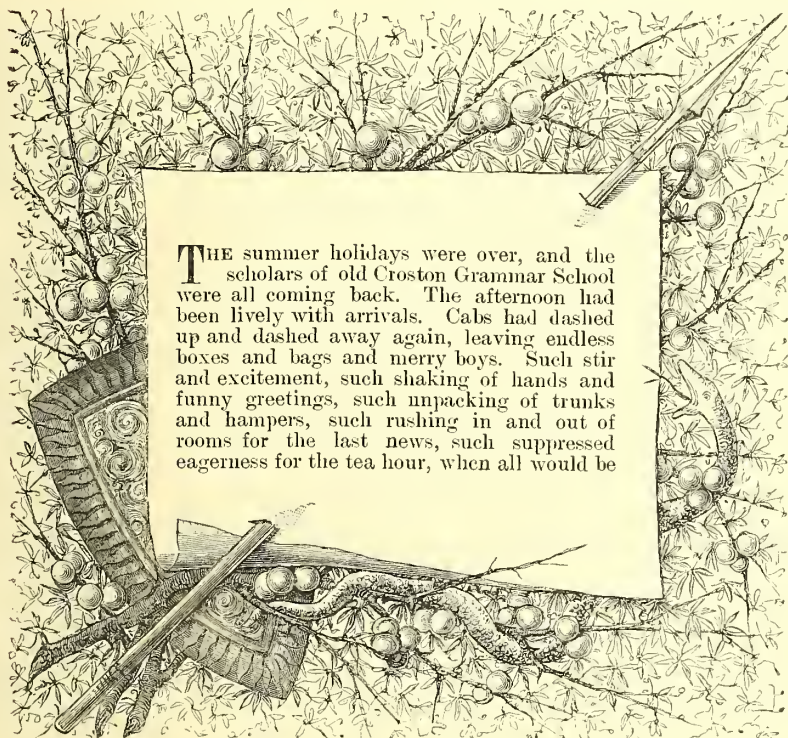
WILLIAM GEORGE HANSON (aged 12½), 5, Church Street, West Bromwich.

TO THE TOP OF MONT BLANC;

OR, HOW TWO BOYS DID IT.

BY THE REV. WALTER SENIOR, M.A.

CHAPTER I.—THE MYSTERY BEGUN.



THE summer holidays were over, and the scholars of old Croston Grammar School were all coming back. The afternoon had been lively with arrivals. Cabs had dashed up and dashed away again, leaving endless boxes and bags and merry boys. Such stir and excitement, such shaking of hands and funny greetings, such unpacking of trunks and hampers, such rushing in and out of rooms for the last news, such suppressed eagerness for the tea hour, when all would be

gathered together, and it would be seen who had come and who were absent, what old masters had turned up, and what the new ones looked like! Sure! the first day of arrival is almost as good as the last day of departure!

It was a fine sharp September evening, and most of the boys after tea made for the common room, where two bright fires gave merry welcome. Soon the place grew full of talk, and joke and jibe, bits of horseplay and bursts of laughter. We only need, however, to join one group of older boys at the far end of the room. Their conversation had drifted into the discussion of where each had been, and how all had spent their holidays. Bob Jones was in great force.

"Scarborough! Whitby!" he cried, with fine scorn. "Pooh! all day amongst a lot of girls and babies making sand-pies! I know a trick worth twenty of that."

"But," said the despised one, "it isn't sand-pies all day; it's all day, if you like, bathing, or rowing, or fishing, or—"

"Riding on a donkey that will not go, and you can't whip him, no, no, no," retorted Bob. "I know. Haven't I done it all? I tell you it's not to be mentioned in the same breath with —" But at this tantalising point he abruptly stopped and looked round with a look that plainly said, "What a time I've had! Such delicious adventures!" The pause and the look made him perfect master of the situation.

His hearers were all the more curious, because only last year Bob had come back full of his own seaside doings, how he had been to Flamborough, and gone into all the caves, and sailed round the Head, and seen the King and Queen Rocks, and looked down at the myriads of gulls on Bempton Cliffs. If all this had become stale, flat, and unprofitable by comparison, whatever had he been doing?

"Do tell us, Bob; let's have it," petitioned Tom Smart. "He does pile it up so, you know," he added, looking round, in order to flatter and seduce. The others were silent with envy, but longing to hear.

Bob was a cat, and played with his mouse.

"Oh," he said, "I've been on the tramp."

"On the tramp? Where? How?" Great was the excitement. For what is so vague, suggestive, fascinating as a tramp? It is getting out of the reach of law and order. It is flight from the trammels of civilisation. It is a new world, a thousand adventures; like Cortes burning his ships to go to Mexico, like Stanley going to seek Livingstone, like running away to sea, like turning gipsy, like the Arabian nights.

"On the tramp—really?"

"Yes," he said, with grand coolness. "Two of us had three weeks of knapsack-work. Sand-pies and donkeys!" he sniffed. "Try a knapsack-tramp if you want something really good."

This cool superiority, with its appeal to the imagination, was almost unbearable; yet it mastered them. By-and-by revenge would be sweet, but first they *must* know all about his secret. And so they humbled themselves one and all, and cried "Do tell."

Then Bob began, and with a good deal of natural talent for a story, the talent which comes from seeing things in a spirit of interest and wonder, told how he and Jack Bent, the doctor's son, had all at once, one fine day, you know, said, "Let's do a tramp in the lake district;" and how they had made their plans and furnished their knapsacks, and "done" so many miles in so many days, so much a day, rainy ones included; and there was one part of the expedition especially which was splendid, when they walked from Keswick to Wast Water—

all along Derwentwater in perfect weather, to the falls of Lodore (a regular take-in, though, they were!), on through beautiful Boredaile, past the big stone, up Sty Head Pass, where they stopped to watch a sheep washing in a mountain stream (such a lark the sheep were!), then still up and up into lonely mountains with black tarus along the route and so to the summit, with its wonderful view over the valley and its peaks and its wild lake, and then such a jolting spin down the stony descent, knapsack bumping, knees failing, but each of them just as fresh as ever, not a bit tired when they got to the old farmhouse which does duty for an inn at the bottom. Then he told of the immense amount of ham and eggs they consumed in their hunger (tasted nothing for six hours, you know), and what fun they had before they went to sleep, and how they got up early next morning to walk over Black Sail and Scarf Gap to Crummock Water; but, bother! instead of sunshine and scenery there was a thick mist up to the very door, and nothing else to be seen, and it never cleared a bit till nearly noon. "But everything comes right on a tramp. It's all adventure. We got splendid fishing out of it. None of your pot-hooks dangling over a boat-side, but real fly-fishing up the jolliest stream full of trout. And in the afternoon we had the boat and rowed to the Scares—you never felt anything so grand and lonely. The water was inky black. Just the jump of a fish here and there the only life, except that far up on the mountain side you heard the faint baa of a sheep, and the mists were rolling slowly up the sides and peaks of the mountains. There's nothing like mountains. I shall never forget next day. An artist fellow was going to Crummock and said we might go with him. The morning was fine, the mists were rising all along the side of Black Sail, the sun broke through, the blue began to spread in the sky, and off we started up the mountain. He looked bad, he is a topper! It was a splendid pull. How heavy the knapsack got, and how we did sweat! I tell you it was grand to stop and admire, you know. But when we got where you come in sight of Crummock Water on the other side, and it was all bright with sunshine, and the lake was just like a diamond, oh! I felt—I felt like—like—"

The hesitation at this point was fatal, coming as it did just when his secret was all out. Now his hearers took revenge.

"Like—like—" faltered Bob.

"A camel with a lump," said Smart.

"Julius Caesar bestriding the world," said the Shakespeare boy.

"Alexander the Great weeping for more worlds to conquer," said the historical one.

"A black crow perched on a haycock," said the poetical one.

"A stuck sheep," said the rude one.

There is always some boy who mistakes rudeness for wit, but though he may raise a laugh he is never liked. Wit is good, but rudeness is bad. Be a wit if you can, but be a gentleman also.

Bob, who was as good-tempered a fellow as you could find, laughed at the wit, but his face clouded at the rudeness.

"What do you mean?" he asked, rather sharply, but perhaps he had better have ignored the remark. However, rude ones are not often ready with their meaning when asked for it, and so it came about that Bob got his revenge and recovered his ground. He seized on his adversary's hesitation, and said, "Oh, I see! you wanted to stick, but

you've become 'stuck.' The holidays have done nothing for your manners. Been making sand-pies, eh?" Thus he turned the laugh, and then he made a grand stroke which kept his former advantage over the curious to the full.

"That's what we did for three whole weeks," he said; "but it's nothing to what I'm thinking of for next year. If only I can bring it off—and I can—won't it be grand!"

In vain he was entreated to disclose the more wonderful project. His enthusiasm of tone, the light in his eye, the smile on his lip, quite conquered his hearers. But Bob refused to be drawn into any further confidence for the present. He was a boy who hated to be really boastful, and he knew that if he told what was in his mind it would seem as if he were so. It was such a splendid scheme if only he could work it.

"Come, boys, to supper," said the usher, and so the group was broken up, and the future remained full of a dark but glorious mystery.

CHAPTER II.—THE MYSTERY MAINTAINED.

BOB JONES was a strong tall youth, between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and one of the leading boys of the school in popular gifts and force of character, all the more so that he was a thoroughly reliable fellow, neither bully nor boaster. He had many admirers, but especially one, Harry Stewart, who had listened with intense interest to Bob's story as told in the last chapter. Apart from his admiration for Bob, the idea of a free tramp into some unknown land of romance and splendour laid hold on him, for he was a boy of imagination and of an enthusiastic nature. But, besides, he was something of a reader, fond, as the saying is, of literature, and had read such works as "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and some of Wordsworth's poems and all Scott's novels and poems, and a great many tales of travel, and also the lives of many great men who had forced their way to the heights of fame through greatest difficulties; and all this had stimulated in his mind a desire of enterprise. He wished to discover something, or to go out and be shipwrecked, or to see the beauty which entrances, and to feel about it as poets feel. Now such a desire may be sentimental, but, I say, it is good for all that, and may lead a boy on to a life of noble thought and action. Sentiment is the germ of heroism. But a boy like Harry Stewart needs to rely on a friend who is active, resolute, and daring. And thus he was attracted to Bob and felt his influence deeply; and after what Bob had said he began to long very much to share in his project, whatever it was. Surely, he thought, my father, who is very rich, will let me go with such a reliable fellow as Bob! But then there was his mother, very loving and very timid! Well, he could convince her, he was sure, that she need not be afraid of him. Was he not nearly fifteen, and did not Edward the Black Prince win his spurs at the Battle of Crecy when he was fifteen? From which you can see that Harry had just that impulsive imagination which would lead him to dream night and day about such a thing as a splendid tramp with a bosom friend into the unknown world.

But what was Bob's project? Bob had said no more about it. He would talk of his expedition in the lake country as much as you liked, but he would not disclose his secret. Partly, as you know, because he did not like to seem to boast, and partly, it must be owned, because it was his secret. It is delicious to have a secret, and such a secret! He would tell them when he had done it, he said, when pressed.

Perhaps it might not come off; it was such a big thing. Well, was it this? No! Was it that? No! Was it here? No! Was it there? No! The others were piqued.

They began to depreciate, to say it was all nothing; but it was plain they were full of curiosity and envy. Bob, I say, felt delicious. It was like having a gold mine, or the watchword of the treasure cave of the forty thieves, all to himself. After a while, too, he received a letter evidently about the secret, because he smiled over it and rubbed his hands and folded it up most carefully to read it again. There was also a book, which had come along with the letter, with red covers, which he often looked into, and always kept locked up. "Oh," thought some of the boys, "if only he would lose that letter, or leave his desk open!"

Harry was rather proud and shy, and therefore was not one of those who pressed hard for Bob's secret. Indeed, the more he longed to share it, the more he felt the offer must come from Bob. What he did was to be quite sincerely most friendly in his manner, and when a proud gentlemanly boy is attentive to another who is frank and warm-hearted, then it almost always follows that they find each other nice. Anyhow, it came about that Harry and Bob grew fast friends, and had long walks and long talks. And, of course, very soon the secret all came out between them. For though a lonely secret is delicious for a while, yet after a time it must be shared or it becomes a burden. Nay, how could two fast friends help approaching it? Bob was longing to tell, Harry was longing to hear. And when it was told it was like a light put into gunpowder. Harry was very excited. "Oh," he cried, "it is splendid! I must go, too, Bob."

Stewart's enthusiasm increased Bob's pleasure. The secret now was more precious in being shared. It grew even quite a sacred thing upon which the light of common day must not shine; and both the friends seemed to take on a more manly bearing and to become more earnest in character through its possession.

Of course the others did not like being left out in the dark, and were very cool with them both. Indeed, a few were downright grumpy in their jealousy, and for a time the two friends were left a good deal to themselves. But fortunately both of them were too good at cricket and football to be slighted for long, and so after awhile all came right and life went on merrily as before. Still the rest did not fail to notice from time to time several things which indicated that the project was in practical force, was greatly influencing both Bob and Harry, was still as real and as fascinating to them as ever.

Croston School stands in a plain from which rises an abrupt and lonely ridge of tumbled hills which take on by contrast, especially in distant view, almost the appearance of a mountain chain, purple and lofty. The paths to the grassy summits wind about and furnish a good afternoon's expedition, ending as they do in breezy uplands, and a wide fine view of plains and woods and parks, and distant towers and spires and nestling villages. Well, every half-holiday Bob and Harry went off to climb these uplands from every side, or they scaled their steeper declivities and conquered the rocks, or they took long walks with steady resolute purpose far into the country.

But besides, they were noticed to be equally resolute with their school work, as if somehow they connected success in study with success in their project, as if the future hope depended on present effort. Evidently Bob was working hard at Latin and Greek, and it seemed equally clear that Harry was doing the same with French and German. Was it for the exam? Was it for the secret? Was it for both?

More than all, one day Harry got a letter with which, as soon as he had read it, he rushed off to Bob, and they were seen to go out to the far side of the quad, and there most earnestly read it together, and then shake hands over it, and look at each other enthusiastically, and they would evidently

have liked to throw up their caps and shout hurrah, and only refrained because they were afraid of their precious secret breaking out of their shout, like Jack out of his box, unawares. Bob, indeed, did get as far as "Hurrah for—" when he stopped confused, and looked round, and both disappeared with heightened colour round a corner.

CHAPTER III.—POP GOES THE SECRET.

I MUST tell you about the letter which excited them so. About the middle of the term Harry had written to his father with trembling heart, a full account of the grand scheme, and had besought him to give his consent to it. The letter, therefore (which I will let you read, of course), will disclose the secret, and it will make some of those things clear which had puzzled the rest of the boys in the conduct of Bob and Harry. Besides, we shall learn whether there was any hope for their project, as we read the reply of Harry's father, who I must tell you was a banker, and a very kind and just man, and very fond of Harry, his only son, though he had two daughters. Harry secretly wanted Bob to marry his favourite sister, Marian, though of course he did not say anything about it either to Bob or his father. This, then, is his letter:—

"DEAREST FATHER,—I have got such a splendid fellow for my friend this term. I always liked him, but now he is my particular friend, and I shall never have another. His name is Robert Jones, but we all call him Bob. He is such a nice, good fellow. He would not do anything cowardly, or mean, or underhand, for the world, and he is going into the army if his father can afford it. He is very adventurous, and this is what I want specially to tell you. He went all by himself, with their doctor's son, and his knapsack only, all over the lake country this last holiday. They were away by themselves three whole weeks, and took no harm, and they saw everything that was interesting and improving and splendid. I am sure Bob is a great deal better for it. He is now quite a man of the world. He met with artists and travellers, and shepherds and students of Cambridge University, and tell mamma, he is much stronger and in better health. I wish both of you could hear him talk. You would be interested, and I feel certain you would wish you could go with him where he intends to go next midsummer. I do so want to go with him. May I, dearest papa, all alone by our two selves? It has been the dream of my life to do so, and I do believe it would make a man of me, and I should run into no danger. I should tell Bob to be very careful for mamma's sake. It is to Mont Blanc, in Switzerland, we want to go. We have made all our plans quite safe. Bob has a cousin who has done it, and it is so glorious, the highest mountain in Europe, but not very dangerous. It will be such a feat. The boys will die of envy. Not one of them knows, though they all try to worm it out of us in every way, but we won't say a word, and Bob keeps his cousin Tom's 'Baedeker Guide' under lock and key.

"Dear father, do consent and get mother to consent also. Of course I won't go a yard if you don't wish me, but I know it will break my heart and I shall only mope and pine all the holiday. But if I may go I will work very hard at French and German, and go into the bank or into any business you like; French and German will be so very useful in our expedition, indeed a necessity as we mean to do it. For we mean to do it as travellers and not as Cook's tourists. We mean to get all the information we can first hand from guides and natives (they are so kind and intelligent) whom we meet, and not have to depend on the broken English of the waiters. This will show you that we have

considered the matter deeply and practically, because we are very much in earnest. And Bob is so *trustworthy*, only he says that if I go with him I must rough it as he does. His father is not so rich as you are, he says, and cannot give him much to go with. But if he takes a good place in the exam. at midsummer he has promised to give him £20 and to let him go where he likes, he has such faith in him. I feel bound to tell you this, but though it is stupid of Bob not to let me stand the most of the expenses, yet I am not afraid of roughing it. It will do me good to harden myself. We need, in this luxuriant century, to harden ourselves, or old England will go to the dogs; don't you think so, dear father? And isn't it noble of Bob? He is so independent and practical, and, tell mamma, such a true friend and safe companion. We have climbed Torstone height again and again, and are getting our wind into splendid condition. Bob's cousin says this is the great thing to do. Already we can get to the cairn in thirty-five minutes, though it took us three-quarters of an hour at first. And on the level we can keep up nearly five miles an hour for three hours at a stretch. We did it last Wednesday—half from Croston to Harford and back. So you see the scheme is practical. That is what I wish mamma to feel, the enterprise is so splendid. It spreads before me in imagination, because I have read Coleridge's hymn written underneath Mont Blanc; but Bob's cousin says no one can imagine it. It must be seen to be believed. Dearest father, I shall be very anxious until I hear from you, and I thank you and dearest mamma for all your kindness to me. I love you both so much. You must let me go just this once. Bob is quite sure we can do it. I think I shall not sleep till you write. So write soon, dear father, to

"Your own loving son,

"HARRY STEWART."

Such was Harry's letter, which his father found one morning along with others beside his breakfast-cup. His looks were keenly watched, both by Mrs. Stewart and the two girls, Marion and Winnie, who saw that it was a very long letter from Harry, and wondered naturally what it could be about. As Mr. Stewart read on there broke a merry twinkle out of the corners of his eyes, which seemed to touch his mouth and make him smile. It soon indeed became quite evident that he was very much amused, and even when he had finished it he continued to smile provokingly, and look unutterable things.

"What is it, dear?" at last asked Mrs. Stewart, feeling her patience exhausted.

"Oh! only your son; he's such a hopeful."

"But what's the matter? Do tell."

"Do tell, papa, and don't tease so," echoed the two sweet girls.

"Oh! it is nothing as yet: he only wants to go to the top of Mont Blanc next August."

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Stewart, and could say no more for astonishment, whilst the girls only opened their eyes very wide.

"Yes, that is all; but read his letter, it is beautiful," said Mr. Stewart, in the calmest way.

Mrs. Stewart, you may be sure, did read it very rapidly; but though she also smiled as she read, yet as she went on a look of alarm grew visible amongst her smiles.

"You see," said Mr. Stewart, very seriously, "your son is a miracle of prudence and forethought, and that he combines some of the most opposite qualities which are rarely found together. He is adventurous, he is cautious; he is imaginative, he is practical. It will be impossible to deny him so modest a request."

"John!" exclaimed Mrs. Stewart, "what are you saying? What has come over the boy? It is madness!" She spoke so warmly, because there was something in her husband's manner and look which, in spite of his amusement, seemed to imply that he was inclined to sympathise with the hare-brained boy.

"Won't it improve him? Won't it make a man of him, a man of the world, my dear?" he asked, in the same half-comic, half-serious way. "And won't such results be worth all the risk? Think how he wants to rise in the world!"

"It is not to be thought of for a moment," she replied; "I could not give my consent."

"Oh! unnatural mother!" he cried, turning up the white of his eyes. "Have you overlooked that your only son says if you refuse this dream of his life, that from henceforth his spirit will be sad within him, and that he will die by inches of a broken heart? Cannot you be moved by such affectionate pleadings? Then, to think that you distrust also the bosom friend, Bob! Depend on it that boy 'Bob' means it."

"Don't be nonsensical, John! Our boy means it too; how could he? You must write and tell him to have nothing more to do with Bob Jones. Evidently he is leading him into mischief and danger."

"Nay, nay, my dear," answered Mr. Stewart, giving up his fun because his wife seemed so really troubled, "don't be afraid! I see a plan which I think will put all right, and which I will talk over with you to-night before I write to this terrible would-be mountaineer."

The result of their talk was the letter which Harry had received, and which had caused Bob and himself so much joy. And

yet this was all it said as to the Mont Blanc project:—

"Your dear mother thinks that it is a wild and hazardous scheme, and I am inclined to agree with her; but still, in our great love for you and confidence in you, we have concluded to let our decision stand over until you come home at Christmas. Then if Master Jones can pay us a visit for a few days, we can talk the matter over with you both, and see how far it is practicable and right."

That was all, but it was such a relief not to be refused, such a relief to be able to hope where he had only expected to be reduced to despair, and he had such confidence in Bob that the kindness seemed as good as a victory.

"Bob," said Harry, squeezing his arm as they walked together—"Bob, we shall convince them."

The fact is Mr. Stewart had said to Mrs. Stewart, "I am very much struck with the scheme from the point of view of character. It argues well for two boys to strike out such an adventure, and it seems to me something is stirring in our boy, which, rightly guided, may turn out well; and as to Bob, I can only say, dear, that I like his independent spirit immensely. It is the spirit of an honourable youth, and if the rest of his nature is the same, Harry is fortunate in having such a friend. Besides, I have a plan which will keep everything right even if they go."

"What plan have you, dear? I don't want to stand in my dear boy's way; but you must take me into your confidence, please."

"Of course I must, and am most happy to do so. I am sure I can fully relieve your mind. The plan is simply this: it flashed instantaneously across my mind. You have heard me speak of Mr. —. Well, he is a member of the Alpine Club, and he goes to Switzerland every year. I will write to him, and shall decide according to his reply. If he go all will be well; only I would not have the boys get a hint of the plan for the world. Now are you satisfied?"

"Forgive me, dear; I believe I have been a little foolish."

"Won't it be capital fun?" said Mr. Stewart. "Besides, I have another idea, which I shall keep for awhile as my own special secret in this matter."

So the boys got Mr. Stewart's letter, and lived gaily on hope all that term. But they became less excited also, because now the first stage of difficulty seemed over, and midsummer was a long way off, and much sober work of study had to be done.

And so Christmas holidays drew on when Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were to welcome Bob, and to take stock of him.

(To be continued.)

GREAT LONDON FIRES.

LONDON has seen many great fires, but the greatest by far in later times was that at Cotton's Wharf, near Tooley Street, London Bridge, in 1861. Then the sky was reddened with such brilliancy that almost as many counties saw the glare as saw that from Malvern on the night of the Armada. Part of the premises were new, indeed the insurance had only been settled a few days before, and the old and new buildings were thickly stored with that miscellaneous collection of goods that only a wharf warehouse can bring together. It was Saturday, June 22nd, and just upon five o'clock, when some jute was noticed to be smoking on the third floor; and it was not till that day month that the fire really died out.

The staff of clerks and porters endeavoured to drown the smouldering jute with a few

buckets of water, but the smoke grew so thick and the heat became so great that they were driven from the floor, and forgot to shut the doors after them. The engines were summoned, and the smoke came pouring in huge columns out of the windows. There was no sign of flame; all that could be seen was this ever increasing smoke, filling every floor of the now deserted building. As soon as the fire-brigade arrived the chief, Mr. Braidwood, saw that matters would become serious, and such vessels as were near the wharf and could be moved were drawn out into the stream. The engines began playing into the building, but still nothing, for half-an-hour, could be seen but this terrible smoke. Suddenly, just before six o'clock, the flame burst forth with a mighty roar; the smoke was swept away as if by magic, and the whole

river front on every floor was one mass of raging, glowing fire. One of the flats was full of oil and tallow, and the burning grease poured down in cataracts and flowed into the water and literally set the river on fire.

Engine after engine came up; as the fire went on, the engines were brought from the suburbs, and even came by train from the surrounding country, but the streams had no effect. A wonderful thing was noticed; the heat was so great that as the water fell it was split into its constituent gases, and the oxygen and hydrogen went to feed the flames. In the thick of the fight a gateway fell and crashed down on to Mr. Braidwood and a Mr. Scott, and the flames played round the ruins so that rescue was impossible. Barrel after barrel of grease exploded and hurled its contents into the fire; higher and

higher rose the sheaves of flame, and soon they spread until three acres of ground formed their base. The gentle wind blew them towards the railway-station, and every effort was made to save a row of houses that stood in the path. The water was poured on to the roofs, but the glass in the windows grew red hot, and from the streaming deluge on the roof came little blue islands of light, then like gas jets these islands began to run among the rafters, and soon, as if it was burnt paper, the roof collapsed. Then a store of tar and saltpetre was reached, and again the explo-

ing the grease in hopes of making a profit out of it; one boat was suddenly surrounded, and the heated grease burst into flame, and the boat and all that were in it perished. On Sunday the fire burnt, on Tuesday it burnt, and then fortunately there fell a gentle rain; but though the flames were checked and advanced no farther they had their spoil to feed on, and obstinately did they fight and slowly did they die. After a time the wall was approached and the ruins cleared, and underneath were found Mr. Braidwood's body, crushed, but unburnt, and Mr. Scott's

temperature, and the horses all harnessed so as to depart at the instant.

London has been often burnt. It was nearly gutted in 962. Again in 1087 it was burnt, and St. Paul's again was destroyed. In 1212 London Bridge caught fire on the south side, and the flames ate their way across the bridge and into the City, and three thousand people, caught between two lines of flame, were burnt or drowned. And in September, 1666, came the Great Fire, of which all have heard, when there fell in the flames thirteen thousand houses and eighty-nine parish



The Great Fire of London.

sions were fast and furious, and at every explosion the flames leapt ever more wildly. Great islands of flame floated down the river and stopped against a barrier of stranded vessels. The shipping caught a light. Then the whole of the wall of the warehouses fell into the river and exposed a long wide range of floors, all burning madly, for three hundred yards from end to end.

At Hay's Wharf were a steamer and an American barque, which were drawn out into the stream, the barque with her rigging and spars all charred and crumbling. The tide began to rise and bring the shipping nearer to the fire. A barque that came sailing past was caught in the eddy and drawn towards the flames; the men were taken off, but the barge was sucked in and went to feed the fire. A man in a boat passed by and came within the influence and was just picked out in time, while the boat drifted in to destruction. All the night the fire raged, lighting up London. Boats were out collect-

burnt to a cinder. Altogether two millions worth of property was destroyed. Since then there have been other fires, but none that lasted so long or were so fearful in intensity.

The death of Mr. Braidwood evoked much sympathy; Dr. Cumming, the famous preacher, delivered an oration at his funeral, and a tablet to his memory was erected in the Scotch Church in Crown Court. He had come from Edinburgh in 1833 to reorganise the fire-brigade first started in 1825 by the amalgamation of the small forces of the Fire Insurance Companies; and the Londoners were very proud of him. His successor was Captain Shaw, the present head of the brigade that does its work so well.

One of the noteworthy things regarding the late jubilee celebration was the freedom from fires on the night London was illuminated, and one of the most cheering things on that night was the scene of perfect preparation at the fire-stations, where all was in readiness, with the water in the boilers at extra high

churches, to say nothing of chapels and meeting-houses. The column of fire was a mile long, and for sixteen miles around it night was like day.

Robert Hubert confessed that he lighted it, and though it seems the confession was mere bravado, he was executed. It broke out at Farryner's, the baker's, in Pudding Lane, between one and two o'clock in the morning of September 2nd. There had been a hot summer, and the wood and plaster, of which the bulk of the houses was then composed, was dry as tinder. All the Saturday night, and Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, the fire raged. Monk, Duke of Albemarle, was put in charge of the firemen, and endeavoured to check it in vain. To keep it from spreading, he pulled down houses in Cornhill, but the flames leapt across the timber left in the roadway, reached the northern side, and swept on more fiercely than before, from Pudding Lane, now marked by the Monument, to Pie Corner, in Giltspur Street, now marked

by a fat boy on a public-house. The fire died out at the week's end, after doing the best work for health of any fire on record.

In 1748, on March 25th, there was another fire that threatened to equal this one. It began in Change Alley, and burnt two hundred houses in Cornhill Ward. In 1794 there was a fire at Wapping, wherein six hundred and thirty houses were burnt. This was a saltpetre fire. In 1649 there was a gunpowder fire at Barking. Then sixty houses were blown up; a tavern full of drunken company was sent sky-high, and the landlord's child went aloft with them in its cradle, and fell uninjured on the church roof, where it was found asleep! Some strange things have happened at fires. Perhaps the most ridiculous fire was that at Shadwell Waterworks in 1797, where, although the machinery was capable of raising a thousand gallons of water a minute, the whole place was destroyed in an hour, and all owing to want of water at the proper time!

In 1780 there was a great fire at Horselydown, where thirty houses and many warehouses and ships were burnt; and in 1771 there was a fire at Rotherhithe across the river, when sixty houses and many vessels were consumed. One of the most startling fires of this century was that in 1803, when the great tower over the choir of Westminster Abbey was burnt. In 1814 the Custom House was burnt, the housekeeper, Mrs. Kelly, being saved by her brother, and only just escaping with her life. After a time a barrel of gunpowder exploded in the basement and scattered the papers far and wide, so that some were found at Dalston and Hackney. This was quite a famous fire, as owing to the papers being destroyed no vessels ready to sail could be allowed to go until fresh papers had been provided, and all over the world the sailors took their grumbles against the Custom House fire.

In 1834 there was another notable fire, that of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. It broke out at half past six in the afternoon of October 16th. The cause of it stood confessed. Visitors to the Custom House Museum will see in the corner of a case a bundle of old sticks, in curve and head not unlike the tallyman's stick of the peripatetic draper. These are "tallies," or wooden

in the manner from which "notches" took their name. These are the official receipts of the past still living on in their technical names. From the way they were roughly torn apart we get the teeth of the indentures

as an appropriate place. So the fires were stoked with tallies and the flames grew so fierce as to set light to the building, and great was the conflagration. The "historic houses" disappeared, and in their place rose



James Braidwood.

and the ragged edges of many official forms in which foil and counterfoil have their exact correspondence assured. The notches stand for amounts: a large notch for a thousand pounds, a smaller one for a hundred pounds, a smaller still for ten pounds, and so on for pounds shillings and pence.

When a man lent money to the State such a tally was prepared and split down the middle. Half was kept by the Exchequer, half by the lender; the half in the Exchequer was the counter stock, the

the present splendid pile, which is entirely of Victorian age.

Four years afterwards there was another historic fire, that at the Royal Exchange. It broke out in Lloyd's coffee-room at half past ten at night, and ended most dramatically. The tower had a ring of bells on the carillon principle playing a tune at the hour. In the middle of the flames there rang out the old Scotch air, "There is nae luck about the house." Another hour of furious fire went by, and still the tower stood, and "Life let us cherish" elanged forth. Yet another hour and "God save the Queen" was heard, and as the last bar was finished, down with a crash fell the tower and its bells.

In the iron safe there was a pile of notes, not so musical, but more valuable, all charred to a cinder, with the numbers, dates, and amount recognisable after much difficulty, and all the notes were honoured by the Bank of England. This fire was seen from Windsor Castle, and was one of the fiercest known.

In 1841 there was a fire at the Tower of London. It broke out in the Bowyer Tower. The Armoury was destroyed with two hundred and eighty thousand stand of arms. The Jewel House was in danger, and Major Ebrington had it broken into, for the inner key was in the possession of the Lord Chamberlain. After half an hour's work with pickaxe and crowbar, the men got in, and the curious sight rewarded the spectators of the warders carrying off the crowns and sceptres escorted by soldiers. Not a jewel was lost.

Since then there have been many fires which are worth noting. Covent Garden Theatre was burnt down in 1856, St. Martin's Hall in 1860, the north wing of the Crystal Palace in 1866, Her Majesty's Theatre in 1867, the Alexandra Palace in 1873. In 1882 there was an enormous fire in Wood Street, Cheap-side, in which old stock of straw hats and drapery, and the sundries of the so-called "rag trade," was consumed to the estimated value of two millions. And in April, 1884, there was a terrible fire in Paternoster Row, from which the flames were so fierce as to crack the windows of the office of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, and bring the hoses into readiness on all our floors.



The Fire of London raging round Ludgate and Old St. Paul's.

vouchers, for sums paid to the Treasury. Strange looking sticks of willow they are, about two feet long, and deeply cut back at the end, as if they had been originally intended for tent-pegs; and they are all nicked over with a pocket-knife, as if some boy had been scoring the runs in a country cricket match

half in the lender's possession was the stock, and hence the name still borne by the Government Funds. The counter stocks had been accumulating for years, and one fine morning the Treasury resolved to burn a few of them, and to do this some minor official hit upon the furnaces of the House of Lords

THE BOTTOMLESS POOL.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN THE INTERIOR."

I AM sitting in my library at an open French window looking out on a smooth-shaven lawn, where a gay party are playing tennis. Just beyond them the lawn slopes down into a cup-shaped hollow, forming a deep grassy pit. On the farther side the ground rises, and the lofty bank is crowned by several very fine elm-trees. These stand clearly outlined against the sky, and form the limit of the view in that direction. Around the lawn is a broad gravel path, from which another branches off, leading down the side and straight along the bottom of the grassy dell I have mentioned. Half way along the path a smaller one leads into a sort of cave scooped out of the side of the bank above.

It is a summer afternoon. The heavy scent of the magnolias wafted in on the warm air is delicious. I hear the shouts of the players, but I heed them not; my thoughts are far away. I gaze into the grassy hollow beyond, and then I close my eyes and pass into a reverie.

Years ago a Captain Hainton lived in this house—Captain Geoffrey Hainton, a Confederate officer on whose head a heavy price had been set by General Ulysses Grant. He had distinguished himself in a manner peculiarly galling to the Federals, cutting off detached convoys, falling upon scattered troops, and pursuing other most objectionable tactics.

At that time an older house stood where this now stands. The lawn was as it is now, but beyond was a large pond, or small lake, filling up all the hollow that is now there, and washing the bank on the other side. At that time it was popularly supposed to be bottomless owing to its considerable depth, and was surrounded by low bushes.

It was a summer afternoon just like to-day, and in a room on the very spot where I now sit was the gallant captain, who had just returned with a small body of troops from a most successful foray on the enemy. His small body of men were encamped in a valley some two miles beyond the farther bank of the lake, and the captain had left them to spend a day in his old home.

Amongst his small retinue of private servants, however, was a Judas, and at the very moment the captain was writing in fancied security a large body of Federal cavalry, under the command of a Colonel Barnes, were massed in the rear of the house. A number had dismounted, surprised and gagged the servants in the far-off kitchens, and were now searching the house.

The captain was utterly unsuspecting of danger, and only an hour before, having ascertained the country round was free from troops, he had sent his orderly down to the camp to say he would not join them till night. The man had, however, hardly got out of sight, when along the road, from an opposite direction, was seen an approaching cloud of dust as the Federal troops galloped up, cautiously halting behind the house.

The captain, I have said, was writing, when suddenly the door was opened and Colonel Barnes and half a dozen men entered the room. Captain Hainton turned his head and saw his enemies within a dozen yards. The colonel was well known to the captain, and had a good reputation of his own. His triumph at having caught his foe napping may be imagined. In an instant, however, with a courteous "Good afternoon, gentlemen," the captain rose and jumped straight through the open window on to the lawn, his loose military cloak floating behind his shoulders.

Here he was seen by a score of soldiers who

had just entered the garden, and who at once gave chase.

The captain ran straight across the lawn to the edge of the pond, which lay all dark on that bright afternoon beneath the shade of its high southern bank.

A loud yell burst from his pursuers, who were only a few yards behind, and now sure of their game. The captain paused for a moment, turned round, and with a second "Good afternoon, gentlemen," jumped straight into the pool, where he disappeared in an instant beneath its waters. A dozen men sprang in after him, while the shore was thronged with men with levelled rifles waiting for him to rise. A shout from one of the swimmers attracted all eyes to him as he waved aloft the captain's cloak, which had floated up. In another moment his cap was found, but though they swam and dived about in every direction, no further trace of the captain was forthcoming. By this time the lawn was a mass of armed men, while the officers carefully scanned the mysterious waters, and men beat the bushes all round in vain.

When the news passed round that the pond was said to be bottomless, and had never yet been fathomed, an awe settled down on them at the sudden and mysterious fate of the gallant captain, who had without doubt been caught on some projection far below and drowned.

He was disposed of at any rate, though not to the honour and glory of his would-be captors, whose tender mercies he had declined in favour of a watery grave.

No time, however, was to be lost, for they knew his little body of men, unwarned, were encamped two miles away. They hastened off to surround them, and in a few minutes the pool was left deserted and silent.

The horsemen as they rode away were, however, quite unconscious that the eagle eye of Captain Hainton was calmly surveying them in perfect safety, while at the same time he was communicating to his little force the warning he had failed to receive himself.

The Federal troops galloped down the road as it curved down between two high banks to the hollow where the Confederates were encamped.

When, however, they reached the spot it was bare. Signs there were in plenty of a hasty flight and an unfinished meal, but not a man was to be seen. Turning to his men, Colonel Barnes fiercely demanded who the traitor was that had given the warning and enabled their prey to escape. No one could answer, for no one knew. So the baffled band executed a rapid "strategic movement to the rear" up the road and back past the house. The colonel was slightly in advance of his men, when suddenly a rifle bullet whistled past his ear, and embedded itself with a "ping" in the trunk of a tree by his side.

He looked all round, but in vain; there was the deserted house, the trampled lawn, the silent pond where his enemy lay drowned, but nothing else.

Muttering between his teeth, he rode on, and the troops were soon out of sight.

In spite, however, of the news he carried back of his exploit to headquarters, it soon became clear that Captain Hainton had returned to life, for he was heard of here, there, and everywhere, greatly to the perplexity of the gallant officer who had seen him drown.

Soon after this peace was declared, and about six months later Colonel Barnes, then in New York, received a letter with a Southern postmark.

Tearing it open, he found a courteous invi-

tation from Captain, or "Resurrection" Hainton, as he was familiarly called, for a couple of days' shooting. "You know," the letter concluded, "I owe you not only an apology, but an explanation of my present existence."

It was again a lovely summer afternoon. In the same library, Captain Hainton and Colonel Barnes were standing looking out of the window at the famous pond where the former had been apparently drowned twelve months before.

"Now, Barnes," said the captain, "if you are a good hand at climbing, I'll explain what doubtless to you appears a great mystery. Come along with me, old fellow."

Lighting their cigars, the two officers stepped out on to the lawn.

"Ah, this was the very spot, Hainton, you jumped on to when I thought I had nabbed you in the house. I didn't mind, however, your clearing out of the window a bit, for I knew there were plenty of men in the garden, and I knew you couldn't jump across the pool."

"You did not think, then, I should jump into it?" asked Hainton, with a grim smile.

"I can't say I did, for that was certain death, it appeared to me, and does still. How on earth did you get out, old chap?"

"Well, I've said I would explain, and so I will. Come round here."

Hainton led the way round the end of the pond; the two climbed the farther bank and reached the first of the stately trees that stood there.

"Now, Barnes, shin away."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean climb up, or at any rate come along after me."

And away, to the colonel's surprise, went Hainton, climbing up by the small twigs, and branches that surrounded the massive gnarled trunk until he reached the first great bough.

"Now then, colonel," he said, as he rested for a moment, "the best leg first."

So Barnes had to follow, and on they went one after another, Barnes wondering where on earth he was going to, till they were some fifty feet above the ground.

Here Hainton stopped, and sat down on a small board that had been fixed between two branches.

"Now then, Barnes," he said, "let me clear up the mystery while you get your breath. You see that hollow straight in front of you through that gap—that was where my men were this day twelve months, so when I saw your little game I telegraphed to them to hook it."

"You!" said the colonel. "Why, you were down there," looking backwards where the dark pool lay far beneath.

"No, I wasn't; I was here."

"Here?"

"Yes, Barnes, here. You see this pocket mirror. I sat here and flashed one, two, three, according to our heliographic code, and my men twigged it at once, for I had picked their camping ground for the very reason that I could give warning from here in case of danger."

"But how on earth did you get here, Hainton? By-the-by, was it you took that pot shot at me as I came back?"

"It was, old fellow, and I'm jolly glad I missed now. I could not resist it for the life of me."

"But then, again, how on earth did you get here?"

"Come and see," said Hainton. "It's a little lower down," and he began to climb down again.

He had not gone very far, however, when

Barnes, looking round, found he had disappeared.

He climbed down a little farther and then shouted, but got no reply.

"That beggar's gone again. Hullo, you Hainton! Speak up, can't you? Oh! oh! oh!" shouted the gallant colonel, as he got one or two digs in the ribs from a fist apparently growing out of the tree.

"Come along, old chap," shouted a sepulchral voice. "Go a little higher up, turn round the trunk, and under a short bushy branch you'll find a hole where a large bough joins the trunk."

The colonel did as he was directed, and found a hole concealed from view by the branches above. He cautiously put a foot down, which was seized from below.

"Come on, Barnes, I won't murder you this time, though I must say I think you richly deserve it. Stick your other leg in."

Once inside, the colonel saw through numerous chinks in the bark that the tree was hollow, and his feet being guided by Hainton from below, he descended safely to the level of the ground.

"So this is your secret, is it, Hainton! I must say it's quite up to your reputation. But I don't yet see the connection between the monkey and the drowned man."

"Come on," said Hainton; "you will soon," and, striking a light, the colonel saw

that below them a hole extended into the ground, down which Hainton climbed. It soon led into a sort of passage, along which they could walk stooping, and at last they emerged into a small cave.

"Now then, colonel, this is my cave in this bank. It has but two entrances; one is that by which you have entered."

"And the other?"

"Is there," said Hainton, raising the candle he had brought and lighting up a dark pool that filled the farther end of the cavern.

"That!" said Barnes.

"Yes; but it will look more inviting when I put out the light," said the captain, blowing out the candle.

The cave was now pitch dark save at the lower end, where from below, through the water of the pool, came the most beautiful softened green light.

"Now for a practical demonstration, Barnes, and then I've done," said Hainton, taking off his clothes. "Here goes!" and he dived in and soon disappeared from sight under the ends of the cave. It all seemed very uncanny.

The colonel waited anxiously for two or three minutes, naturally just slightly uneasy as to whether, after all, he had not been caught in a trap himself, when the green light was suddenly darkened again, and the

captain emerged like a water-dog from the pool.

"You see how simple it all is, Barnes. No one knew of the hollow tree but my orderly, and he and I at odd times scooped out this rat-hole from its base till we got down to the pond. I always kept a little food here and a couple of pistols in case of accidents, so that when you so politely opened my door that afternoon without knocking I was quite prepared, and had even time, to wish you 'Good afternoon.' I just dived down here and came up in this cave; I then seized my dry pistols and scrambled up the tree; the rest you know. I'm going to build a fresh house now and do away with this old pond, for we are not going to cut each other's throats again, I trust, over the niggers. Come along back to dinner now."

So they scrambled up again, and then down to *terra firma*.

In a year the alterations were complete; the new house was up, the pond drained, and a little path made leading into that cave which saved my life.

"My life!" Oh, yes; I forgot to tell you that I am Geoffrey Hainton, once captain in the Confederate army, and I think you will now quite understand why I don't think about the tennis party when I look across the lawn at that grassy dell and little cave that served me such a good turn that day.

THE MUTINEERS OF THE "MAY QUEEN."

PART II.

IN a half-dazed condition I rushed forward to where the watch on deck had collected. Before any questions could be asked, we saw a vapoury cloud ascend from the fok'sle hatch, and the figure of a half-suffocated sailor stumbled up the ladder, shouting in gasps, "Fire! fire!"

None but a sailor knows the thrill which these words send through the heart of those who hear them on board ship. The strongest seaman feels like a child, in the presence of such an awful catastrophe. I know that as we looked from one to another our faces were white and terror-stricken in the moonlight. For a moment I lost my self-possession, but only for a moment. No man need be ashamed to confess so much in such a case. Fire is one of the sailor's worst enemies, and he knows it. When it springs upon him in this sudden fashion it unmans him till he can summon up his resolution. I chose a few trusty men, and told them to follow me. We went below, and there a terrible sight presented itself. From the fok'sle bulkhead a plank had been removed, and through the aperture there rolled out a thick cloud of smoke. Crawling through the opening to trace the fire to its source, I fell over the prostrate form of a seaman. He was dragged on deck, but they found him so horribly burned and disfigured, that he was beyond our aid. He gave a sigh and expired. Close to the spot where he lay I picked up an empty pannikin.

The pumps were speedily manned, and the hose sent below, and almost in less time than it takes to describe, the whole ship's company, who so recently seemed wrapt in slumber, had settled manfully to the task before them. Relays of helpers kept the pumps going continually. Smoke-begrimed sailors flitted to and fro in the hold, their scanty clothing drenched with water, to keep their cool and to enable them to approach nearer to the heart of the fire.

Through scorching heat and blinding smoke the dire struggle went on. I lost all count of minutes and hours. It only seemed that we were fighting for very life, and that the odds were tremendously against us. Our

cargo consisted largely of wines and spirits consigned to Australian firms. I think we all knew the danger we were in, and yet every man amongst us worked cheerfully as though we would encourage one another by pretending not to admit the danger.

"Well done, lads! stick to it!" cried the master, himself the pluckiest worker of us all, as the buckets were being passed into the hold. It was two bells—nine o'clock—when the fire first proclaimed itself, and at midnight we were still fighting the flames, inch by inch, with a courage that never for a moment flagged, despite the awful odds against us.

Every now and again we heard the cases of wine explode with loud reports, and then the burning liquid spread itself abroad, as though to mock our exertions. Hour by hour, from midnight to dawn, and from dawn to burning noon, we toiled, until human nature could bear the strain no longer, and yet the flames were not subdued. The moment our energies began to flag, the flames gained upon us, and it soon became evident to every man on board that the struggle was hopeless, and that we were beaten.

"You have done your duty, men, and I thank you for it," said our skipper, as some of us came on deck, more dead than alive, with such a confession of failure in our faces that he knew it was all over now. His voice trembled with excitement as he gave the order:—

"Now, every man on deck, and batten down the hatch. We must see to the boats."

Jaded and disappointed as we were, the afternoon had to be spent in making ready for our embarkation. Boats had to be provisioned and watered. Everything was done without the least excitement, although we knew that we were standing above a raging fire, which would soon render our possession of the ship impossible.

About sunset the word was passed to man the boats. One by one the sailors stepped down quietly and sorrowfully, and by the time the last man was in the main hatch had burned through, and a tremendous body of flame shot aloft. The sails and rigging were

completely enveloped, and we knew that the end had come.

Not a man amongst us had the heart to speak. The oars fell sullenly into the quiet water, and with hearts overflowing with grief the boats were pulled a safe distance away, and we lay on our oars watching.

Great tongues of flame leaped from fore and after hatchways, rising higher, and ever higher, each moment, as sails and cordage were enveloped by the fiery element. The entire scene was one of terrible grandeur. The sea was as smooth as a mirror. The moon shed its silver line in strange contrast with the golden flames which turned the ocean into a furnace of molten glory. Great clouds of black smoke rose high and free into the calm air, and, meeting a light wind in those higher regions, were wafted solemnly away like dark-robed mourners, to tell to other mariners that another gallant ship had perished.

The fire seemed actually to revel in its victory now. It encircled each shroud and stay, and licked up with its fiery tongues from every port the streaming pitch and resin that bubbled from the seams.

With each roll of the fated ship great fragments of burnt-out sails and rigging fell from aloft, filling the air with sparks of fire. Then there was the noise of rending timber, and the main-mast was seen to totter, as though it would make an effort to save itself, but the supporting shrouds snapped like ropes of sand, and with a mighty splash it fell into the sea. Then the flames leaped high above the remaining spars, lighting up the water in such vivid splendour that one's eyes were dazzled by the fierce confusion, and scarcely could tell ocean from wreck.

At short intervals the remaining spars fell over the side, and we found ourselves conjecturing how much longer the old ship would remain afloat. It seemed like watching a human life flickering to its close, after a consuming fever. As often happens both to ships and men, after long watching, the end came quite suddenly at last. A peculiarly bright column of flame shot skyward, there was a hiss as of fire meeting water, a sudden

forward plunge of the burnt-out hull, and then all that remained of the ill-fated Swan disappeared in the depths of the sea, leaving behind what seemed, from the suddenness of the extinguishment, a great inky blackness, where all was golden splendour before.

We felt ourselves alone! Every man had a sense of insecurity, such as comes to the bravest at such solemn times.

Presently the skipper called out "Attention!" and then we remembered that the body of the dead seaman was waiting for burial.

By the aid of a lamp the captain read from the burial service, standing up, with strange and striking effect, whilst the men sat round him uncovered.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life! He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

If ever those words sound solemn, surely it must be under such circumstances as these. I know our skipper felt them, for he was a God-fearing man, and though in other days some of us had thought lightly enough of religion we were serious now.

The service was a short one, and then the body, which had been carefully sewn up for burial, was committed to the deep in silence. A thin phosphorescent light marked for a moment its passage through the deep, then all was still again.

"Now, men, let us call the muster-roll," said the skipper.

Every man answered to his name except the two mutineers of the May Queen.

"No man can doubt the origin of the fire," he added, when the roll was called. "Those men broached cargo, and evidently set fire to the spirits and the ship. You have often

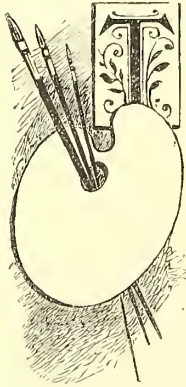
heard me urge you to become abstainers, but I never thought I should have such an experience as this to force it home upon you. I shan't say a word more about it. If we should be separated, and never meet again, you will believe that anything I ever said was meant for your good. God keep us all! Now, we'll remain in close company, and near this spot, for the night. Let the men get what sleep they can, but keep a good look out."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered from my boat. We remained in close company for some hours, and then those who were sleeping were aroused by a loud burst of cheering. A large ship loomed out of the night and bore down upon us. She had been attracted by the smoke and glare, and just three hours after our embarkation we were safe on board a "Homeward bound."

JOHN ANDREW HIGGINSON

A CRUISE ON THE SOUTH COAST OF DEVON.

PART II.



THE next morning we went ashore and explored. Dittisham is a perfect type of a Devonshire village. The street, which is almost too steep to walk on, winds up and up, and almost every cottage has its plum-trees, which were at this season laden with plums, some of them shrivelling for want of picking.

In the course of the morning we dropped down the river again to Dartmouth and anchored. Two of the party had a great fancy for seeing the rest of the Dart and Totnes, so going ashore we hunted about for a good boat to row up. Having made our selection, we started up stream, and reached Totnes without adventure, except running aground a good many times, as it was low water. After a stroll about the old town, which was much admired, and a substantial meal, which was duly appreciated, we groped our way down to where the boat was left. We managed to lose our way in the attempt, however, and had to scramble over two fences before we found it. Just as we started, about nine o'clock, the moon rose in great splendour and lit up the river. No one has really seen the Dart till he has seen it by moonlight; at least, that was the conclusion come to by us! As we passed the magnificent sweep the river gives about half-way down, we made the woods ring with the echo, which is very distinct there. It took about three hours to row down, so we did not reach our floating home till midnight. Our man was asleep, and as he had expected us to stop the night at Totnes, there was no awning ready for us. Our combined efforts, however, soon got it up; and we turned in well satisfied with our day's journey.

The next day opened splendidly, with a light east wind. So thinking it was a pity to miss such an opportunity, the anchor was weighed, and we slowly dropped down the harbour. Outside the spinaker was set, and we stood away for the "Start." Off Start and Prawle Points we got into the "Channel track," and there were no end of large steamers and other vessels passing, outward and inward bound. On Prawle Point is a signal station, where one of Lloyd's agents is posted; and many of the vessels signal in passing. As we came round, one of the Orient Line was signalling.

We had hardly made up our minds whether to put into Salcombe or to go on to Plymouth.

But the thought of the equinoctial gales, which were hanging over us, made us determine not to wander too far, so we determined to try Salcombe. Salcombe is a most formidable looking place to get into if you do not know your way in, and have to feel your way as we had. As you approach, the entrance, which is very narrow and takes a curve to the right, appears to be completely blocked with a reef of rocks. We also noticed three buoys which puzzled us. Not liking the look of it, the Bird of Freedom was put about and we made for a boat which was sailing near, to ask them if there was any difficulty in getting in. They informed us that there was not, but that if we went on we could not fail to see the way. As we drew near the entrance began to look more practicable, and we were just going to pass to the right of a buoy to get in when one of us noticed a suspicious swirl as a wave passed in. Round we came only just in time to escape a disaster, and slipped in on the left of the buoy. We had to tack up the long narrow entrance against wind and tide, and it took a considerable time to get up to Salcombe. We seemed to be an object of some interest to the afternoon strollers, many of whom had seen our narrow escape in coming in.

We afterwards found out that one of the buoys, that had puzzled us, marked a cable that comes ashore there from France, and the other, the remains of the "Assegai," a fine schooner yacht which had come to grief there while endeavouring to enter about a fortnight before.

On the whole we concluded that Salcombe was a most disagreeable place to get into, but a most delightful place when entry was once effected.

The estuary runs up to Kingsbridge, a distance of about five miles, and is navigable for large vessels at high tide. A steamer, the "Reindeer," runs up and down daily.

After beating up we dropped anchor near where the ferry crosses from Salcombe to Portlemouth, for convenience in getting ashore. While the sails were being stowed, two coastguards came off in a boat with a book, in which we had to enter the name of our yacht, its tonnage, skipper, where we had come from, and what we were doing. This rather surprised us, as we had not been asked for these particulars either at Torquay or at Dartmouth. After a bathe and a meal we went ashore and prowled about, and as we intended starting off on the morrow we laid in some provisions, and our crew got the water-bottles filled.

Next morning the wind was still easterly, and there appeared to be a good deal of it. However, we were anxious to be off, so we

set sail and glided down the harbour. Outside it was all right till we rounded Prawle Point, but after that we encountered a very heavy sea. We pushed on for a mile or so, taking in reef after reef, and shipping a good deal of water, till at last a particularly big wave persuaded us to give up the attempt. We went back at a most giddy rate, almost before the wind, the boat yawing and swerving as the great waves passed under her.

There is something peculiarly exhilarating in steering a boat while running almost before the wind. As the wave lifts the stern you begin to "fly to," and when the wave has passed under and your stern falls, you begin to "fall off."

That day the weather became worse, and it began to rain. Our tent was not watertight, so we took beds on shore. Our crew's quarters were, however, watertight, so he was left on board to take care of the boat. Donning our overalls we set off for a tramp in the rain towards Bolt Head, but soon returned, beaten by rain and mud. It blew great guns all night, but the rain had stopped by the morning and the sun came out, but the wind still continued. The crew said it was the worst night he had ever been out in, and that he had been awake nearly all the time with anxiety, for fear the boat should drag her anchor. We spent that day in visiting Kingsbridge. Both there and at Salcombe there was a shipyard, and a vessel was being built at each. Walking back to Salcombe we passed through Malborough, and went into the church there, which is a very large one and looks as if it would hold three times the population of the place.

The next day turned out fine, but the wind was nearly as strong as ever, so we knew that it was useless to make another attempt. We began to get heartily tired of Salcombe, and matters were not mended by a coastguard telling us that he had known a yacht shut up there for a fortnight by rough weather, and the party had at last gone off by land in despair. This was the second time our "Bird of Freedom" had been encaged.

That day we walked out to Bolt Head. On the way you get some lovely views of the harbour through the trees. From Bolt Head we watched some large steamers ploughing their way past. The sea was still very rough, but the wind appeared to be moderating.

That evening we laid in a good store of provisions, as we had great hopes of getting off on the morrow. The crew had moved the boat farther up and out of the tideway, so we had a quiet night. On the morrow we were up soon after five and perceived that the wind was almost north. It was bitterly cold, but we were so delighted at the prospect of

escaping that we hardly noticed it. One of the party suggested that we should give a ringing cheer, just to inform the natives that we were really off this time. But the skipper said, "Fancy if we had to come back again!" so we refrained. Just as the anchor was hauled up and we were getting under way, to our horror we stuck on a mud bank. We shoved and shoved with the oars and set all sail to try and drive her off, but all to no purpose, the only effect being to drive the oars deep into the mud.

Of course the tide was falling, though luckily it was nearly low; but we had to wait there for over three hours in the cold, with nothing to do except to get a miserable breakfast. Everything went wrong, somehow, that morning, and things were not mended by the gallant skipper burning his best flannels, as he tried to get a little warmth out of the stove.

We almost felt the idlers on the shore grinning at us, but we were thankful that we had not given the cheer. Soon after eight we got off and sailed down the harbour, we hoped, for the last time. Outside we found the wind still pretty strong, and so took in our mizen and jib and two reefs in the mainsail. We were soon round Prawle Point, and began beating towards the Start. It became rougher and rougher as we came near, and I should think we tacked and tacked for a couple of hours off that horrible point, without making any perceptible way. Our crew had the tiller, and we three sat on the bottom up under the weather gunwale, one of us holding the mainsheet ready to let out at a moment's notice, in riding over some larger wave than usual. Our faces were stinging with spray, and the water, which kept continually coming over the gunwale, ran down our necks till we were nearly frozen. Little by little we got round that point, and out of its hateful race, but it was still rough, and we had a long beat before us to Dartmouth. Having bailed out the water, we shook out a reef in the mainsail, and felt thankful that we had got round. The sun came out and warmed us up a bit, which we needed, and dried the salt on our faces, which made them look white and patchy, so that we could hardly look at each other without laughing. We put into Dartmouth about five o'clock, after a nine hours' passage. We had been too much taken up on the way to eat anything, and as breakfast had been rather a failure, we ate ravenously from about five till six. Most of the time there was a man hovering round us in a boat, to take us ashore. He seemed amazed at our appetites, and at last gave us up as hopeless. When the meal was over, we went on shore, and strolled about the town, finding it rather difficult to walk straight after so much tossing about. We retired under our tent pretty early, rather exhausted with the day's work, but were up pretty early the next morning.

Breakfast over, we let go the buoy to which we had moored, and, making sail, went slowly down with the tide, passing one by one huge slices of melon-rind off a melon which had been demolished at breakfast. The wind, which was northerly, was very light, and by the time we were off our old friend Berry Head it fell altogether calm. Torbay looked very beautiful in the sun, and the Brixham trawlers scattered about becalmed were very

picturesque. We were, however, anxious to get back that night, especially as we had run rather short of provisions, and we were determined not to put into Torquay again for fear of being engaged a third time. So we started rowing in turns. From the look of the clouds we expected a south-west wind, but all that day it never came, except every now and then a faint breath, just enough to fill the sails. We kept on rowing, off and on, all the rest of the day, till at dusk we were off Teignmouth. Our only compass was an ordinary shilling one, and none of us had had much practice in steering at night time. The night closed in as black as pitch; not a star visible. However, we had taken our bearings before dark, and our course appeared to be about north-east. Supper of a very scant description was served out later on, when the last piece of bread was eaten and the last pint of water made into tea.

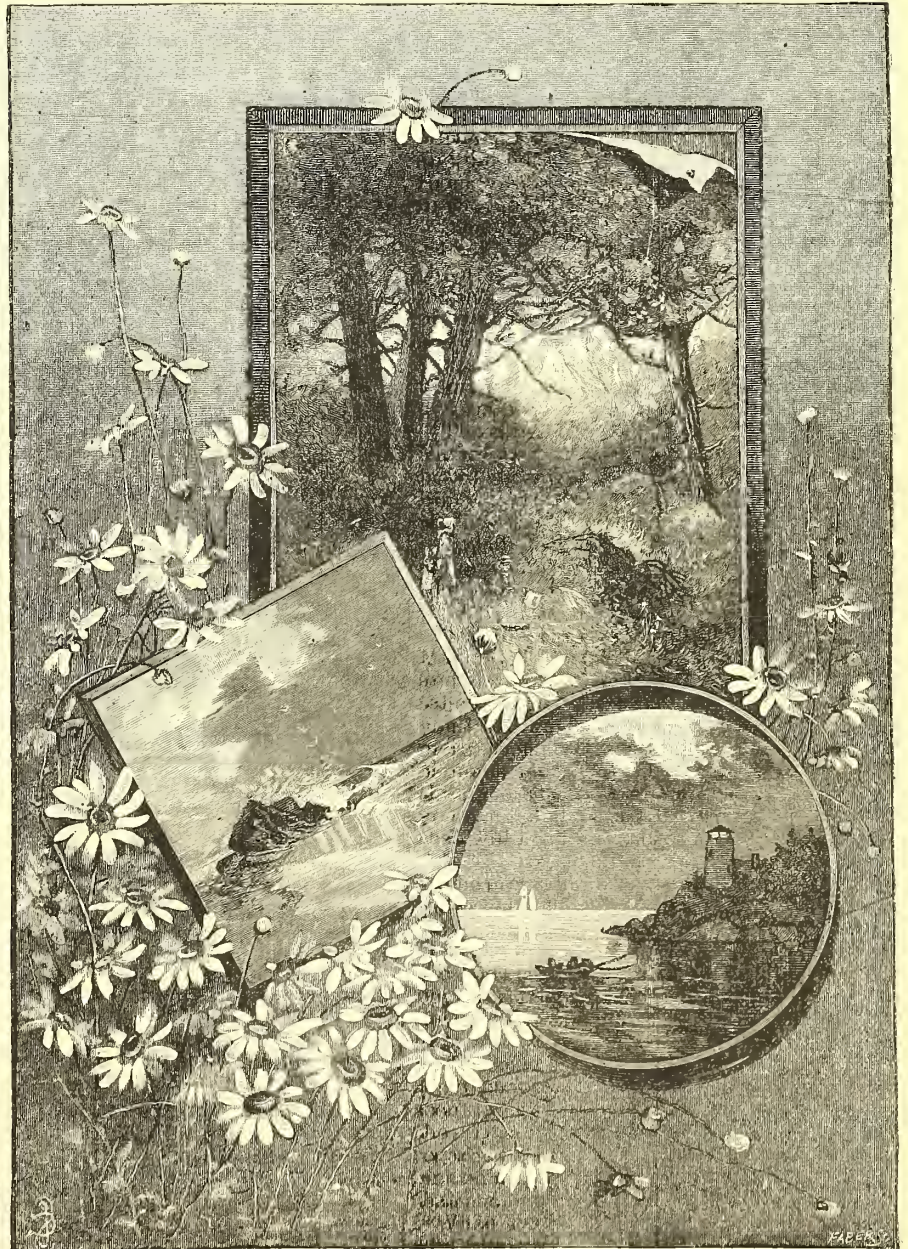
The sea was most beautifully phosphorescent, and the effect was magnificent every time our oars dipped. Once we were startled

by a rush of light like a comet passing swiftly under the boat, and followed by a heavy splash close by in the darkness. This was repeated four or five times, and we knew that it must be a porpoise. It appeared to be trying how near it could pass under us without actually touching, and it was rather alarming. We could not see the animal itself, but only the phosphorescence stirred up by its passage.

All that night we were rowing off and on. The lights at Sidmouth helped us to steer while they lasted, but when they were put out we had nothing but our very poor compass to trust to, as the shore was not visible. In the early morning our crew dropped asleep, tired out, but we kept on, till as the light broke we made out Lyme, only about a mile off, and a short, vigorous pull brought us once more into the Cobb.

So ended our cruise. It had its hardships, but on the whole we came to the conclusion that it was a first-rate way of spending a holiday.

T. L. C. PRESTON.



MY "LEG HIT."

BY A. EUBULE-EVANS,

Author of "Reclaimed," etc., etc.

MR. PHILIPSON, our third master, was no friend of mine. He was too conceited to suit me, and, besides, he was a little ridiculous. No doubt I was very conceited myself at that time, but, as I wasn't at all aware of it, I did not feel called upon to make allowance for others who had the same failing.

Mr. Philipson was conceited about many things. In the first place he was very proud of belonging to the Philipsons of Mouldshire. He always spoke as if the Philipsons of any other county, however good a race in themselves they might be, were absolutely nowhere in the race with the Philipsons of Mouldshire. Of course we boys didn't see it at all—why should we? All Philipsons were the same to us, and we declined to accord any precedence to the Philipsons of Mouldshire.

In proof of his high descent, our particular Mr. Philipson was very fond of exhibiting an ancient gold watch, extraordinarily heavy and clumsy in appearance, which he had inherited from his grandfather, the last holder of the Philipson estates. This watch was an heir-loom in the family, and had accordingly come to our Mr. Philipson (whose father had died young) on the death of his grandfather. The grandfather had left absolutely nothing else. He had met with reverses, and died almost a pauper. But this watch remained as the perpetual proof that the family had once been great. It might, perhaps, also have served as a proof that the family was now in a poor way; for it kept time execrably—very often not at all. It appeared to require long intervals of absolute repose between its spasmodic efforts at telling the time of day. In fact, its delinquencies were so frequent and so great that Mr. Philipson, though he always wore it as a sacred family duty, felt constrained to wear a second for practical purposes—a shabby silver Geneva, which had no history, but understood its work.

I cannot deny that I occasionally laughed at Mr. Philipson's gold turnip. Of course I did not do it to his face. I used to put on that demure expression which comes so naturally to a young scapegrace of sixteen, and ask some question about it, or pay it some ironical compliment. I fancied that I did it very cleverly, but I have no doubt that Mr. Philipson saw through it. He was always on the watch, so to speak; and much more up to time than the time-keeper itself. And as he was very sensitive on this subject, I soon saw that he took a dislike to me.

I did not at this time know that Mr. Philipson was excessively poor. Any income seems a large one to a boy who has no standard to compare it with but his own pocket-money. Besides, Mr. Philipson swaggered a good deal, and dressed pretty well, and altogether gave the impression that he was not only the scion of a distinguished family, but also very well to do. As a matter of fact he was, at the time of the incident I am about to relate, head over ears in debt (through no fault of his own, for he had a sister dependent on him), and was rapidly approaching that very awkward crisis, bankruptcy.

I have said that Mr. Philipson was conceited about many things. It was not only about his family and his portentous watch, and his dress and his looks and so forth, but he had also actually the effrontery to fancy himself a good cricketer. Now I don't care to say much about myself, but if I couldn't have played better than Mr. Philipson I'd have put my head in a bag. You should have seen his bowling! Tom Emmett's "wides" are nothing to it. His arm used to

swing round anywhere, as if he had been a stuffed figure, and the balls went in every direction except that of the wicket. Of course, once in a way, one went straight and perhaps got a fellow out, and that confirmed him in his good opinion of himself; but it was all chance, and a worse bowler I never saw. His batting was a little better, but not much. There was a terrible lot of ceremony when he went in. Like Dr. Grace, he used to mark a line on the ground by scraping it with a bail; then he would spend I don't know how long in flattening the turf in front of the wicket with his bat; and, after all this, he'd as likely as not get out first ball. In short, he was an awful nuisance in our first eleven, and we were always glad of any excuse to keep him out of it.

Well, one Saturday we'd arranged a match with the Chisolm College fellows—awful cads, most of them! still, they knew how to play—and as one of their masters, a tremendous slogger, was going to be one of their eleven, Mr. Philipson, with his usual readiness, offered to play for us. We didn't want it at all. If he played he kept out Simkins, who was a lot better player. But of course we couldn't say that, and we had to put up with him.

It so happened that I had the misfortune to come into collision with him about his old watch on the Saturday morning. It seemed that the silver one had been left at the watch-maker's to be cleaned, and as there was no clock in the class-room he asked me to go to the large schoolroom and bring back the correct time. I merely whispered to the fellow next to me that the family turnip seemed to have gone to pot, when Mr. Philipson stopped me and asked what I was saying. Of course I had to tell him—our fellows never told lies—and he got into a dreadful wax—quite unnecessarily. The upshot of it was that I was told to stop in that afternoon and write out two hundred lines of Greek.

That was all very well, but I knew that the other fellows couldn't do without me in the cricket-match. I was the swell bowler of the school; they all knew that they hadn't a chance against the Chisolm lot without me, and the reputation of the school was at stake. So the big fellows went in a body to the Head—I must say he wasn't a bad sort if you took him properly—and told him exactly how matters stood. I was represented, of course, as being tremendously penitent. I wasn't, but I wanted to play in the match, which came to much the same thing. The Head was very judicious, however; he couldn't do anything without Mr. Philipson's consent, but it was quite clear that he wanted me let off for the reputation of the school. I think he hated Chisolm College quite as much as we did. So they went to Philipson and let him understand pretty plainly what they thought the Head thought about it all, and at last he gave way. As to the bowling, he didn't think that would be of any consequence, as he was quite ready to bowl—he!—but still, if I would make an ample apology, he would let me off. To this I consented. I don't know that the apology was very ample. I merely said I was sorry I had hurt his feelings. Perhaps I said it a little sulkily, and I must say he didn't accept it at all graciously. Still the main point was gained—I was to play in the match. I wasn't particularly grateful, as I knew he'd done it only under a kind of compulsion.

In due time Mr. Philipson came swaggering on to the ground in a pair of flannel trousers, but with his ordinary coat and waistcoat. He could not be separated for an

instant from his beloved watch, and therefore always wore a waistcoat when playing, though he usually took off his coat. I don't wish to be rough on him, but his figure is not adapted for athletic exercises. He is short, and there is a distinct protuberance in front. Besides, he wears spectacles, which he adjusts before the delivery of each ball. It is too ridiculous!

However, a very satisfactory surprise awaited us. The Chisolm master was not there, and the Chisolm fellows accordingly barred our master—that is, Mr. Philipson. How we did chuckle, to be sure! After he had put on his flannel bags, too! But he saw at once that there was no help for it, and made, so to speak, no resistance. All he said was—and it was just like his conceit—"I'm afraid you'll have no chance now."

Well, I took compassion on him so far as to ask him to umpire for us. I think I meant it kindly, but I'm not quite sure about it. At any rate, he didn't take it kindly at all; he granted a good deal, but at last he said he didn't mind. So we gave him a bat—the broken one; there was really only the handle with a lot of twine hanging loose about it—and started the game.

We won the toss, and of course put ourselves in; it's such rot putting the other side in. How do you know if you'll ever get an innings, if they stick as they sometimes do? I went in first with Culverwell. He used to block like anything, and broke the bowling for the others. As for myself, I can't block, it's too slow. I hit at everything, and on my day run up a score pretty quickly.

On this occasion, however, I had only two balls. The first I cut for two; it was a bad stroke, as the ball got up, and I was very nearly caught at cover-point; but that will happen to any one sometimes. The next came to "leg," a beautiful long hop with a pretty good pace on. I turned round just in the nick of time and sent it with all my force to square-leg. I never caught a ball better in my life—just on the driving part of the bat, you know, about four inches from the end. But oh! what an unlucky stroke!

I had seen nothing but the ball, and hardly that, at the moment I struck it. But the next moment I beheld a sight that filled me with dismay. I beheld a short, stout, black-and-white figure doubled up in the air, and the ball rebounding from this figure's stomach. Then I heard a dreadful groan, and saw the figure sprawling face downwards on the ground, and writhing as if in great agony.

Need I say that it was Mr. Philipson? He had been standing as umpire on the "leg" side of the wicket—too close in, for one thing—and had been in the very act of adjusting his spectacles—such an idiotic trick—at the very instant I made my hit; so that he had not seen the ball until he felt it in his stomach.

Of course I was very sorry and a good deal frightened. He made such a frightful row that I thought he must be going to die, and that I should be had up for manslaughter. I ran up to him and said how sorry I was, but he took no notice of the apology. The match had to be stopped, and we helped him into the house. As we were playing on our own ground we hadn't far to go with him, which was lucky, as he was an awful weight. However, when we had got him into an armchair, and he had had some brandy, he began to get better, and Simkins whispered to me that he didn't think he was going to die after all. This was the first bit of comfort I'd had, and I was very grateful for it, as, up to that time, I had looked forward to nothing but an inquest. Simkins, of course, was glad, too, in

a way; but, still, there was something in his tone which seemed to imply that such a very rapid recovery wasn't quite what we had a right to expect after an exciting incident like this.

Mr. Philipson's first question was, "Where are my glasses?" They had, no doubt, fallen off whilst he was doubling himself up in the air, and one of the boys ran out to look for them. He returned almost immediately with an awe-struck expression of face and handed Mr. Philipson what was left of the glasses. It wasn't very much.

"If you please, sir," said the boy, "it was Powles who picked it up. That was all he could find, but he's looking for some more now."

"What an excessively silly boy!" said Mr. Philipson. "As if these fragments were of any conceivable use!" And he tossed them irritably out of his hand.

Then he turned to me with an aggrieved expression on his face, and said,

"I couldn't have believed you would have been so malicious, Goodenough."

"Please, sir, you don't think I did it on purpose!" I exclaimed, indignantly.

Mr. Philipson did not find it convenient to answer this question directly, but he answered it indirectly with a groan. Then a terrible thought occurred to him:

"I wonder if it has injured the watch?" he murmured, putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket. A ghastly expression came over his face as his fingers fumbled in the pocket. At last, not without difficulty, he extracted something which may be described as the battered hulk of the precious heir-loom. The glass was gone, the enamelled face was cracked in all directions, no hands were visible, and the back had a frightful dent in it. As I said before, I never caught a ball to leg better than I did that one.

Mr. Philipson, still groaning, laid the precious but mutilated mass down on the table before him. Then he sent his fore-finger on

a fishing excursion into his pocket, whence it returned bleeding from the broken glass that now lined that receptacle. This did not tend to make him more cheerful.

"It is absolutely ruined," he said.

This might have been said of it as a time-piece ever since I had known it, but there could be no doubt that whatever beauty it had once possessed had now left it. And it was I who, however unintentionally, had inflicted this cruel blow. I was really sorry, and did my best to convince Mr. Philipson of the fact. I am afraid I was not very successful.

"Pray be silent," he said. "The mischief is done, and all your professions of sorrow won't mend matters."

He spoke vindictively, and laid an unjust and disagreeable emphasis on the word "professions." I said no more, and just at this moment a servant entered with a note in a greasy blue envelope. Mr. Philipson opened it a little incautiously, and changed colour as he read it. Then he thrust it hastily into his pocket.

"Man's waiting for an answer, sir," said the servant.

"Tell him to call again," said Mr. Philipson, in an embarrassed manner.

Meanwhile, one of the boys had been subjecting the watch to a somewhat closer inspection. To his astonishment, he found that the outer case was double, and the blow that it had received had forced the two layers of gold a little apart at the edges. It was more especially this thick, double back which gave the watch such a clumsy appearance.

The boy pointed out his discovery to Mr. Philipson, who only sighed and said, "Yes; it is—or rather was—a very remarkable watch. I shall never have another like it."

Thinking that this was probable enough, we all took a kind of last look at the battered relic. I was so situated that I could see into the little chink between the double plates of the back part of the case, and it seemed to

me that something lay between them. I drew Mr. Philipson's attention to the circumstance. At first he declined to look, and requested me not to talk nonsense. But when Simkins confirmed my statement, he condescended to examine for himself.

"Yes," he said, "there is certainly something there, but what can it be? It is very curious. Lend me a knife, some one."

I lent him my combination knife. He hesitated a moment before plunging the blade into the body of his beloved heir-loom; but curiosity at last prevailed. After some exertion, he managed to separate the plates, and lo! between them there lay, folded into a very small compass and crushed very flat, a piece of flimsy paper. Mr. Philipson unfolded it. We all crowded closer. It was a bank-note for £100!

It was never discovered exactly how it got there, but it was supposed that Mr. Philipson's grandfather must have concealed it in that way at the wreck of his fortunes, and had died suddenly without revealing the secret.

All I know is that the occurrence entirely altered my relations to Mr. Philipson. That very evening he asked me to tea, and, during the meal, said most graciously several times over: "I know it was quite an accident, Goodenough, and it really was a splendid hit. Personally, I have never known a better—no, never."

Another remarkable thing was that the man who had brought the note in the greasy blue envelope only called once more. And yet, up to that time he had been haunting the house as if it were his main occupation in life to do so.

Mr. Philipson has now a school of his own, and he and I are very good friends. I cannot honestly say that I think much more of his cricket than I did formerly—in fact, he has gone off, if anything—but, in other respects, I freely allow that I did not do him justice. He is really a most kind-hearted man.

CHESS.

(Continued from p. 720.)

FRANKENSTEIN'S PROBLEMS.

AFTER Andrews's Problems we come to those by E. N. Frankenstein, which occupy Nos. 67 to 130, 345 to 356, and 391 to 396 in the book, most of them in two or three moves, only eight in four moves, and the self-mates in from two to ten moves. They are nearly all meritorious and difficult in their solutions, and arranged in pleasing positions, particularly the Bishops are often well employed. The student should especially try Nos. 68, 72, 73, 78, 79, 81, 84, 89, 90, 93, 97, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 107, 111, 112, 113, 116, 126, 128, and 129. No. 109 is a correct form of the idea of No. 99, for the main variation of the latter can be solved in two moves. No. 107 has been published in several periodicals, and as it has a very clever key move we give it here as

Problem No. 182.

White, K—Q B 2; Q—K R 3; Bs—Q R 2 and 3; Kts—Q R 8 and K R 2; Ps—Q 2 and K Kt 5. Black, K—K 4; R—K Kt 2; B—K 2; Ps—K B 3, K R 4 and 5. White mates in three moves.

The self-mates contain a good variety of play in Nos. 345, 354, and 356.

LAW'S PROBLEMS.

The stratagems by this author are numbered 131 to 236, 357 to 368, and 397 to 400, and comprise many fine themes and positions in two, three, and four, also a few in five, moves. The self-mates, Nos. 357 to 368, extend from two to nine moves, and give a good deal of work to the solver. No. 131, 149, and 158 are well worth solving, and 132 is one of the finest two-movers ever composed, thus:

Problem No. 183.

White, K—K R 2; Q—Q 2; Bs—Q Kt 2 and Q B 6; Kts—Q 4 and K B 5; Ps—Q Kt 4, K Kt 6, and K R 5. Black, K—K 4; B—K B sq.; Kt—K sq.; Ps.—Q B 2, K 2 and K Kt 2. White mates in two moves.

Among the three-movers we recommend Nos. 160, 163, 167, 171, 207, and 214, and among the four and five movers Nos. 216, 218, 232, and 235. The twelve self-mates are all ingenious. Several show pretty themes with the Bishops, others illustrate pretty play with the Knights in an equally marked degree, and one exhibits fine play with Rooks and Queens. The end-game, No. 400, is elaborate in its solution. The saying "Simplicity is beauty" can well be

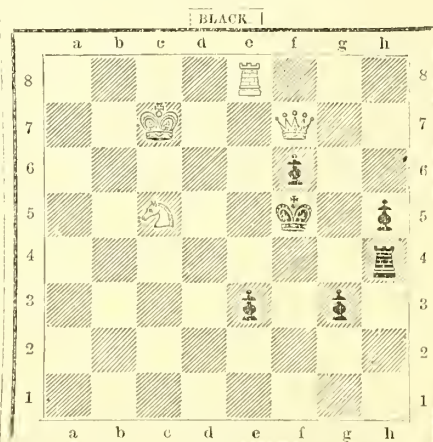
applied to Nos. 163 and 171, which are the following two:

Problem No. 184.

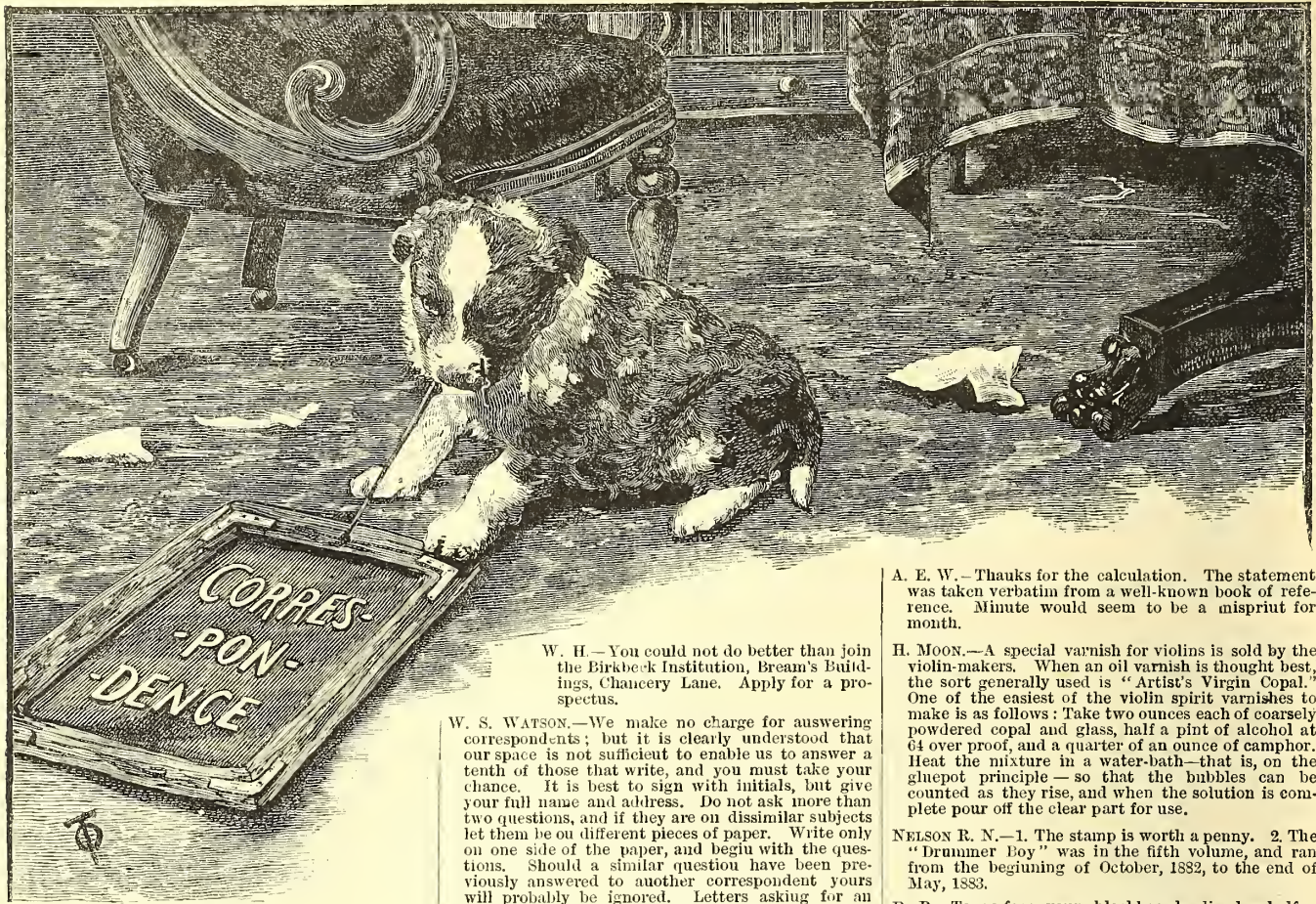
White, K—Q R 4; Q—Q R 6; B—K sq.; Kts—K 3 and K B 5. Black, K—K B 6; B—K R 8; P—Q 4. White mates in three moves.

Problem No. 185.

By E. G. LAWS.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.



W. H.—You could not do better than join the Birkbeck Institution, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane. Apply for a prospectus.

W. S. WATSON.—We make no charge for answering correspondents; but it is clearly understood that our space is not sufficient to enable us to answer a tenth of those that write, and you must take your chance. It is best to sign with initials, but give your full name and address. Do not ask more than two questions, and if they are on dissimilar subjects let them be on different pieces of paper. Write only on one side of the paper, and begin with the questions. Should a similar question have been previously answered to another correspondent yours will probably be ignored. Letters asking for an answer next week, next number, or next month, are promptly put in the waste-paper basket. It is simply impossible to comply with such a request. We never answer by post, not even if a stamp is enclosed.

BARON J. T. D.—1. Davies is a Welsh name. It is derived from David, and means the son of David, or Davidson. W in Welsh is pronounced like two separate n's, the sound being not quite so long as oo—Cwm is thus Coom, nearly. The u sound is almost that of the French u, being short and light. Double d is the same as th with us, and y is the same as i, hence Gryffydd is pronounced Griffith. Ll is Thl, or rather Hl, if you can manage it. 2. Apply to Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 3. Cannes is pronounced Cann, with the a sounded as in father.

SCOTIA.—We do not know a first-rate place for a secondhand pair of Indian clubs, but you can buy clubs new for two shillings the four-pound pair. Average the price at sixpence per pound unpolished, and ninepence polished. One of the makers is F. H. Ayres, 111, Aldersgate Street; but all stores and cricket outfitters supply them.

C. H. E.—1. The butterfly is found in the far north. Butterflies were caught by the officers of the Alert and Discovery in the last Arctic expedition; this is the highest latitude in which they are at present known to exist. 2. There are about 15,000 species of Lepidoptera at present known, and being about a thirteenth of the 200,000 species estimated to exist. The most numerous order is the Coleoptera, of which about 50,000 species are recognised. 3. There are supposed to be some 1,500,000 species of insects actually inhabiting the earth's surface, but many of them are minute. 4. Cold climates have their insects as well as hot climates. The Arctic Expedition above mentioned brought home five Hymenoptera (two humble-bees), one Coleopter, thirteen Lepidoptera, fifteen Diptera, one Hemipter, seven Mallophaga, and three Collembola.

B. F. Y.—The "History of France" by Victor Duruy might suit you. It is published by Hachette and Co., and contains quite a number of portraits and views of public buildings. It is in two volumes.

MONK.—1. Thurn was a Cistercian monastery. Other Cistercian monasteries, of which there were two hundred in this country, were Abbey Dore, Fountains, Kirkstall, Netley, Buildwas, and Melrose. 2. The monks wore a white dress, consisting of a uarrow tunic and long robe with sleeves, with a cord round the waist. They did not wear cowls, or shirts, or gloves, or boots; but they wore shoes and stockings. 3. The friars were not monks. They were "brethren," and had no officers. Individually and collectively they were vowed to poverty, but they did not continue poor. They were preachers, and generally lived in towns, like the Augustinian canons.

A. E. W.—Thanks for the calculation. The statement was taken verbatim from a well-known book of reference. Minute would seem to be a misprint for month.

H. MOON.—A special varnish for violins is sold by the violin-makers. When an oil varnish is thought best, the sort generally used is "Artist's Virgin Copal." One of the easiest of the violin spirit varnishes to make is as follows: Take two ounces each of coarsely powdered copal and glass, half a pint of alcohol at 64 over proof, and a quarter of an ounce of camphor. Heat the mixture in a water-bath—that is, on the gheupot principle—so that the bubbles can be counted as they rise, and when the solution is complete pour off the clear part for use.

NELSON R. N.—1. The stamp is worth a penny. 2. The "Drummer Boy" was in the fifth volume, and ran from the beginning of October, 1882, to the end of May, 1883.

B. P.—To re-face your blackboards dissolve half a pound of shellac in half a gallon of 95 per cent. alcohol, and then add to it a quarter of a pound of ivory-black, two and a half ounces of finest flour emery, and two ounces of ultramarine blue. Clean the boards free from grease, and apply the slating from a dish with a varnish-brush. Keep the bottle well corked, and shake it up before you pour out the liquid. This preparation will do as a finishing coat to the old colour.

ÆOLIAN HARPS.—See "Æolian Harps, and how to make them," in No. 256.

E. W. W.—For fire-extinguishing solution add to every two gallons of water three pounds of the following mixture: Eight parts of carbonate of soda, four parts of alum, three parts of borax, one part of carbonate of potash, and twenty-four parts of silicate of soda solution. Taking the parts as pounds, this mixture will be sufficient for twenty-seven gallons of water.

J. PERRIN.—The cleansing of the stables of Augeas was one of the twelve labours of Hercules. He cleared it out in one day by turning two rivers into it.

V. THOMPSON.—It is not compulsory for candidates for ordination into the Church of England to have been educated at Oxford or Cambridge, but it is usually the case that they are so.

R. C. SMITH.—You will get such a book on Nautical Astronomy from J. W. Potter, in the Poultry; or C. Wilson, of the Minorities.

G. R. S.—Running-pants are made of silk or thin flannel, and the vests are of the same, the lighter the better. You could get them made through any hosier or shirtmaker.

HERR TRUFFELSDROCKH.—Write direct for particulars to the Secretary, University of Aberdeen. The total fees for the arts course are about £37. There are 146 Competition Bursaries, and 78 Presentation Bursaries.

R. MCRAE.—1. You lithograph on stone, not on wood. The very word—from lithos, a stone—should have kept you right. 2. The best remedies for a red nose are early rising and good digestion. 3. Southern New South Wales.

H. G. WALKER.—There are some striking chorals for piano practice in the Jubilee edition of "Hamilton's Instructor."

H. WYLLYS.—"The Silver Coins of England," and "The Gold Coins of England," published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, are in the first rank. If you mean British coins only, there is Mr. John Evans's "Ancient British Coinage."

GALATEA.—1. Send threepence for a copy of "The Model Yachtsman" to Mr. Grassam, High Street, Hull. 2. The coloured plates are only issued with our monthly parts.

C. EATON and R. H.—Recruits for the Foot Guards must be 34in. round the chest, 5ft. 6in. high, and weigh 125lb. If they are 5ft. 3in. high they must measure 35in. round the chest, and weigh 130lb. If they are 5ft. 4in. high they must measure 33in. round the chest, and weigh 120lb., but when recruiting is brisk short men are not taken.

S. W.—It is probably the ammoniacal fumes that act on the inferior varnish. Give more ventilation in the stable, and keep the litter cleaner.

MAP.—Size the map with the best size. You can make some for yourself by dissolving a little isinglass in a teacup. Varnish with artist's copal.

TALAVERA.—Your bookseller must have had some ulterior reason for his reply. The firm is one of the best-known in London, and the book is well known. Try another bookseller; give him the full title, "Lessons in Shorthand on Gurney's System," by R. E. Miller, published by L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.

P. BRAZENDALE.—Nelson's signal was as we gave it in the coloured plate in our last volume: "England expects every man will do his duty." It is on the wheel of H.M.S. Victory at Portsmouth.

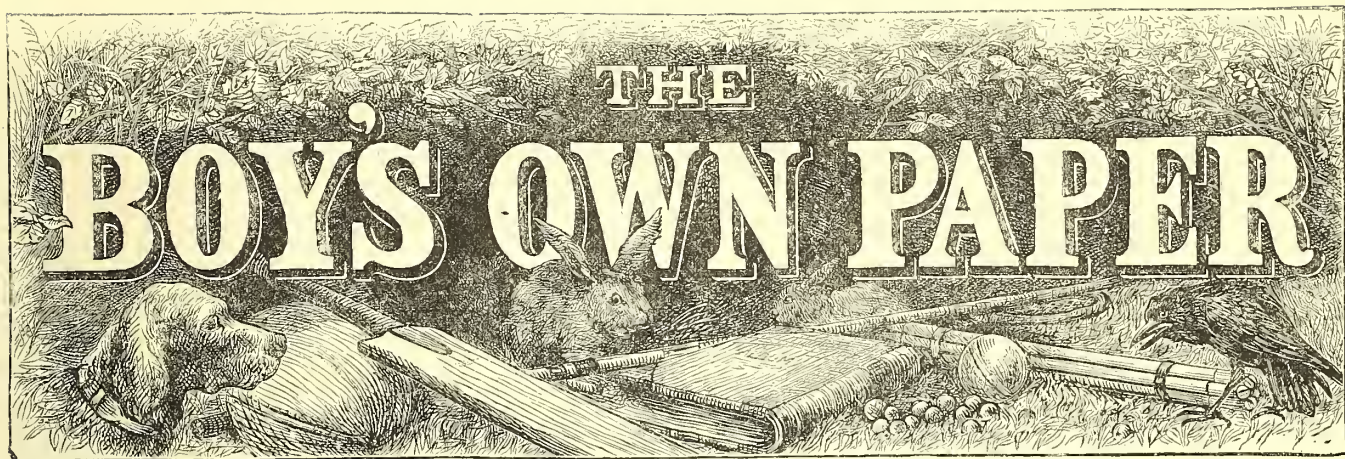
J. E. H.—1. Soft lead is probably tinfoil or tea-chest lead. 2. Any fine canvas from any rope or tent-maker's. 3. Try Griffiths, in Long Acre, corner of Garrick Street. The names you give are a century old, and will make the shopman smile. You must have copied them from some old book.

ONYX.—We have quite exhausted the subject in articles by professional judges and others; and we must wait for some time.

J. W. HAIGH.—A plan of the new Eddystone lighthouse was given in the "Engineer." A letter to the Secretary, Trinity House, Tower Hill, would procure you full particulars.

R. B. O. P. (Nottingham).—The Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports dates from 1073, the first having been made by William the Conqueror. The last four have been the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Dalhousie, Lord Palmerston, and Earl Granville.

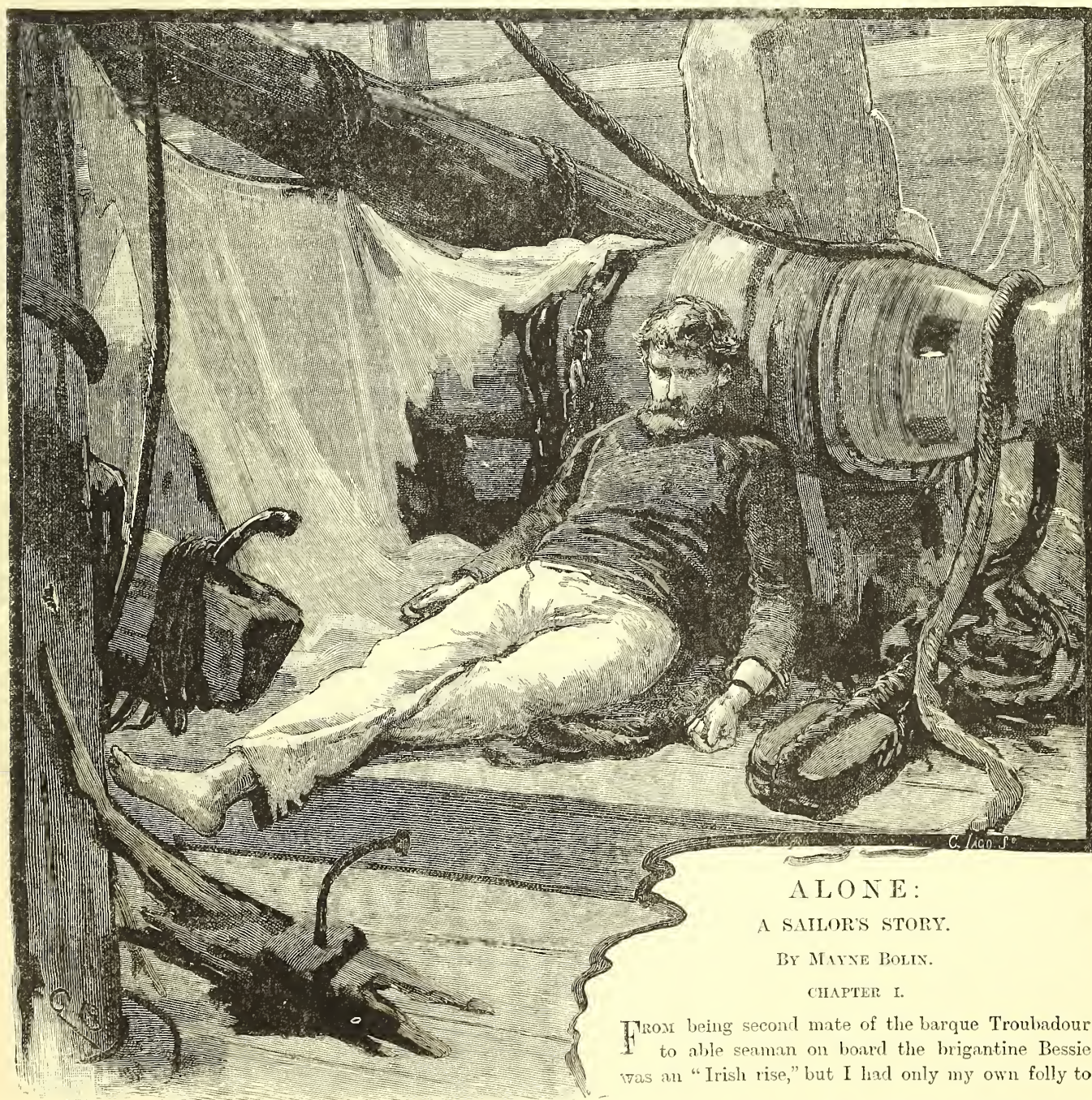
GOSPORT.—The particulars are liable to sudden alteration. It is therefore best to apply to the official source. A letter to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Cannon Row, S.W., would procure you the information by return of post.



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ALONE:
A SAILOR'S STORY.

BY MAYNE BOLIN.

CHAPTER I.

FROM being second mate of the barque Troubadour to able seaman on board the brigantine Bessie was an "Irish rise," but I had only my own folly to

A terrible time.

thank for it. I was but a young man, and when I received my eleven months' pay from the Troubadour I got into bad hands and entered upon a spell of the most senseless extravagance, such as is unhappily too common among "paid-off" sailors. A fortnight brought me to the end of my tether, and I found myself hard up; so when I heard that the Bessie wanted a crew I went on board and offered myself to the mate and was engaged. The ship was a smart brigantine of a hundred and seventy tons register, and was loading coal for Rio Janeiro.

Disgusted with myself and my folly, I was only too glad to get away, and was morose and dissatisfied with everything until we were running down Channel before a fresh, cold, easterly wind.

My shipmates were an ordinary set of British seamen, with nothing remarkable about any of them, and the first part of the voyage was merely the usual routine of watch-and-watch.

We had reached the thirty-third degree of north latitude and the twenty-sixth of west longitude, when, having carried a fine northerly breeze for some days, it fell calm. A long swell was rolling up from the south-west, and in that quarter a yellowish arch of misty looking cloud, the upper edge fringed with ragged wisps of those delicate lace-like storm clouds, called by sailors "mare's tails," was rising. The glass, which had been abnormally high for some days, began to fall rapidly; and as night closed in the wind came away at first in light fitful puffs, and then in a steadily and rapidly increasing breeze.

The next morning found us under the balance-reefed mainsail, hove-to on the port tack with the wind blowing a gale from the south-west. The weather overhead kept fine, but the sky had that "greasy" appearance which betokens rain, and the pale vapour-like arch in the south-west had given place to an inky bank of hard-looking clouds, whose upper edge was torn and ragged by the force of the wind which was fast driving it towards us.

By eight bells in the morning watch the cloud-bank had spread itself over the whole heavens, and it began to rain, the wind still continuing a hard gale. After about eight hours of this the wind lulled all at once, but the rain increased until it fell in a perfect deluge.

It was now quite calm, with a tremendous confused sea rolling and surging up around us "like a boiling pot." Although early in the evening, the dense blackness of the clouds made it almost dark. The ship was rolling and labouring frightfully in the heavy cross-swell, for the sea had begun to run from the north-west, giving sure indication of what we too well knew was coming. Our close-reefed mainsail flapped with tremendous cracks like the report of guns as the ship violently lurched from side to side.

At length, just as the darkness of the night was beginning to gather, a pale sickly light began to steal into the north-west sky, growing with startling rapidity until a fast-rising arch of greenish light was plainly visible through the veil of driving rain which surrounded us. Only a few minutes and it burst upon us. There was no time to do anything to alter the position of the ship, if we had been able, and, utterly becalmed as we were, we were helpless enough, when the wind

struck us with terrific fury square on the starboard beam, laying the poor Bessie over on her side until we thought she would capsize altogether.

The frightful rush of the hurricane meeting the seas rolling up from the opposite direction churned the water into a blinding chaos of boiling foam, which, coupled with the awful uproar of the howling, shrieking wind, made the scene indescribably terrible. Clinging to whatever we had been able to lay hands on, we could only crouch breathless and half-blinded by the fierce wind and drenching torrents of foam and spray. From my position under the weather bulwark I could see, perhaps, better than the others what our peril was, and I struggled to make my way aft to the captain for orders. I knew something must be done, and that at once. Our only chance was to cut away the masts and allow the ship to right herself.

With great difficulty I reached the half-poop, where I knew the captain was standing before the hurricane struck us. I found him holding with both hands to the weather poop rails, and hauling myself hand-over-hand along the rail, I got close to him. I saw his lips move, but such was the deafening roar of the furious wind that I heard no sound. I put my arm around him, and placed my ear close to his mouth.

"Cut away the foremast," he shouted. I simply nodded my head, and together we crawled forward. Passing the mate and two of the hands clinging to the pin-rail under the main rigging, I beckoned them to follow, and waiting until the mate came up to me I screamed into his ear,

"We are going to cut away the foremast!" and then made my way under the weather bulwark towards the fore-scuttle for the carpenter's axe. It was by this time quite dark in the fore-castle, but I remembered having seen the axe laid under a bunk at the fore-end of the place, and I thought I could easily lay my hands on it.

Holding on by the edge of the weather-bunks, I carefully felt my way forward, until all at once I felt my wet hands slip and my feet give way as the vessel gave a tremendous lurch. I felt a sensation of falling—a crash—and I knew no more.

* * * *

Gurgle—gurgle—gurgle! Lap! lap! Sve-e-e-esh! Bobble, bobble, bobble! Squeak—ueak—ueak! Groan!

Such the sounds. The sight—black darkness.

A human being is just awaking from nothingness to the world—from chaos to reason. He lays shrouded in darkness—where, he knows not. Consciousness is dawning upon him. He begins to be dimly aware that he is alive and of this world; but where he is, under what conditions he lives, where he is from, and how he came where he is, wherever that may be, he knows not.

The "swish—swe-e-sh! gurgle, gurgle! —squeak-eak-eak!" goes on.

These are the sounds which greet his awakening ears. He can see nothing.

There he lies, wondering, in a hazy, dreamy fashion, in what part of the world he is—whether he is afloat or ashore (for he is a sailor), and even whether he is in this world or another.

Surely that gurgling and swishing,

which is constantly in his ears, is the noise of moving water. And that squeaking and creaking has a familiar sound, but what is it?

He raises his head to endeavour to peer through the pitchy darkness, and is immediately conscious of an excruciating pain darting and crashing through his brain. Only lazily curious as to his surroundings, he lays back his head again, for no knowledge as to his whereabouts will repay him for that sharp, racking pain. And so he lay, dimly wondering what had come over him, and why he was thus lying in pain and in darkness.

And so the lap! lap! lap!—swish, swish, swe-e-sh!—bobble, bobble! mingled with squeaking, creaking, and groaning, went on incessantly, and might have been going on for days or weeks or years for aught I know; for that poor bruised wretch, unconscious of everything but that he lived and was in pain, and tortured by a raging thirst, was I.

How long I lay there I do not know to this day; I have no idea whether it was a day or a week. But at length the torturing thirst and the instinct of self-preservation overcame the numb apathy which held my faculties, and, in spite of the terrible aching in my head, I endeavoured to look up and feel around me in the hope of discovering where I was. Looking up through the pitchy blackness I saw above me a dimly-defined square of what seemed, compared with the darkness around me, light. For a long time I lay and wondered what this could be. Then, with great pain and difficulty, I turned myself over on my hands and knees and began to slowly crawl about, feeling as I went for something by which I could identify my locality. At length I came to a wall or bulkhead of planks. I must then be on board ship; the wash, wash of water beneath me, and the incessant creaking around me, confirmed this idea. But what ship? Crawling along by the wall or ship's side, or whatever it was, I touched a projection. Feeling upward along it, I found it to be a ladder, fastened to the side of my prison, and evidently leading upward to the square of light above me. Then it dawned upon me where I was, then it all came back to me—how I had been going for the axe, and had fallen. I was down in the fore-peak of the Bessie. The hatch must have been left off, or have been thrown off, when the vessel heeled over, and I had, being unaware of this, walked over it and fallen down. But why had not some one missed me and been to search for me before this? I knew I must have been lying there at least a whole day, and probably much longer, and in that time my absence must have been noticed, and surely some one would naturally come to the fore-castle in search of me, and, seeing the peak-hatch off, would ascertain whether I was down there or not.

Painfully dragging myself into an erect position by the rungs of the ladder, my every limb seemed of much more than its natural weight; and, standing up, a fit of giddiness came over me, and the darkness seemed to whirl round me and sway from side to side. I clutched desperately at the ladder with a great horror of falling until this passed off, and then slowly, and with great labour, I dragged my weakened frame out of that black-hole with a frenzied longing for water, light,

and air. Reaching the fore-castle, I carefully felt my way by the edge of the bunks until my hand struck something cold and hard. It was a sailor's "hook-pot," hanging to the bunk-board. Eagerly I lifted it, and it was full! I do not know to this day what it contained—probably tea or coffee, but to me it was nectar.

Refreshed, I gained the ladder. The scuttle was closed, but I could see the blessed daylight shining through the chinks, and the sight increased my eagerness to be on deck. Climbing the ladder, I opened the short, low doors and crept through. What a sight met my eyes!

The once gallant and beautiful Bessie was a wreck. Ruin and desolation were on every hand. The foremast was gone, having been cut close above the deck. Bulwarks, boats, galley, all were swept away. The main hatches were off, and the hatchway open to the sea.

But where were the hands? Not a soul was to be seen. Could they be in the cabin? That was very unlikely. More probably they were in the hold, perhaps trimming the cargo over to bring the ship upright, for she still had a strong list.

Slowly and painfully I dragged myself along on hands and knees, for, weak and dizzy as I was, I was afraid to trust myself on my feet on the rolling deck.

I called down the hatchway again and again, and strained my ears to catch a reply, but all was silent. Then a terrible fear came on me. With feverish haste I crept aft and reached the low poop. Instinctively I looked for the helmsman; none was there. No need to go down to the cabin. No need for further search, the awful truth was there staring me in the face from that deserted wheel as it idly swung and spun from side to side.

The ship was abandoned, and I was alone. Alone in mid-ocean, on board that crippled, disabled wreck!

Though I had had a vague fear of this from the moment I found the deck tenantless, the verification of this fear overwhelmed me with despair, and small wonder that, weak and ill as I was, I threw myself at length on the deck, and wept and groaned in bitterness of spirit, and inveighed against my shipmates for their treachery. Had they made any search before leaving the ship, they must have found me, I thought; and again I used bitter words against them. Yes, I, poor miserable wretch, in greater peril than I knew of, for I was stricken with a deadly sickness, presumed to curse my fellows. God knows that both they and I had greater need of my prayers.

(To be continued.)

THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER;

OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

By PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc. etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

NOT long afterwards an incident occurred which had great results for Lee, results which lasted longer than his schooldays. Miss Calcott had obtained at a raffle at a bazaar a plaster image of Flora, about three feet high, with which she was greatly delighted. This figure she placed in a secluded nook of the garden near a summer-house.

This summer-house was situated near the palings which separated the garden from the playground. The playground, which was distinct from the cricket-field, was the favourite place for most games which did not require a large expanse. After Easter, "fender" was in vogue, a game peculiar to the school and played with a small hard ball and a short-handled bat. The main object was to drive the ball between two stumps without touching either.

The palings formed a useful "backstop," but it occasionally happened that a wild shot or an unlucky ricochet sent the ball over the palings into the shrubbery. To go into the garden was breaking bounds, so to avoid the risk of punishment the boys had a collection of long sticks with crooks with which they could often manage to recover the ball without climbing over.

Occasionally the ball could not be reached with the poles, and if another ball were not forthcoming some boy was pretty sure to hop over the palings and bring it back. In the summer the risk was not great, as the shrubbery was thickly grown.

Old John, the porter, had instructions to throw back all balls he found, but it was scarcely to be expected that an exciting game could be allowed to stand undecided until John chose to wander through the garden and throw back the balls.

A more than usually exciting game was going on one afternoon, and several balls had been totally lost. When the game was nearly over only one ball was left,

and that went over the palings owing to an unfortunate shot of Lee's.

"Now young 'un, over you go," cried one of the boys: "we haven't time to poke about for it."

Lee without hesitation climbed over, but could not find it.

"Look by the summer-house," suggested Carpenter.

Lee scrambled through the intervening mass of bushes with his hands before his head to protect his face from scratches, consequently he could not see where he was going very well. Before he knew what he had done he had stumbled against the plaster Flora, of whose presence he was ignorant.

The statue toppled over. Lee made a wild grasp at it and caught it. But the shock was too violent; its head broke off.

Lee was terribly frightened, but with a boy's instinct to conceal his guilt he hastily replaced the head as well as he could. The missing ball was lying at his feet: he picked it up and was back again in the playground in a couple of seconds.

"What a time you've been," said Ward, a big boy. "Hurry up now."

The Markiss was "fending." As luck would have it, the very next ball glanced off his bat and flew over the palings at his back.

"Oh! bother it all: it's bewitched!" cried the Markiss. He did not wait to be told what he was expected to do: he was excited by the match, and fetching a ball was a venial offence. He was over the shrubbery in a twinkling.

He pushed his way through the bushes, following Lee's track. Like Lee, too, he stumbled over the last branch of ivy, and to save himself put out his hand.

He seized the unfortunate Flora without having time to see what it was. Off came her head.

"Whew! here's a go!" he thought. "I've done it now."

He picked up the head, which was somewhat damaged by its two falls, and replaced it on its shoulders. Then he found a ball and made the best of his way back.

In two minutes more he had won the game for his side. But two of the players wished fenders farther for once.

Lee spent an unhappy evening: he expected every minute to see the Doctor appear with anger on his brow. What a bad half-hour he would be in for when it was found out!

But need it ever be found out? No one knew he had touched the statue: none of the boys knew of its existence. Perhaps the Doctor would imagine it was broken before it was put up (a rather desperate hope).

Then another idea occurred to him. He was not the first boy who had been over the palings since Easter: how was he to know that some other fellow had not met with a similar accident previously? Really it was far from unlikely: any one creeping through the bushes would run against the statue before he knew where he was.

Lee did not do much preparation that evening. He was constantly expecting the Doctor to appear. Yet, when he did, it was not without a sinking sensation that Lee saw him enter.

He mounted his desk, Mr. Mayhew making way for him.

Nothing happened, however. He spoke a few words in an undertone to Mr. Mayhew and then left the room.

Some of the boys wondered what was up, but only two had any idea of the real state of affairs. After preparation was over Mr. Mayhew beckoned the Markiss to him and talked with him a little while.

Lee was in an agony. When the conversation was over he crept up to the Markiss and asked him eagerly what Mr. Mayhew had been saying to him.

The Markiss looked astonished, as well he might.

"You may as well know if you want to, little 'un," he replied; "it will be common property to-morrow. I've broken a statue of Miss Calcott's, and the Doctor guessed it must have been done by somebody's breaking bounds. Mayhew knew I was playing by the summer-house this afternoon and told me to tell the fellows it was found out, and that it would save time and trouble to confess. So I pleaded guilty and have to see the Doctor to-morrow."

"But did you do it?"

"Of course, or I shouldn't have owned to it, I reckon. I tumbled against it this afternoon."

Lee tried to speak, but at this moment the boys moved off to prayers, and he was swept along.

Lee's thoughts were in a turmoil. His first idea was that the Markiss had confessed himself guilty to screen him, then that the Markiss had really broken the figure on a previous occasion. But gradually the truth of the matter became clearer and clearer. There was not the slightest doubt that the Markiss was about to receive some condign punishment for an offence of which he was not guilty.

"What shall I do?" said Lee to himself. "I shall get into fearful trouble if I confess, and the Markiss won't get it half so hot, for the Doctor likes him. And, after all, he did break the wretched thing in a sort of way."

This reasoning, however, was not proof against the influences of prayers. Lee did not pay much attention to prayers as a rule, but on this night they seemed to enforce themselves on his attention, and before he rose from his knees his mind was made up.

"Can I speak to you, sir?" he said to Mr. Mayhew, as the boys trooped off to bed.

"Yes; what is it?"

"Please, sir, it was I who broke the statue this afternoon. It wasn't the Markiss."

"The which?"

"Macintosh I mean, sir."

"But he told me he did it."

"He didn't sir, really; I went over after a ball, and fell against it" (meaning the statue), "and the head came off and I stuck it on again."

Mr. Mayhew looked puzzled.

"But Macintosh must have been breaking bounds too, or how could he imagine he broke the statue?"

"He went over after me, sir."

"Very well; you can go to bed."

Mr. Mayhew interviewed the Markiss and told him what Lee had said.

"You will of course take the usual punishment for breaking bounds. Macintosh, but you may consider yourself innocent, apparently, of the further offence."

"Very well, sir," was the Markiss's reply.

A message came up for Lee shortly afterwards. He dressed and went downstairs. The Doctor sent him up again in a couple of minutes, but those two minutes long lingered unpleasantly in his memory.

But he had his compensation. The Markiss found him next morning painfully toiling at the imposition which the Doctor had given him. Certainly it was a nuisance, just as the weather had turned kindly for cricket.

"Well young 'un," said the Markiss,

sitting down opposite him and leaning his head on his hands and his elbows on the desk. "In trouble again, I see."

"Yes, bother it all," replied Lee, not without a smile though. "You're in for it too, aren't you?"

"O yes, I've got my hundred lines, but I've done them long ago. I thought you promised me you wouldn't get into any more rows?"

This came so comically from the boy who was guilty of precisely the same offence, that Lee stopped writing and began to laugh.

"I hear you've been taking liberties with the goddess Flora," continued the Markiss; "knocking off her head and so on, which shows an improper spirit in a boy who has had the advantage of a classical education. Nice old specimen of a goddess she is too; made of the rottenest plaster ever baked. It's my idea somebody's been swindled over that emblem of heathenism."

"She did go to pieces pretty easy," said Lee.

"So I found, but then you started her vertebre. Still I smashed her nose, I believe. Is the Doctor going to make you pay for it?"

"Yes, ten shillings," replied Lee, sadly, thinking how the fine would cripple his resources to the end of the half.

"Well, I must see about that," said the Markiss. "If you stand the lines I must stand the coin. I've got a half-sovereign knocking about somewhere that isn't much good to me: I don't see what a fellow wants with money, do you?"

Lee intimated it was useful sometimes. He was certainly of the same opinion when he found that the Markiss had paid his fine for him.

"I can't say," went on the Markiss, "that I approve of youngsters hopping over palings after fender balls. A boy who breaks bounds requires looking after, and I'm going to lay myself out to look after you. When are you going to get clear of this job?"

"Not till Thursday, I'm afraid: I've got a barrellful of it to do."

"Thursday, eh? Well, what do you say to coming with me down to Bob's and seeing what sort of tuck-out he can give us?"

"Bob's" was the best pastry-cook in the town, and Lee but seldom knew the pleasure of a raid on his stores. He accepted the invitation without much hesitation.

The Markiss never thanked him in so many words for the good turn he had done him, but Lee, who knew him pretty well by this time, was not surprised. He thanked him in deeds, however, and Lee found his school life much happier. Not that the Markiss petted him, far from it; but in many little ways he befriended him and showed confidence in him. He had a way of taking the small boy's arm which made him as proud as Punch. It was better than being Bucknill's protégé.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WITH the Doctor's constant supervision and Mr. Mayhew's firm discipline the school recovered gradually from the evil condition into which it had fallen. Bucknill was absolutely afraid to risk any more disgrace; he dreaded expulsion, which he knew would entail terrible trouble from his father. The monitors were too firmly reinstated to make any

attempt at abolishing them worth trying, so Emiss and the other ringleaders desisted from their efforts. The great petition never reached the Doctor.

Ingram got into trouble not long after, having been discovered by the Doctor in the town without leave with two of his chums in tow, also without leave. It was impossible to overlook such an offence, especially as the Doctor already had his doubts about his trustworthiness as a monitor; he was deposed, and the Markiss elevated in his place, although he was only in the fifth form. But there was no rule against the elevation of a fifth-form boy, and no appointment could have been more popular.

The Markiss had another piece of good fortune during the same week. He received a registered letter containing two five-pound notes. There was no accompanying letter, so he remained in ignorance of what had become of the unhappy house-master, or how he had managed to raise the money.

"Poor fellow!" said the Markiss to himself, as he pocketed the cash, which he had never expected to see again: "I'd give it back again with pleasure to know he'd got over his troubles. I'm afraid he was too far gone, though. Well, it's never too late to mend, nor, for that matter, to do the other thing, so let's be careful. It doesn't do to be proud because one isn't a defaulter. A lot I have to be proud of, at any rate!"

He laughed at the idea of his being self-satisfied, and strode across the field to show Lee how to meet a twist from the leg, seeing that Carpenter, who had a tremendous break, was scattering his stamps every other ball.

Farewell, Markiss! would that there were more boys like you, in spite of the fact that you never could get into the sixth form. But a kind heart and upright conscience are of more value even than classics and mathematics, and those every one can possess, though these may be beyond his powers.

(THE END.)



"BOY'S OWN" HOME OF REST.

Collecting Cards may still be had. It is particularly requested that all cards which have been out more than three months be returned IMMEDIATELY. Readers wishing to continue the good work will gladly be supplied with fresh cards.

TOM SAUNDERS:

HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

BY COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,

Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.



We had paddled and drifted along all night, passing by several islands and villages, and being occasionally scared by the blowing of hippopotami, which we startled as we floated past, and at daylight landed on an island where we lighted a fire and managed to cook some food. Guilhermé was still sanguine, but I could see that he was growing rapidly weaker; and one or two well-intentioned, but I am afraid clumsy, attempts which I made to comply with his request to get the arrow-head out of his wound gave him such intense pain that I was forced to desist. Water he craved for, and of that fortunately there was no lack, but it was with sad forebodings that I gave the orders to leave the island and resume our course down the river. As we floated down I sat by his side watching every change of his face and fanning away the insects which troubled him, when suddenly he said, "I know, my friend, it is no use; I shall die. Only make me one promise: Do not throw me into the river or leave me to be devoured by wild beasts, but bury me properly where I shall not be disturbed." I promised what he wished, but said that I hoped that it would be long first; but he smiled and shook his head, and said, "No, my friend, I now know I am dying, and at sunset I shall breathe my last; but first I must tell you what you must do so as to get in safety out of this African continent."

I begged of him not to waste his strength in talking, but to endeavour to go to sleep to regain strength, but he insisted on giving me the advice he wished me to follow. He told me that beyond Katanga there lay a country ruled over by a chief called the Kazembe, who had been visited at different times

by Portuguese, and that if I could get there I might find some people who would show me the way to the Zambezi, on which river were some Portuguese settlements, from which, if I succeeded in reaching them, I might make my way to the sea, for he considered that it would be almost impossible for me to make my way back to Bihé across Ulunda. He said that, as far as he could tell, the course to the country of the Kazembe, from where we then were, would be nearly due east. At last, exhausted with speaking, he fell asleep, and as we went rapidly down the river I anxiously looked for a place where we could stop and with some degree of comfort make a resting-place for him. Some villages we passed I would have halted at, as the people were friendly, but was afraid of the noise disturbing my friend, so contented myself with sending some of the canoes in to purchase provisions, in which they were successful.

At last at four o'clock we came to an island on which was a grove of large trees, and mooring our canoes to the bank we landed there, and soon built a good hut, to which with tender care we carried Guilhermé and laid him on a bed we had prepared for him. He seemed so much stronger after his sleep that I had hopes he would yet recover, but when I said so to him he answered that there was no hope for him. About a quarter past five he asked me to call the men to him, and thanking them for having been faithful to him, he told them all to stick by me, as in so doing would be the only hope that they would have of ever seeing their homes and families, and gave them directions and advice as to their conduct in the countries they would have to pass. He spoke so clearly and strongly that none of us could believe he was on the point of death; but suddenly he was seized with a fit of coughing, and in a few minutes he was no more.

I felt utterly unmanned by his loss, for ever since I had met him we had lived together on terms of closest intimacy, and I do not think that one angry word had ever passed between us; but there was no time for vain regrets, and with spears and hatchets we dug a grave at the foot of a noble tree, on which I carved a cross in token that beneath it was the resting-place of a Christian, and we laid him there reverently and carefully to await the last day.

When the burial was over all the men wished to again take to the canoes, and I fell in with their wishes, and for another night we drifted and paddled down the river, and in the morning saw that it was widening out, and soon found ourselves in a great lake. On the eastern side we saw many villages, and paddling towards one, landed and found that instead of being built on solid ground it was on a floating island kept in its place by great cables of rattans. I could not make out how the natives could have skill or knowledge enough to make such

MY first care on crossing the river was to look after Guilhermé, who I found, notwithstanding my gloomy forebodings, most cheerful and sanguine that he would recover. I did not like to tell him that I thought that his wound was mortal, but endeavoured to do my best to render his condition as comfortable as possible. Whilst I was attending him I heard the shouts and yells of our pursuers on the opposite bank; and though they had no canoe a fresh panic took place, and I soon found that Guilhermé and I were left alone with only about forty men.

It was now dark, and therefore we would be safe till the morning, but it was clearly impossible to carry Guilhermé farther in a hammock without giving him great pain, so, after some thought, I embarked all our loads and the men who remained with us in the canoes, and making a comfortable couch for Guilhermé in the largest, I took my seat by his side in her and we started down the river, calculating that the current and paddling would soon take us down to the great lake of which we had heard, and where we would be safe from all further pursuit.

a structure; and as soon as I was seated in front of the headman's hut, whither he conducted me with great show of kindness, I asked Bill if he knew how the island was made. He said that it could be easily explained, but that first it was necessary for me to tell the chief what had brought us there.

As I was the first white man whom the natives had seen, I was the object of much curiosity; and cloth made of cotton being a novelty to them also, a present of a few fathoms soon rendered us the friends of the chief. I explained through Ngöi, who had to act as my interpreter, how we had come to look for the country of Katanga, and also all the difficulties we had passed through in Ulunda, and how we had lost men and goods. The chief, who was an old and grey-headed man, said that all the villages we could see along the lake were formed by those who in his lifetime had fled from Ulunda, and that the reason they lived on islands as they did was so as to be safe from incursions of Muata Yanyo's followers. He also manifested as much curiosity about our guns as I did about his village, and when I shot a couple of pigeons to show how we used them, I was told that I was a great fetishman. The islands, I found, were partly natural and partly artificial, for they were formed of the floating vegetation common on African lakes and rivers, consisting of papyrus and other aquatic plants, matted together in a mass often twenty feet thick, and that on this the people laid quantities of brushwood, which they covered with earth, and on the surface thus prepared they built their huts, and even grew tobacco, though their principal plantations were on the main land. As a rule, they remained in one place, moored by great cables of rattan near to the shore; but if there was any cause for alarm, or they wished to change their location on account of having exhausted the fertility of their farms, they weighed anchor, and with the wind, or by laying out warps, they managed to transport the whole village, which might consist of a dozen or more huts, to the place they desired.

The chief told us also that he was the head man over many of these villages, and that it was fortunate we had come to him, for beyond the part of the lake where he ruled the people were very bad, and would not have welcomed us.

Provisions were to be obtained in abundance, and, all the villagers being expert fishermen, fish was plentiful, and afforded me and my companions a most welcome change after having been long strangers to it. I kept Bill, Ngöi, Ombwa, Mubuzi, Buku, and some of the others with me on the island we had first landed on, and all our stores, but the remainder of the men had to be distributed among others, as the inhabitants were very careful about the weight they permitted on their curious homes.

I thought that now, after all we had been through together, there would be no fear of any disloyalty among the men, and served out lavish amounts of beads and cloth for them to buy provisions and make themselves happy and comfortable, and gave orders that we should remain where we were for a week in order that the wounded men might have time to recover, and that when we again took to the road we might be able to make our way quickly to the court of the Kazembe. For two or three days all went on quietly,

my men amusing themselves with going fishing with the natives, and eating, drinking, and sleeping as if these were the principal ends of a man's existence; but on the morning of the fourth day Bill and Ngöi came to me and said some of the men had been speaking about the deaths of Moné Kutu and Guilhermé, and what the former had said before his death about my getting safe through all troubles, but others with me dying, and that they were contemplating making an attack on me at night and robbing me of all my goods, and if possible killing me to break the fetish which they considered was in me, and was fatal to those who travelled with me.

I told Bill that if they killed me, according to what Moné Kutu had said, the fetish, when I died, would pass on to some one else, and that the only security would then be to kill him, and so on until only one was left alive. Bill agreed with my reasoning, but said that about thirty men altogether would stop with me, and that it might be as well to let the others go and tell them so before there was any more fighting or trouble, for if the natives saw that there were disputes among us, though they had been friendly enough up to that time, they would take advantage of them and make themselves masters of us all. "Besides," said Ngöi, "we will some day reach Bihé, and then these men will be punished if ever they show their faces there again."

After much consideration I agreed to the advice given me, and, calling all the people together on the shores of the lake, I said all those that desired to leave me could do so, but that they must understand that after they had done it they would have no claims on me for help or assistance in whatever difficulties they might find themselves. It was very painful to me to have to speak thus to men who only a few days before had been fighting bravely by my side, but both Bill and Ngöi said it was absolutely necessary for me to do it or else the safety not only of myself, but of the whole party, would be jeopardised.

As soon as I had spoken Ngöi got up and said, "I am the oldest man among you; no man should desert a Mzungu among the heathen; where he goes I will follow, and if I die, I die, and it is finished. Now those who are men stand by me and the master." Bill, Ombwa, Mubuzi, and Buku instantly ranged themselves by him, and were followed by others, but the spokesman of those who wished to leave me called them slaves and dogs, and said they were going to their death by following me. Ngöi again answered, and said, "How many caravans did Moné Kutu travel in which came back safe to Bihé besides the one of which he told the master the story? You are fools, and not men! Go, but never show your faces in Bihé again, or the women will laugh at you!"

I feared that at one time from words they would have proceeded to blows, and longed for the meeting to be over; but eventually all went off quietly, and I found that I had with me twenty-three men, who vowed by every means they could to follow me wherever I went and bring me safely to my journey's end, and I am happy to say that till I parted with them to return to England not one of that faithful body of three-and-twenty men, though they went through many dangers and suffered many privations

and hardships, lost his life, and they had an ample opportunity of seeing that my presence was not fateful to them.

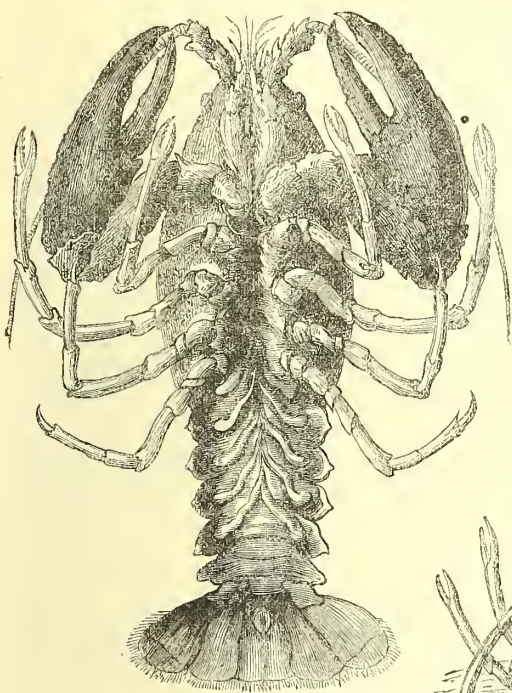
The men who separated themselves from me said they wanted to know what road I was going to follow, as they did not wish to run the danger of being near me, and I told them that my course was towards the rising sun, but that to prove that I harboured no evil thoughts against them I would give them a paper stating that I let them leave me of my own free will, but they refused to accept it, as they could not tell what I wrote, and, as if eager to be away from me as soon as possible, put the goods I had allowed them to take into canoes, and started for a point about twenty miles distant on the lake shore.

I was certainly, with the few men I had with me, anxious about the future, and desirous of starting as soon as possible for the country of the Kazembe, but still I did not forget that I was now on the borders of Katanga, the country whose rumoured gold had been the reason of this hitherto most unfortunate expedition, and I considered I should be failing in my duty both to my dead friend and to Senhor Ferreira if I did not do my best to find out if these rumours that had reached Bihé were true. I had still to wait a few days for all my "faithfuls" to be fit for the road, and employed them as well as I could in endeavouring through Ngöi to find out from the chief if he knew of gold being found anywhere in his neighbourhood.

For a long time it was difficult to make him understand what we wanted; copper he knew, and brought me pieces of ore and of the smelted metal, and said that it was found in abundance in some hills near, but as Ngöi could not well explain what gold was, it was not strange that we could get no information. At last, whilst I was sitting under the eaves of his hut still trying to get the information I wanted, I chanced to put my hand on a casting-net, which was hanging on the walls to dry, and began playing with it mechanically. The net felt so heavy that I looked to see what it was weighted with, and, examining the edges saw that besides the stones which were usually used, there were some small pieces of metal of a dull yellow colour. Taking these into my hand, I saw that, unless my eyes deceived me, they were small nuggets. I had a touch stone with me which Senhor Ferreira had given me, as well as a small bottle of acid, and without saying anything I, as if by accident, pulled off one, and commenced playing with it, and after a time got away to a quiet place to test it and see if indeed it was gold.

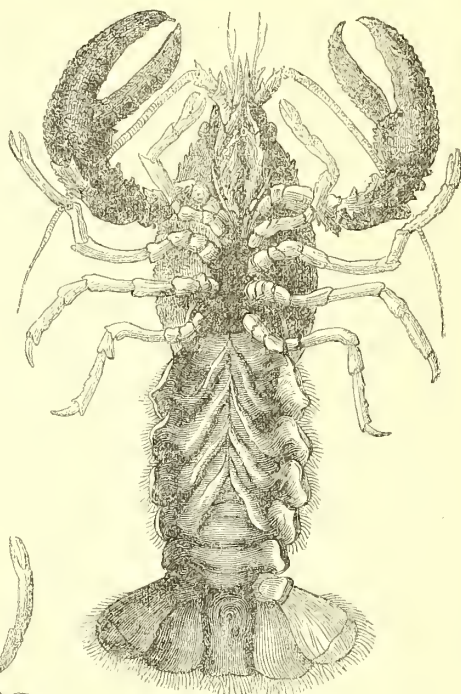
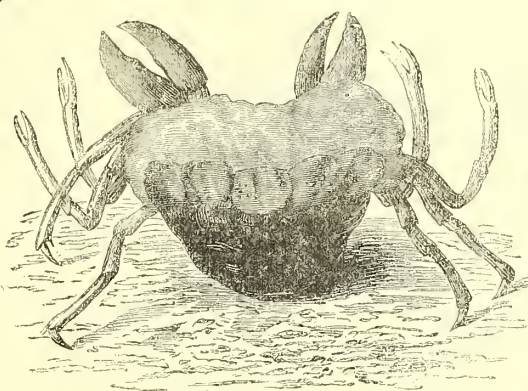
Sure enough it answered the tests, when calling for Ngöi and Bill, I told them what I had found, and then we went to the chief to ask him where those yellow stones came from. He began to laugh, and said he could find us many, but that they were not stones but copper, yet so soft that it was of no use except for weights for nets. I was hot upon my discovery, and pressed him to take me where it could be found, and he promised to do so the next day, but as I was speaking a canoe came paddling up to our floating island, and out of it sprang a man, with his face painted in red and white stripes, who said he had most important news for the chief's private ear.

(To be continued.)



OUR
EDIBLE SHELLFISH.

[See Monthly Part
for Coloured Plate.]



HEREWITH we offer a plate of twenty-six kinds of fish, not one of which is entitled to the name! Though the fishmonger is a seller of fish, it is not all fish that he sells. But he and our housekeepers will have it so; and, to make things intelligible, we have to surrender, and after due protest, accept the title, "Our Edible Shellfish." An interesting lot they are, although trade, and not science, groups them together.

Here are the oyster and the scallop representing one branch of the Lamellibranchs, the mussel representing another, the cockle representing another, the razorshell representing another. Then above them in the scale of life come the Gasteropods, the whelk representing one branch, the limpet and periwinkle standing for the other. Then we leave the Mollusca altogether, and for the rest of our shellfish draw on the Crustacea, and fill our plate with shrimps, and prawns, and lobsters, including the Norway lobster who wears his red coat in his life and yet may never know hot water.

Of the oyster and his eccentricities we have heard much. Even the Romans esteemed the natives of Britain! But how few there are who give a thought to the structure of the strange creature that changes its sex every season, the male of one year being the female of the next, and whom they swallow at one gulp—stomach, liver, heart and all—under the impression that he is a mere shapeless lump of jelly! By great pains—and penalties—we are getting our oyster grounds into form again, although the bulk of the present trade comes from foreign parts. For, notwithstanding our care, the waywardness of the oyster favours the foreigner who offers suitable "conditions." What these conditions are has been well shown on the Jutland Limfjord. Last century the Limfjord consisted of a series of brackish water lakes communicating with one another, and opening into the Kattegat. Over and over again were unsuccessful attempts made to plant

these lakes with oysters. In February, 1825, a great storm arose in those parts and broke down a dam and let in the North Sea on the west side of the Limfjord. A change of life took place, the brackish water plants and animals gave place to North Sea representatives, and among these came oysters, unasked and unsought. So rapidly did these oysters increase, that while in 1860, 150,000 were taken, in 1872, 7,000,000 were exported; and now the oyster beds spread over an area of sixty-four square miles! The seven millions is not much of a take for an oyster ground; in 1875 Whitstable sent to London nearly 80,000,000! The quantities used of these and the smaller shellfish is truly astonishing. Of the humble cockle, 80,000 cwt. at least are caught every year on the Kent Bank in Morecambe Bay, and 60,000 cwt. are taken in Carmarthen Bay. On the east coast there are other well-known grounds—Stiffkey, the home of the "Real Stinkey," of the street cry, is in Norfolk—and at almost every river mouth there is a cockle fishery.

Mussels are caught in millions. The South-Western Railway Company have taken as much as £2,000 in one year for the carriage of mussels from the Exe estuary! And the little village of Eyemouth, in the north, is shown to have used as bait over 46,000,000 mussels in a year. Cockles are left much to themselves, but mussels are "farmed" like oysters, and an interesting story is that of the first mussel farm.

In 1235 an Englishman named Walton was with two companions on his way up Channel, with a cargo of sheep from Ireland. A gale came on, and drove his ship out of her course, and wrecked her at the creek of Aignillon, not far from La Rochelle. The fishermen there were almost as destitute as himself, and to add to their food Walton set their nets at night on a stake or two to capture some of the sea-fowl. The nets were found next morning to be covered with the spawn of the edible mussel, and seizing the oppor-

tunity of increasing the supply of bait, Walton drove down a series of posts and laced in between them a kind of wattling or wicker-work, which in like manner became coated with spawn. More and more stakes were driven in. Walton saw that he had hit upon a livelihood, and stayed and covered the bay with his farm, which still flourishes.

It takes some time, however, to grow a mussel. Fourteen months after the spawn has adhered to the wattles, the animal is about the size of a Windsor bean, and fit for removal. He is scraped off with iron hooks, and joins others in a linen bag hung on to the palisades at a higher level. In time the bag rots away and the mussels are left clinging to the wood, from which in a similar manner they are three or four times transported before they are fit for sale. The wattled palisades are called *bouchots*, and the men are *bouchotiers*. The mud into which the posts are driven is too soft to bear a man's weight, and the men get across it in "pirogues," or "acous," which are much the same as Walton left them. They are built of four planks, two at the bottom and two at the sides, the bottom curving up to form the bow. The man kneels in them on one leg and kicks out behind with the other. When a heavy load is carried, two boats are lashed together, and the two owners kick—one with the left leg, one with the right.

But we must not devote all our time to mussels. Let us pass on to the periwinkle—the pettiwinkle of the old authors—which come to Billingsgate in thousands of bushels every week. Unlike the mussel and the rest of the shellfish, the winkle is never used as a bait, and its whole consumption is as a food. It is a great scavenger, and—but we had better not say too much, as we might spoil the trade in pins!

Another common object of the street barrows is the whelk, which is also used as bait. Whelks are sold by the "wash," a "wash" being twenty-one quarts and a

pint. Grimsby takes for its fishing fleet 150,000 wash a year, each vessel starting with forty-five wash, which last it for four days. Grimsby thus uses up 2,500 tons of whelks in a twelvemonth; and Lynn sends 1,250 tons to serve as food. They are caught chiefly in Boston Deepes. Whelk pots are used—round baskets a foot in diameter, with a hole in the top through which the animal creeps to his fate, attracted by a bait of refuse fish. In some places hoop nets are sunk, baited with fish, round which the whelks come in crowds. Sometimes whelks are dredged for; sometimes, as in the Thames month, they are “trotted” for, the “trots” being long thin lines threaded with shore crabs, a score or so on each, to which the whelks cling as if they had been glued.

There are two whelks sold in the streets—the small one *Buccinum*, and the large one *Fusus*. These two whelks give an aid to memory which may prove as useful to others as it has been to us. It is a curious fact that all our edible molluscs are the fossils of the Crag and therein begin their specific existence. Whelk and periwinkle, cockle, mussel, scallop, and oyster, are all there together under their Latin names, as duly given in our list (p. 766), and with them are *Fusus antiquus*, and *Fusus contrarius* in which the spirals are reversed. “These,” said our professor of geology, one day to his class, “are the chief fossils of the Crag—the large whelk and the small one, *Fusus* and *Buccinum*.” “Oh! Yes,” said one of the students, “I have seen them often. The big ones are three a penny, and the little ones are five a penny!” Whereupon shouts of laughter, and remembrance henceforth by all that the characteristic fossils of the English pliocene are the three-a-penny whelk, and the five-a-penny whelk.

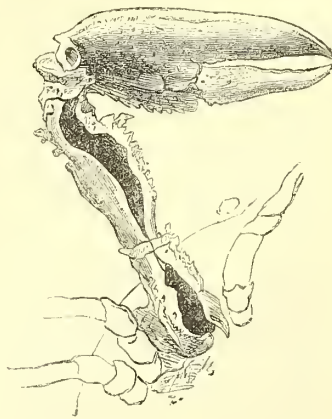
Another bait used as food is the razorshell. Another is the limpet, generally eaten raw by inquisitive boys and shipwrecked men, and not recommended as particularly toothsome. Another is the scallop, or combshell, which has a peculiar sweetish taste in all its species, the large one, the pilgrim's shell, being the least coarse in flavour. But neither razorshells, limpets, nor scallops are often seen on the slab of the fishmonger.

Very different is it with the shrimp and its allies the prawn, crayfish, crawfish, crab and lobster. The true shrimp is the brown one, *Crangon*, which belongs to the order of the *Decapoda* of the class *Crustacea*, of the division *Arthropoda*, of the sub-kingdom *Annulosa*. To the same great division belong the *Arachnida*, or spiders, the *Myriapoda*, or centipedes, and the *Insecta*, so beloved of boys. Only fancy an ally of the butterfly being called a fish!

Take a shrimp, boiled or unboiled, and see how he is made. He has five pairs of limbs for crawling, one or more of the front pairs being slightly chelate, or pincer-shaped. In front of these are three pairs of maxillipedes, two of maxilla, one pair of mandibles, two pairs of antennae, and a pair of eyes. Behind the ambulatory limbs are six segments of his body, each having a pair of swimmers, the sixth pair being larger than the rest. In *Pandalus*, the red shrimp, the crawling limbs are none of them chelate, the second pair of antennae are very long, and between the eyes there is a long prominent beak. In *Palæmon*, the prawn, which somewhat resembles it on a larger scale, the two first pairs of ambulatory limbs are pincer-shaped. *Crangon* is found on shallow sandy shores, the others come from deeper water. *Crangon*, unboiled, is greyish white; *Pandalus* is redish grey with red spots, which spread all over it in boiling.

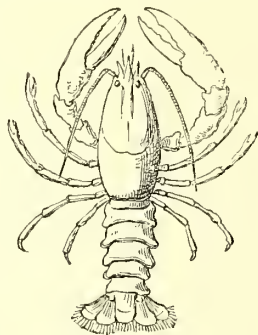
When shrimps are scarce, they are caught in a hand-net fixed to the end of a long stick, and held in front as the holder wades with the water up to his knees. When they are plentiful, they are caught with the trawl, as at Leigh, down the Thames, which is the greatest shrimp port in the world. A pleasant day can be spent on board a Thames

shrimper. The boats are cutter-rigged, with long mast and big topsail, but no mainboom, the mainsail being all inboard, and working on a horse along the stern rail. The trawl has two beams, one where the rope should be, and one above, kept in its place by a spar that keeps the mouth of the net wide open. The lower beam taking the place of the ground rope is nine feet long, the upper only six feet long, and the net is of fine mesh. The trawl is brought up every quarter of an hour for examination, and the



shrimps are sifted out, the small ones being thrown overboard, the full grown ones being dropped into a well, or into the copper if it is intended to boil them on board.

An interesting animal is the shrimp, but rather too small for examination. A better subject is to be found in the crayfish, and this more particularly so on account of Professor Huxley's book, in which every detail is treated with the hand of a master. Crayfish are common enough in our streams. Mr. Woodward tells how one night, between eight and twelve o'clock, he and a friend caught 900 in the Thames and Severn canal. Let any one anxious to study zoology



The Crayfish.

get a few crayfish and Huxley's book—it costs but five shillings—and let him work honestly with the specimens, comparing at each step the subject with the illustration. The *Crustacea* are not easy to understand, but in this respect the way is made smooth.

The crayfish belongs to the genus *Astacus*. *Astakos* is the Greek for lobster, and crayfish and lobster used to be classed together; Milne-Edwards, however, Latinised the lobster's French name *Homard* and gave us in *Homarus* a new genus. Lobsters and crabs are the most appreciated of the shellfish, and the best known. The crab is much the same as the lobster in all fundamental respects, the body being made up of the same number of somites, and the appendages of head and thorax being identical in number, function, and general pattern; but some parts have disappeared, and others have been squeezed up together. He who has studied the lobster will find the crab an easy matter, and he who has studied the crayfish will find little

difficulty with either crab or lobster. Let us then follow the crayfish for a minute or so.

When the eggs are laid they are invested with a viscous transparent substance which attaches them to the swimmerets of the female, and then sets; thus each egg in its case is firmly hung by a stalk, and as the swimmerets are constantly in motion, the eggs are well supplied with aerated water, and it is the air in the water that water dwellers breathe.

By-and-by the eggs are hatched and then the young crayfish is set free, but not before he has remained for nine days with his mother, and after that gone off for a short time only and returned to her for shelter.

The growth of the youngsters is at first very rapid. When they first leave the egg they are grey in colour and about a quarter of an inch long, but by the end of the year they will be an inch and a half long at the least. They may go on growing till they are seven or eight inches long, and live to be twenty years old. And as they grow they have to get into a new suit of clothes. The shell of a crayfish is not like the bone of a higher animal that increases with the size of the bearer. It is a hard crust that will not yield, and has consequently to be thrown off suddenly and cast away. Meanwhile the new coat has been formed beneath the old one, and is ready to take its place; but it remains soft for a time and allows of a rapid increase in the dimensions of the body before it hardens. As soon as that takes place the animal begins to grow too big for it and in turn it has to be thrown aside. This ecdysis as it is called—moulting, exuviation, or shedding the skin—was first described by Réaumur. First the animal fidgets about and rubs his limbs together so as to loosen them in their sheaths. Then he seems to crowd his shell to the utmost by withdrawing his limbs into the interior of the exoskeleton of his body; and then he rests. Then he begins vigorously to undress. The carapace is forced upwards and outwards by the protrusion of the body, and remains attached only about the mouth. Then the head is drawn back, and the eyes and other appendages extracted from the old investment. Then the legs are pulled right out, the old shell split down on one side to allow of this being done more easily. When the legs are free, the head and limbs are drawn out, and with a sudden spring the abdomen is extracted, and the old skeleton is left behind. For three days the animal is helpless while the wet papery coat that is to form the new shell is hardening and being stretched into shape by the pressure of the internal fluids. During the first year this moulting takes place two or three times; afterwards the process is annual; but when old age sets in, and growth stops, ecdysis is at an end. As it is with the crayfish, so it is with the shrimp, the lobster, the crawfish, and the crab, whose cast off clothes are so frequently found to puzzle the young collector.



A TRIP TO TANGIERS.

BY AN OLD RUGBEIAN.

A BRIGHT and warm morning was that when the writer of this paper found himself on board the "Very fast, famous, and magnificent French steamship (according to the "puffing" Spanish advertisement) "Roi Jerome," as she was lying safe at anchor in the harbour of Gibraltar.

The "levanter," or hot east wind, was blowing, and the gigantic old rock which towered high above us was crowned with a white wreath of cloud mist which completely concealed from our sight the signal station at the top. On the other side of the harbour was the once famous, but now dead-alive little Spanish seaport town of Algeciras, from whence the dreaded Spanish Armada is reported to have set sail. However that may be, there is certainly little that is interesting about Algeciras now. It is made up of a few very steep, narrow, and deserted streets—with glaringly-whitewashed houses on either side, and with doors and windows green-painted and "grilled" in true Spanish fashion. The only conspicuous buildings of which it can boast are the church—"el Santa Iglesia"—of which the interior is effective, and kept scrupulously clean; and a large, round, whitewashed edifice which is dignified, or rather disgraced, by the name of "the bull-ring." In this place the old and worn-out hacks of the neighbourhood are collected once or twice in every year, and gored to death by infuriated bulls. I have been told by those who have witnessed it, that the spectacle is simply barbarous and disgusting, without one atom of what English boys and men call "sport" about it.

The battery of Algeciras—behind which lanky and swarthy Spanish officers in gorgeous array frown angrily, as the heavy boom of the evening gun is wafted across the bay by the soft breeze to their ears from Gibraltar—presents a rather formidable appearance; but inasmuch as the guns are reported to be constructed for display rather than for use, being in fact sham guns (the "whole concern" being "made up" of wood and stucco), the amount of trepidation which they cause to the British captains whose ships are anchored within gun range is not very considerable.

But we must get up steam, and away to Tangiers. We soon pass the Pearl Rock, upon which H. M. S. Agincourt was driven full tilt a few years ago, and so we round Tarifa, and sail out of the Straits into the broad Atlantic. Another hour's hard steaming brings us within sight of a very dilapidated looking town perched on a rising cliff of the African coast. At about a mile's distance from the landing-place, the Roi Jerome cast anchor, and was immediately surrounded by a swarm of little gaily-painted boats, containing tall, dark Moors, in white turbans and skirts. Great was the clamour of these people, and most unpleasant were the energetic efforts made by them to seize hold of us poor passengers, and haul us one by one into their boats. At last the writer of this paper asserting by a passive resistance his right of "free choice," managed to secure a vacant seat in one of these small craft, and set sail for the shore, surrounded by chattering Moors.

Meanwhile the breeze had freshened, and was blowing very strongly, while a tremendous ground-swell was rolling into the bay from the vast Atlantic, splashing our party considerably with salt water, and threatening it, more than once, with a disastrous capsize. At the expiration of another half-hour, however, we were safely landed on a very rude and rickety little pier of wood, which did duty for the Tangerine landing-place, and within a few minutes more we were uncomfortably housed in the Hôtel de France, one of the very roughest and most squalid *fondas* (as the Spaniards call them) in which the writer ever set foot, or slept.

About the town of Tangiers itself there is

nothing very striking, except the most hopeless, abject wretchedness which characterises the look of both the city and its inhabitants. The streets are very narrow and steep, and can boast of scarcely anything which might be called, even by courtesy, a pavement, and it is difficult for the passing visitor to divest his mind of the idea that he has taken up his temporary abode among the ruins of some very ancient city, whose palmy days were contemporaneous, perhaps, with those of Carthage! The most interesting sights of the place are the inhabitants, of whom a very large proportion are African Jews, the remainder, of course, being adherents of the Moslem superstition, which is, in some sense, the established religion of the land. Among these are several descendants of the once-dreaded "Riff pirates," who shave all the hair off their heads, except one plaited lock or pigtail. Their wild looks and restless black eyes still give them a very piratical and ferocious appearance. The evidences of suffering and destitution exhibited by the swarms of diseased and almost naked beggars in the market-place, are simply awful and appalling! The bazaars of the town are well worthy of a visit from those who have time and patience enough to find them out. They contain much curious ware, but they are in no respect to be compared to those of the richer Moslem cities in the East.

Viewed from the sea, the mosques, with their slender whitewashed minarets, are a singularly striking feature, and especially so when from the flagstaff of each minaret is suspended, at the hour of prayer, the little white flag like a cambric pocket-handkerchief. The only Christian church in the place is that which is attached to a small Franciscan monastery, of which the brothers are gaining some influence in this Mohammedan town by reason of their zealous, self-denying lives and charitable undertakings.

After one night's sojourn in this strange capital of misrule and wretchedness, the writer made his way back to the shore, and, stepping into the first boat, was rowed out over a calm sea to a steamer which was anchored in the bay, and which was bound for Gibraltar with a cargo of beef, in the shape of live oxen, for the consumption of the British garrison. One of these animals

succeeded in slipping off its halter, and, vaulting clumsily over the side of the steamer, plunged into the ocean with a tremendous splash and disappeared. In another minute the head of the brute was seen glaring and snorting above the surface of the glassy water, and darting along at an astonishing pace. Never before had I any notion of the swimming capacities of the bovine race. The beast appeared as much at home in the water as though it had been a great porpoise. Its only difficulty seemed to be to decide to which of the distant shores of the bay it should make its way, and it was owing to this perplexity, I think, more than to any other cause, that its recapture was effected. For while it was swimming about in a kind of circle it was overtaken by a man in a little skiff, who adroitly threw a rope over its horns and towed it back again to the side of the steamer. But how was such a big and awkward brute to be "fished up" out of the water and safely deposited again on board? That was the puzzling question. However, it had not to wait long for a solution, for a chain and hook were at once lowered from the ship's crane, and after one or two turns of the windlass the erratic ox was soon seen dangling and wriggling helplessly and ludicrously against the clear blue sky, and, after being hoisted neatly over the bulwarks, was flopped down with a loud thud and clanking of chains on the main deck. A more grotesque illustration of what boys call "a regular sell" could not well be imagined than that exhibited by this dazed, drizzle-tailed, and half-drowned animal as it was so unwillingly restored to the company—and perhaps sarcastic congratulations—of the other members of the doomed herd.

After this exciting incident the anchor was weighed again, and as the good ship returned on her course through the famous Straits to Gibraltar, there were some perhaps among her passengers to whom the grave reflection occurred, How many a brave effort for freedom has just failed of success through the lack of needful direction, and a distinct and intelligent aim!

JOHN OTTER, M.A., OXON,

Formerly a Pro-Chaplain in Canon Woodard's School.



TO THE TOP OF MONT BLANC:

OK, HOW TWO BOYS DID IT.

BY THE REV. WALTER SENIOR, M.A.

CHAPTER IV.—HOW BOB PASSED THE ORDEAL.

YOU may be sure that Harry Stewart was both very proud and very nervous the day he drove Bob from the station up to his father's door. He was very certain Bob would conquer, because Bob was such a fine fellow; but he was also very doubtful, because so much depended on him. His father and mother had been reserved on the great subject since he had come home. They evidently looked on Mont Blanc as a very serious matter indeed. Thus he was alternately sure and doubtful, which is a wonderfully enjoyable state of mind.

"This is Bob, mamma," he said, as Mrs. Stewart came out into the hall to welcome her son's friend. And there he stood, all ruddy with health, really a fine-looking, capable youth, as Mrs. Stewart at once in her own mind confessed. And both Marion and her sister, peeping shyly out of the drawing-room, thought that he was very nice. And nice he proved. He was so natural, yet gentlemanly in his manners, and had such a boyish simplicity in the midst of a certain winning self-reliance. He seemed to feel that people were all good and friendly, and that he could trust and like everybody. Besides, he was so attentive to Mrs. Stewart, and so helpful to Marion and her sister, especially to Marion, and so strong and clever at skating, and making plans of enjoyment, that all grew very fond of him, to Harry's great delight.

But I am not going into particulars as to this visit, because I want to cut a long story short, or you boys won't care for it. It is enough to say that one evening after dinner, when Mrs. Stewart and the girls had gone to the drawing-room, Mr. Stewart said, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Now, boys, let us draw to the fire and talk about business—this madcap business of Mont Blanc." He said it so kindly that Harry could have fallen on his neck and kissed him. It sounded just like "It's all right; don't be anxious. You shall go, only take me into full confidence. Let me be guide, philosopher, and friend."

And then what a royal talk they had as he questioned them about their plans and their information; and the fun of it was, that as they talked and told him about their routes, and how they meant to do this and that, which Bob's cousin had advised, or Baedeker, he seemed to grow even more ardent than they were. He got quite excited. Some old fire seemed to flare up afresh in him. It came out that he had been to Switzerland when a young man, and had done this peak and the other, and one or two bad passes. He declared he saw it all as clear as if he were there, and that the Swiss fever had once more got into his blood. He wished he could go with them and don the knapsack again. He was afraid, though, that wouldn't do. He would only be a drag on the wheels of two such fiery adventurous spirits. Oh, no, he must not spoil sport. But whose knapsack were they going to have? It was very important to have a right sort of knapsack. He would look out one for them which would be light and firm and sit well up on the shoulders, for, of course it was a knapsack tour they were planning? Yes, well then, of all things in the world, a loose heavy knapsack was the greatest nuisance, and so on, and so on. For I must tell you boys that there's just no end to Swiss talk when the Swiss fever is at the full.

Thus it was all settled that they could go. He would undertake to win mamma's con-

sent; but they must not think and dream about Mont Blanc so as to interfere with school-work. Of course they cried, "Oh no!" on the contrary, they would show him it was just the one thing needful to inspire their minds.

"Dear father, you are good," said Harry; "you shall see." Then they warmly shook hands all round, Bob quietly repeating Harry's "You shall see, sir."

Did they do well that last half before the great event? Listen.

"Robert Jones," said Dr. Blackstone, the head master on the prize day, "I have real pleasure in handing you the first prize for Latin, and in telling you that you come second in Greek, and have obtained distinction in mathematics. Such results reflect great credit on your ability and perseverance, and as the tutors report well of your general conduct, I will say that you have given me great satisfaction."

All the boys cheered, they could not help it, as Bob went back blushing to his place.

"Harry Stewart," the Doctor by-and-by said, "I congratulate you upon your French and German, for which you get the first prize, whilst you are also well reported of in your other subjects. Accept my best wishes for a well deserved holiday, which I trust will prove very enjoyable." The old Doctor was very stately, but there was no mistaking his kindness of heart, and Harry, too, was loudly cheered, as he also took his seat with blushing pleasure.

Enjoyable holiday! Yes, all the more so now for the good Doctor's kind words. But oh, if he only knew! Enjoyable! Why, it would be delicious, perfect, enchanting, romantic. Another week and they would actually be off into wonder land!

As the school broke up and the good-byes were being said, never did two boys shake hands with more joy in their hearts, joy full of expectant hope of a speedy meeting. Yet they tried to carry it off coolly before the others.

"Au revoir, Bob," said Harry, as he had a right to do, seeing he had won the French prize.

"An revoir," said Bob; "keep up the parley-vouing, old man."

"Do tell us," entreated the others; "do tell us now, Bob."

"Tell what?" said unconscious Bob. "Oh, it's nothing; wait and see. Au revoir."

CHAPTER V.—EN ROUTE.

It was a Tuesday evening when they were to start, and the happy moment came at last. Look at them, with knapsacks most carefully and economically packed, from which this and that had been left out, and this and that had been put in again and again; with money all right and safe in an inner important breast pocket; clad in tourist knickerbocker suit, with the regulation teapot-lid cap over their shining faces! How proudly they bobbed their heads out of the carriage window, and bade good-bye to tearful mother, good-bye to blushing Marion, good-bye to joking father, who solemnly conjured them to telegraph at once if they got into prison or a pawnshop, and as they were promising to write every day, and think of them every minute, off went the south-coast express, dashing through the downs of Surrey, on, on to Newhaven, there to catch the night boat which crosses the Channel to Dieppe.

Very glad were they both, but specially Harry, to get out of that night boat, I leave

you to guess why. If you cannot, cross in a heavy sea and you will find out. But they became very hungry all in a moment, and were going to make a frantic short breakfast in the station restaurant, fearing the departure of the train.

"Café au lait, et de pain et de bœuf, et de jambon," cried Harry, to the waitress. He felt he was in France, and must be precisely equal to the responsibility. To his amazement the waitress only said, "Sit down, and you shall have them in a moment." Was he in France, after all?

"Plenty of time," said a nice gentlemanly man near them. "Plenty of time, but none to waste. Eat away." And eat away they did. The bustle was fine. They felt life was indeed worth living. Talk went with mouthfuls of meat, and they paid their franes for the first time like men of the world.

"Train to Paris! Train to Paris!" Away they go, right through old Normandy. Everything is fresh. What wide plains full of different coloured fields with no hedges. And what a splendid view of river and churches at Rouen! They reach beautiful Paris at last, but they cannot stay. They must travel all night again in the Lausanne train. The evening passed away, and darkness came down. How the train rushed and rattled through it, and shook to and fro the passengers, uneasily trying to sleep, one in one attitude, one in another. Bob and Harry did not mind, it was all fun to them.

"Dijon! Dijon! Dijon! Stay twenty minutes!" cry the porters. It is midnight, and what a comical lot of people tumble sleepily out of the carriages on to the platform in all sorts of gearing!

"Come and have some soup," said the same kind gentleman. "How are you getting on? Slept at all? Carriage full? Any Frenchmen smoking cigars and eating rum on lump sugar?"

"Train to Pontarlier! Train to Pontarlier!" Once more they flash away past lonely stations, through leaden light, full of rattle. Once more all in the carriage are niddy-nodding, but not fast asleep. Everybody else is a comical sight.

"Open the window, Bob! Do! I am almost poisoned. Oh, for air!" Very gently Bob began to open; but as if by instinct a Frenchman groaned and moved his head and muttered.

"Get a mouthful, I must shut up quick," said Bob.

Morning begins to very faintly dawn. A river shows dead white. Rows of trees are like black ghosts.

After a while Bob whispers, "I think I see mountains, Harry!"

They rub away the breath from the windows, and peer through. Low clouds rolling upwards in dense masses disclose dark forests on far-off slopes. Presently the clouds shine a little. The sun is somewhere about. The light increases, and lo! there are mountains. They are the Juras, blue and wooded. It is five o'clock. What a deep winding valley! Next, what a lovely plain, and in the distance the steep of Pontarlier! "Look, Bob, there's the fort! Isn't it high? Would you like to rush up there with all the cannon firing down?"

"All change here! Baggage to the Douane!"

"Got anything to declare?" asked the kindly gentleman. "We are now in Switzerland, and this is a custom-house. You have all in your knapsacks? Lucky dogs! Come and have some breakfast!"

"Train to Lausanne! Train to Lausanne!"

Winding up and up over the blue Juras, and then descending on the other side, through forests and rocks, they go to Lausanne. The clouds have risen, the sun is shining, and there is promise of a splendid day. They catch the first famous view of Lake Geneva far below, glittering like a diamond amidst vast mountains; but the clouds cling still densely to the upper peaks. It was grand, marvellous, enchanting. Their souls sped forward to range through fairy land.

"What a tramp it will be!" said Bob.

"One can understand William Tell now, quite," said Harry.

Very soon they were dashing along the margin of the lake, their eyes dazzled by its gleaming waters, or feasting on the mysterious mountains and their cloud panoramas full of change: and thus at last reach Lausanne!

"Come and have a wash," said the kindly gentleman, who always turned up just at the right moment, and with whom the two boys now chatted and smiled quite freely. How good the invitation sounded, for they were feeling as sticky and dirty as if they had been rolled in dust and grease all night! "Come and have a wash. The Swiss," he laughed, "never used to wash till we English showed them how, and

now they think what dirty folks we must be to need so much water. However, here's a lavatory."

That wash was wonderful. It took away all sleepiness, all weariness. It made them feel like civilised beings once more. It restored their self-respect.

"In half an hour the train goes on to St. Maurice," said Bob.

"Better stay till the one train, and go up to Lausanne, and see the cathedral and the town," advised the gentleman.

Perhaps, however, you boys don't care for cathedrals and town sights, however foreign they are; but if you don't I am sorry for you. Still I won't inflict any description on you of the long flight of old steps, and the fine but neglected architecture, and the splendid view from the minster yard; or of Gibbon's Hotel in the town, or the fruit stalls, or the little mountain railways by which you get back to the station. No! let us be off on the train again.

It took them nearly two hours to get to St. Maurice, but they devoured every mile of the way with their eyes. At first the route lay all along the north-east of the lake, and there were towns and hotels thick and fast in the midst of vineyards, and foliage on its margin; and steamers and boats on its

shining waters; and the romantic towers of Chillon's Castle, and the little islet with its one tree far out on the lake which the poor prisoners could see from the dungeon. Then they left the lake and dashed into the Rhone Valley, into the midst of mountains. How they rushed from side to side of their carriage, until at last they came to the narrow gorge where the Grand Moverans and the Dent du Midi come foot to foot, and leave only space enough for the raging Rhone to rush through, the railway having to betake itself to a tunnel. Beyond the tunnel was St. Maurice, in a loop of the river, with its station in the midst of vast frowning precipices.

The boys had never felt yet what they felt now. They seemed at the very gates of another world. The scene was wild, vast, terrible, thrilling. A tiny-looking house was perched half way up the precipice. However did it get there? What is it? A hermit's cave! How did he get up? Along that ledge!

"Oh, Bob," said Harry, "if the boys could only see us just now!"

"Yes," answered Bob, with a lofty look, "our adventure is just going to begin. Something will happen."

(To be continued.)

PERPETUAL CALENDAR.

BY HERR H. F. L. MEYER.

TABLE 1.

First	2
100	1
200	0
300	5
400	6
500	4
600	3
700	2
800	1
900	0
1000	5
1100	6
1200	4
1300	3
1400	2
1500	1
1600	0
1700	5
1800	6
1900	4
2000	3
2100	2
2200	1
2300	0
2400	5

TABLE 2.

00	01	02	03	04	05
06	07	08	09	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	32	33	34	35
36	37	38	39	40	41
42	43	44	45	46	47
48	49	50	51	52	53
54	55	56	57	58	59
60	61	62	63	64	65
66	67	68	69	70	71
72	73	74	75	76	77
78	79	80	81	82	83
84	85	86	87	88	89
90	91	92	93	94	95
96	97	98	99	—	—
0	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11

TABLE 3.

Jan.	3	2
Feb.	6	5
Mar.	6	for leap years
Apr.	2	4 leap years
May	4	3 leap years
June	0	3 leap years
July	2	1 leap year
Aug.	5	3 leap years
Sept.	3	4 leap years
Oct.	3	4 leap years
Nov.	6	5 leap years
Dec.	1	6 leap years

TABLE 4.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				
0	S	M	T	W	Th	F
1	M	T	W	Th	F	S
2	T	W	Th	F	S	M
3	W	Th	F	S	S	M
4	Th	F	S	S	M	T
5	F	S	S	M	T	W
6	S	S	M	T	W	Th

Christmas Day fall on a Sunday? Table 4 shows, below the 25th, the Sunday on the side of key 4; subtract the key of December, which is 1, there remains, for the present century, the key 3 of Table 2, showing the years 1887, 1892, 1898; and as this 4 for the next century will come from $5 + x + 1$ minus 7, it follows that x means the key 5 in Table 2, which contains the years 1904, 1910, 1921, and the other years in that column.

We found the 6th of June, 1839, to be a Thursday, and see from the last column of Table 2 that it was again on a Thursday in 1844, 1850, 1861, etc.

Any one born on the 29th February, 1864, will have his birthday again on the same day of the week, a Monday, in 1892, that is, after an interval of 28 years, as is seen in the middle column of Table 2; and after that he will have it again on a Monday in 1904, 1932, etc.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

Romulus, the founder of Rome, established a year consisting of ten months, named Martius, Aprilis, Maius, Junius, Quintilis, Sextilis, September, October, November, and December; but in the succeeding reign, that of Numa, two months were added, called Januarius and Februarius.

Julius Caesar, aided by Sosigenes, an Alexandrian astronomer, instituted the Julian calendar, which has come down to our own epoch. It was then decided to give an additional day to every fourth year. The date of the reform was 45 B.C., which was the Roman year 708, dating from the foundation of Rome. The Julian year began on the 1st of January, 708 A.U.C., and ended on the 31st of December, 709 A.U.C. In the first 48 years of the reform there prevailed some confusion about the bisextile or leap years, because during the first 36 years every third year was reckoned a leap year (12 intercalations had taken place instead of 9); but, in order to rectify the error, the next 12 years (i.e. 9 B.C. to 3 A.D. inclusive), elapsed without an intercalary day, by decree of Caesar Augustus, who also changed the names of Quintilis and Sextilis into Julius and Augustus in honour of his uncle and himself. Thus the

EXPLANATIONS.

VARIOUS perpetual calendars have been published, but some of them are very elaborate, and others incorrect; therefore, by the editor's invitation, I now present one in a most handy form. Table 1 shows the centuries, with the key numbers; Table 2, the last two figures of the year, and the seven key numbers below; Table 3, the months; and Table 4, the days. The key numbers are printed thick, the leap years in italics. January and February have two keys each, 3 and 6 for common years, 2 and 5 for leap years. The eleven days from September 3rd to 13th, 1752, were omitted. Every year which divides by 4 without a remainder is a leap year, except the centenaries, which are printed upright.

EXAMPLES.

Example No. 1.—What day of the week was the 21st of June, 1581?

1500 — key 1 in Table 1.

81 — key 3 in Table 2.

June — key 0 in Table 3.

Total 4, the three keys added.

This 4 is the key for Table 4, where, on the right-hand side of this key, under the 21st day, we find Wednesday.

If the three keys together make more than 6, seven is subtracted; and if more than 13, fourteen is deducted, and the remainder is the key to Table 4.

Thus we find June 6th, 1839, through $0 + 6 + 0 = 6$, = Thursday.

August 9th, 1732, through $6 + 5 + 5 = 16$, $-14 = 2$ = Wednesday.

Columbus sailed from Palos on Friday, August 3rd, 1492, and discovered America on the 12th of October, 1492, which was also a Friday.

Example No. 2.—In what years will

Roman years, 757, 761, 765, 769, etc., which were the years A.D. 4, 8, 12, 16, etc., were counted as leap years, and about all succeeding dates there is no doubt.

"It was probably," writes Mr. Bond, of the Record Office, in his valuable work, "the original intention of Caesar to commence the new year with the shortest day, the winter solstice at Rome, in the year 46 B.C. (common era), occurring on the 24th December of the Julian calendar. His motive for delaying the commencement for seven days longer, instead of taking the following day, was no doubt the desire to gratify the superstition of the Romans, by causing the commencement of the first year of the reformed calendar to fall on the day of the new moon, for it is found that the mean new moon occurred at Rome on the 1st of January, 45 B.C. (common era), at 6h. 16m. p.m."

The Christian era was introduced in Italy, in the 6th century, by Dionysius the Little, a Roman abbot, and began to be used in Gaul in the 8th, though it was not generally followed in that country till a century later. From extant charters it is known to have been in use in England before the close of the 8th century. "At first, in A.D. 533," says Mr. Bond, "the era began with the 25th of March, but was subsequently reckoned from Christmas Day, the 25th of December, and in the 13th century, in some countries, was reckoned from the 1st of January according to the Julian era."

The exact length of the mean solar or civil year is

365d. 5h. 48m. 46s.,

therefore the Julian year, being 365 days and 6 hours, departs from the course of the seasons at the rate of 11m. 14s., and consequently Aloysius Lilius, from Calabria, a physician and mathematician of Verona, projected a plan for amending the calendar, which induced Pope Gregory XIII. to introduce the plan on the 5th October, 1582, according to the former style, which day was decreed to be called the 15th October. These 10 days rectified the error of the past, in accordance with the day of the equinox, the 21st March. The error of the future, which was that an additional day every fourth year was too much, but that 129 years must elapse before the redundancy would cause the equinox to be one day behind its time, was rectified thus: Adding 129 years to the year 1582 there results the year 1711, and it was decreed that the year 1700, which

would, by the Julian calendar, be a leap year, should be a common year, but, as stated below, it was still kept as a leap year in England, and appears as such in Table 1. In like manner 1800 was made a common year, and as in 1969 the 21st March would be a day behind the vernal equinox, it will be set right by making 1900 a common year. Another period of 129 years would extend to 2098, which will be remedied by making 2100 a common instead of a leap year.

Thus the equinox will be kept right by making three successive secular years common years; and the secular leap years will be those of which the first two figures are divisible by 4 without a remainder, as 2000, 2400, 2800, &c.

The keys or index figures in accordance with the Gregorian reform are these:—

CENTURIES. KEYS.

1400	2
1500	1 till October 4, 1582. 5 from October 15, 1582.
1600	4
1700	2
1800	0

The Papal decree of October, 1582, was adopted in France in December, 1582, in Poland in 1586, in the Catholic States of Germany in 1583, in the Protestant German States, through Weigel's calendar, in 1700, in Denmark and Switzerland soon after the adoption in Germany, in England in September, 1752, whereas Russia still adheres to the Julian calendar. Thus the Russian legal equinoxes are now twelve days in advance of the real equinoxes.

In England the years used to begin upon the 25th March, but it was declared that 1752 should end on the 31st December, and 1753 begin on the day formerly called the 1st January, 1752. At that time the people in England used to write the new style under the old, thus:

30th June, 1753.
11th July,
25th February, 1753.
8th March, 1754.

The death of Charles I. took place on Tuesday, January 30, 1648, as written at that time, but it is now written January 30, 1649, and often expressed by historians thus:—January 30, 1648-9.

In Scotland, the day after 31st December, 1599, was called 1st January, 1600.

The 4th August, 1581, was on a Friday in all parts of Europe, but from 1582 to 1752 there was a variance in various parts, as there still is at present, between the east and the west of Europe. The variance was in the days of the month; the days of the week never changed. The 2nd September, 1752, was on a Wednesday in England and in Russia, but on a Saturday in the other States of Europe. Thus we find the 20th December, 1647, for England and Russia, through $0+2+1=3$ =Monday, but for Italy, France, Spain, etc., through $4+2+1=7-7=0$ =Friday. The 14th September, 1752, was on a Monday in Russia, but on a Thursday in England and the other European States. The 21st June, 1887, was on a Tuesday in England, but in Russia it was 12 days later, that is, on a Sunday, namely, the Sunday on which we had the 3rd of July. The Russians had the 9th June, 1887, on a Tuesday, that is the day on which we had the 21st June; and in writing to us they express that day thus:—

June ²¹/₂₁, 1887. They have the key 6 for 1700, and 5 for 1800.

The Turks use the Mohammedan calendar, from the Hegira, July 16, A.D. 622, and it is lunar like the Jewish.

The following historical dates agree with our calendar:—

The battle of Hastings was fought on Saturday, Oct. 14th, 1066.

The Magna Charta was signed on Sunday, May 24, 1215.

Edward II. was crowned on Sunday, 25th February, 1308 (1307 in the old style).

The Battle of Crecy took place on Saturday, August 26th, 1346.

The battle of Towton, Yorkshire, occurred on Palm Sunday, March 29, 1461.

THE KEY NUMBERS.

The keys for the centuries and months can be arranged at pleasure, therefore the key 0 is chosen for the present century to calculate readily the dates of our time. To make the reckoning easy in the next century it will be well to have the key 0 for 1900, then the keys for the months must all be reduced by 2, and the tables will be:—

	Jan. 1 and 0	May 2	Sept. 6
1800	2	Feb. 4 and 3	June 5
1900	0	Mar. 4	July 0
2000	6	Apr. 0	Aug. 3

SNAILS AS PETS.

SNAILS are not very promising animals to make pets of, and yet we occasionally hear of Snaileries being highly attractive. In our illustration we give from one of these molluscan prisons a few of the tropical varieties which do well in confinement, and of course our native snails give less trouble, and though not so brilliant in colouring, almost better repay the care and attention bestowed on them.

Water snails thrive in aquaria, but in the tropical snailery the air-breathing gasteropods are the favourites. The idea seems to have been taken from the French escargotoires, in which, on a floor a foot deep with herbs, great numbers are fattened for market. For snails are eaten largely in France; and can be bought any day in Soho. When a ship leaves Bordeaux for a long voyage, she takes among her provisions from seven to eight thousand snails, these being almost entirely of *Helix aspersa*, which is so common amongst us. In the south of France an annual snail feast is held on Ash Wednesday, and vendors are seen standing in the streets with great hamper of Helices, which they sell at twenty-five centimes a hundred. The Bordeaux snails nearly

all come from Caudean, where they flourish exuberantly. In the old times the Romans used to fatten their snails on bran sodden in wine, and according to Varro the species increased so in size under this treatment, that the shells of some would hold ten quarts. Verily there were wonders in those days. Imagine the feelings of degenerate moderns at beholding a snail as large as a two and a half gallon jar!

This particular species is said to have been *Helix pomatia*, of which we have so many representatives in this country in limestone districts, surrounding the sites of old Roman encampments; but authorities are not agreed on the point, for, truth to tell, the size is a staggerer. Pomatia, the apple snail, is, however, our largest land shell, and one of our handsomest; and those who think it worth while to start a-snailing, could not do better than secure a few specimens. He, or she, is globular, thick, and strong, of a yellowish-white, with spiral bands of brown, and about two inches in diameter, with five whorls, the last of which is much inflated. Pomatia possesses the greatest number of teeth among the *Helicida*. They amount to 21,140, in

140 rows of 151 each—quite a formidable array!

That snails should have teeth will surprise a good many readers, but it is a fact that can be easily verified. They are on the tongue and the strongly arched jaw, which in the apple snail is heavily ribbed. Snails have lungs to breathe the air; they have a brain mass; their long horns bear well-developed eyes, the short ones being the feelers, which, when danger threatens on "Snail, snail, come out of your hole!" lines, can be seen to vibrate as anxiously as the ears of a horse. The foot on which the *Helix* creeps, and from which the Gasteropoda derive their name, is the long strip of flesh that last disappears when the animal retreats into its shell. The slime with which its trail is marked is thrown out to lubricate its path and help it on its leisurely wanderings; and this dried slime is the silver streak which will guide you to the haunt of your prey. Some snails can even hang in mid air on a thread of this slime, but, unlike the spider, they cannot return on their own thread. With them it is a case of *vestigia nulla retrorsum*. The slime has a curious property

as an anæsthetic—it benumbs everything it touches. There are some snails in Cuba which stupefy with their slime molluscs twice as strong as themselves in order that they may feed on them more at ease! for all snails are not vegetable eaters, as it is the fashion too hastily to suppose.

was reproduced to perfection. Said we not truly that the snail was a remarkable animal?

When the apple snail makes himself comfortable for the winter, he draws himself up into his shell and of his slime makes a diaphragm. As it gets colder he gets farther back and makes another diaphragm; and



Tropical Snails: *Bulimus*, *Cyclostoma*, etc.

The vitality of the snail is almost alarming. Specimens have been glued on to cards in the British Museum, and looked at by the public for years, and then suddenly woke up and walked about the glass case! Some have been frozen up in icebergs and come to life when thawed! And eggs have been dried to dust in a furnace, and yet swollen to full size when moist, and hatched out as though nothing had occurred. The Abbé Spallanzani cut off a snail's tentacles, which were reproduced, even to the eyes, at the end of two months; and not content with such torture, he tested the reparative power in a greater degree by removing the entire head, which

thus does he retreat, rearing a door behind him, until in the depth of a severe winter you will find him fast asleep in his sixth or seventh bedroom.

In our last volume we said so much about land shells, that we need not go over the ground again. Suffice it to say that other genera, such as *Bulimus*, are as interesting in their habits as the apple snail, and that the most interesting and elegant of them all is the little *Cyclostoma elegans*, which is so abundant on the chalk, and is noteworthy as being, with the exception of the tiny *Aeme fusca*, the only operculated land snail in Britain.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(NINTH, SERIES.)

Jubilee Literary Competition.

IN announcing this subject (*vide* page 496) we wrote: "We offer Two PRIZES of *Two Guineas* and *One Guinea* respectively, for the best set of original verses, not exceeding 100 lines in length, commemorative of the Jubilee. There will be two classes—the first division embracing all ages from 17 to 24; and the second, all ages up to 17. The higher prize will go to the class showing the greater merit."

A very large number of readers have taken part, and the work has reached a high average of merit. We

very heartily congratulate not only the prize-winners, but also all who have secured certificates. We append our Award:—

SENIOR DIVISION (ages 17 to 24).

Prize—Two Guineas.

This will be divided equally between the two following competitors.

M. Z. KUTTNER (aged 19 years 11 months), 36, D'vns Park Road, Dalston, E.

B. OKAM (aged 21), Onchan House, Southport, Lancashire.

CERTIFICATES.

[The names are printed according to the order of merit.]

WILLIAM GEORGE JAMES (aged 20½), Kingston Brewery, Landport, Portsmouth.

GUY LOADER (aged 17), Connaught Avenue, Loughton, Essex.

M. C. CONWAY POOLE (aged 19), Verlängerte Marienstrasse 2, Freiburg in Baden, S. Germany.

BENJAMIN LILLEY (aged 18), Roxborough Park, Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex.

FRANK CAMPBELL MARSH (aged 19), 1, Eddingham Crescent, Dover.

J. HUDSON BARKER (aged 19), Long Horsley, Morpeth.

OWEN DAVID THOMAS (aged 19), 36, Castle Street, Swansea.

ALFRED FREARSON (aged 17), Walcote Lodge, Lutterworth, Leicestershire.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER WADDELL MCBRIDE (aged 17), Marcus Square, Newry, Ireland.

FRANK TEMPERLEY (aged 22), 30, Bondgate Without, Alnwick, Northumberland.

CHARLES HERBERT ACTON BOND (aged 17½), 800, Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

WILLIAM ALFRED SPENCE (aged 19), 13, Hyde Park Terrace, Haringate.

WILLIAM GORDON COOPER (aged 20), 3, East Montgomery Place, Leith Walk, Edinburgh.

ERNEST MOLYNEUX (aged 21), Twineham Rectory, Cuckfield, Sussex.

W. G. McDOUGALL (aged 22), Main Street, Bothwell *via* Glasgow.

ARTHUR LESLIE SALMON (aged 21), 112, York Road, Montpellier, Bristol.

FLEMING BREMNER (aged 22½), Sandilands, Cupar, Fife.

H. FAULKNER SIMPSON (aged 17½), The Vineyard, Abingdon, Berks.

ARTHUR WILLIAM MOLINEUX (aged 17), 101, Armitage Road, Rugeley, Staffs.

ALBERT THOMAS GREAVES (aged 17), 37, Merefield Street, Rochdale.

F. MAKIN (aged 19), Harrison Road, Hillsborough, Sheffield.

REGINALD JAMES TREGASKES (aged 17), Bude Haven, Cornwall.

JOHN LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT (aged 19½), Dalkeith, N.E.

GRETT WADE ROBINSON (aged 21), U.1. Kamienna 638, Tarnopol, Austria.

WILLIAM HORBY (aged 17), Kimsbury House, Upton St. Leonards, Gloucestershire.

HERBERT S. COOKE (aged 17), School House, Caversham, Reading, Berks.

JOSEPH CLOSS MANTRIPP (aged 20), care of Mr. Mantripp, Market Place, Swaffham, Norfolk.

CHARLES EDWARD DE BEAUREPAIRE (aged 20), 60, Gaisford Street, Kentish Town, London, N.W.

GLOSTER H. DURRANT (aged 17), Kingstown, St. Vincent, B.W.I.

JUNIOR DIVISION (all ages up to 17).

Prize—One Guinea.

JAMES MOFFATT (aged 16), 18, Burnbank Gardens, Glasgow.

CERTIFICATES.

[The names are arranged in order of merit.]

HENRY BATTERSBY (aged 16), Trinity Vicarage, Derby.

FREDERICK GEORGE SHEARMUR (aged 16½), 6, Aviary Street, Barking Road, E.

JOHN WILLIAM TAYLOR (aged 16), 33, Clarence Road, Redcliffe, Bristol.

EDWIN LEE (aged 14), 92, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

F. M. WHITE (aged 13), Henley, West End, Frome, Somersetshire.

JOHN CECIL HAGUE (aged 16), 2, Brockley Villas, Warwick Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, near Manchester.

WILLIAM A. THOMSON (aged 15), 8, Gladstone Terrace, Edinburgh.

WILFRED R. JOHNSON (aged 16), 8, Daruley Road, Gravesend.

A. J. GREEN (aged 13), at Mrs. Coney's, 81, Albion Street, Birmingham.

SIDNEY REGINALD DANIELS (aged 13), Fern Cottage, Lighthill, near Stroud, Gloucestershire.

C. J. ELLIS (aged 16½), Sonthcliff, Roker, Sunderland.

JAMES MARLAND (aged 14), 22, Floyer Street, Preston.

HENRY KELSEY WHITE (aged 16½), 26, Ferry Street, Beverley Road, Hull.

WILLIAM JOHN CLINCH (aged 14), Ivy Cottage, Elsted, Sussex.

HENRY HOLDER (aged 12½), Mozartstrasse 1, Freiburg in Baden, Germany.

WILLIAM THOMAS SANUELS (aged 15), 60, Nantwich Road, Crewe, Cheshire.

FREDERICK WILLIAM HARRIES (aged 14), 5, Abbey Street, Reading, Berks.

E. DYALL (aged 13), 170, London Road, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells.

GEORGE RICHARDSON (aged 13), Cobourg, Ontario, Canada.

OUR EDIBLE SHELLFISH.

(Key to Coloured Plate.)



1. Spider Crab—*Maia squinado*.
2. Cornish Crab—*Xantho florida*.
3. Great Crab—*Cancer pagurus*.
4. Common Shore Crab—*Carcinus menas*.
5. Velvet Swimming Crab—*Portunus puber*.
6. Cleanser Swimming Crab—*P. depurator*.
7. Spiny Lobster—*Paliurus vulgaris*.
8. Crayfish—*Astacus fluviatilis*.
9. Lobster—*Homarus vulgaris*.
10. Norway Lobster—*Nephrops norvegicus*.
11. Brown Shrimp—*Crangon vulgaris*.
12. Red Shrimp—*Pandalus annulicornis*.
13. Prawn—*Palæmon serratus*.
14. Cup Shrimp—*Palæmon squilla*.
15. Squill—*Squilla desmarestii*.
16. Cockle—*Cardium edule*.
17. Rustic Cockle—*Cardium rusticum*.
18. Razorshell—*Solen vagina*.
19. Mussel—*Mytilus edulis*.
20. Scallop—*Pecten maximus*.
21. Oyster—*Ostrea edulis*.
22. Limpet—*Patella vulgata*.
23. Periwinkle—*Littorina littorea*.
24. Do. — *L. littoralis*.
25. Whelk—*Buccinum undatum*.
26. Do. — *Fusus antiquus*.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

IN THE FIELDS IN SEPTEMBER.

[Selected.]

IN the days of my youth I remember
 An old mower sang me this rune :
 "The aftermath of the September
 Is not the sweet clover of June."
 And he said : "Whatever thy station,
 Whatever thy hands may employ—
 Be true to thy best inspiration,
 'Tis thy Angel of Blessings, my boy."
 Then swift rung his scythe, that old
 farmer's,
 And fast fell the grass to the rune :
 "The aftermath of the September
 Is not the sweet clover of June."

The osprey's green wings drifted o'er me,
 On the sun-tides, while glinting below,
 The happy birds carolled before me,
 And the wind blew the daisies like snow.
 All nature seem filled with elation,
 And the old farmer whistled for joy :
 "'Tis the fruit of life's young inspiration
 That fills life with gladness, my boy."

And, his scythe all embedded with flowers,
 He piled up the grass to the rune :
 "The aftermath of the September
 Is not the sweet clover of June."

The grey walls with roses were glowing,
 The sweet lilies breathing below ;
 Afar were the meadow brooks flowing
 By the mill, in the high noon aglow.
 And he said, while the herons wheeled over,
 And screamed in the sun in their joy,
 "The air is all fragrant with clover,
 'Twas clover I planted, my boy."
 And on paced the red-shirted farmer,
 And on fell the grass to the rune :
 "The aftermath of the September
 Is not the sweet clover of June."

"'Tis the spring-time that glows with en-
 deavour,
 And gives to young purpose its power :
 The sun of the autumn will never
 Bring forth the ripe fruit from the flower.

Through the aftermath springs from the
 clover,

The clover comes not from the fern ;
 Give thy hand to thy best inspiration,
 Thy spring-time will never return !"
 And on swept the scythe of the farmer,
 And on fell the grass to the rune :
 "The aftermath of the September
 Is not the sweet clover of June."

One day, when September was burning,
 I met the old farmer again,
 The thin swathes of the aftermath turning
 Where once the thick clover had lain.
 And gone were the roses and lilies,
 One lone robin sung in the tree :—
 "It is clover that comes from the clover,
 But the first cut was double, you see."
 And he rifled his scythe, that old farmer,
 And cut the thin grass to the rune :
 "The aftermath of the September
 Is not the sweet clover of June."

The years of my youth are all ended,
The old man sleeps under the fern,
But oft the long days of my childhood
And the rune of the hayfield return.
'Tis the seed of the spring that has promise,
The choicest seed, bounteously sown,
And the breath of the spring-time will never
Come back to the fields that are mown.

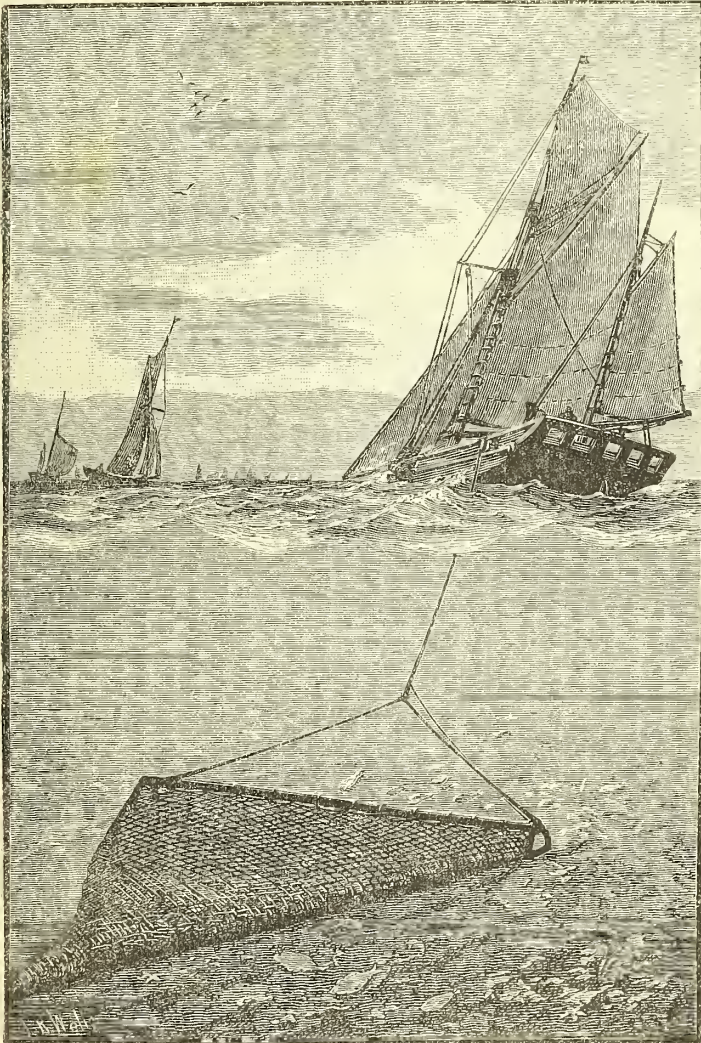
And over, and over, and over,
My years bring the thought of the rune:
That no aftermath sweet of the clover
Is like the sweet clover of June.
HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.
"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?"
Prof. Stearns asked the young gentleman
nearest the foot of the class. And the smart

boy stood up and said it depended a great deal whether the word applied to a man or a bee.

THE love of Christ is like the blue sky into which you see clearly, but the real vastness of which you cannot measure. It is like the sea, into whose bosom you can look a little way, but its depths are unfathomable.—*Al-Cheyne.*

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

SEPTEMBER.



THE POULTRY RUN.—In our last we advised you to make preparations for the proper housing, etc., of your pet poultry if you intend making show-stock a hobby. A little extra expense in the matter of fowl-house and run will be a saving in the end. Besides, although even prize poultry may be kept in tumble-down old shanties so long as they are clean and wholesome, still, if you are to be successful, you may expect many visitors to your place, so it is as well to study appearances a little.

When everything is ready, and you have chosen your breed, and well studied their points as we recommended, the question will have to be answered, how to commence? There is a great deal in pedigree, for a good strain will produce a good strain, although bad blood once in is difficult to get clear of. This will make you all the more cautious. We have already said it is not a good plan to buy prize birds at shows. But at shows you may meet with breeders of renown; and, as most of these are gentlemen, if you state your wants and wishes, and express yourself willing to pay a fair price, you will doubtless be able to purchase a properly mated cockerel or cock and two hens. There is everything in the mating, and your inexperience will make it an impossibility for you to pair. No birds, for instance, would be any good that had special defects in points or properties; but, on the other hand, as it is out

of the question to get perfect hens, we mate them with cocks who have not the bad points or peculiarity they possess, so that the evil is counteracted through the influence of the male bird, and the progeny have a reasonable chance of being good.

Strain even goes so far as to determine egg-producing qualities. Such and such a strain, we may often hear it said, is a capital laying one; and this does not refer to the breed of the birds, for Mr. A. and Mr. B. may both have a stock of Spanish fowls, for instance, and Mr. A.'s may be the better-looking birds, but quite unable to come anywhere near Mr. B.'s for egg-production.

Well, now, suppose you have got your cock and hens about, perhaps, the month of November; the next move is to treat your favourites in a way that will keep them comfortable and healthy; and when spring comes get a sitting hen and some eggs—not from your own run—of your intended breed. Do not get these from the person you bought the birds of, else they may be too "sib"—that is, too nearly related—but from another prize-breeder.

You will thus raise chickens not even distantly related to your first cock and hens. But these latter will also have chickens, and from your two stocks you are to select the very best birds, and mate these at the end of the year.

So you see it will really be a year before you can get into anything approaching prize stock of your own. Never mind, you will be gaining experience, and with ordinary luck you will go on from better to best; and when your birds once begin to take prizes at shows your strain will become known and your name will be made, so that, instead of having very ordinary fowls in your run that produce eggs hardly worth a penny each, you will have hens to lay silver eggs—i.e., worth 15s. a sitting.

The month of September should be one of preparation for bad weather to come. See at once, therefore, to the roofs of your fowlhouses and sheds, and keep everything sweet and clean and shipshape. Look out for cases of cold. A little castor-oil, a few drops of paregoric now and then; good food and a warm corner will soon bring a bird back to health, but be in no hurry to turn a convalescent fowl again into the run.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Weed down your loft at once to all you are going to keep. If you have a mind to change your breed and fancy sell all and prepare for your new stock.

Set about, anyhow, your autumn cleaning, so that when the cold weather does come your birds will not have dirt and bad smells to contend against as well as inclemency of weather.

Canker often comes with September wet and cold. Masses of ulcers appear about the throat and round the bill or eyes. You want nitrate of silver solution (strong) for the outside, followed up by a zinc or alum lotion, ten grains to an ounce of water; and for the throat the frequent application of equal parts of tincture of iron and glycerine.

THE AVIARY.—Have we nothing to do this month, now that breeding is over and moulting progressing favourably, and our long cages put carefully away for another season? Not a great deal, it must be confessed. You will have singing favourites, however, in cages, and these should be seen to. Feed and water every morning, and give green food. Never hang a cage in a draught, but remember that fresh air and sunshine are needed to keep cage-birds well.

If you are at all interested in breeding good birds, never lose a chance of going to a show. Only read well up the points and properties of the kinds you most admire, else your visit to the show will be meaningless and useless.

THE RABBITRY.—If you have not already seen to the renovation and cleaning of your hutches, lose no time in doing so. Lay up a store of dry bedding, and make things generally comfortable for the cold, inclement weather we are certain to have before long.

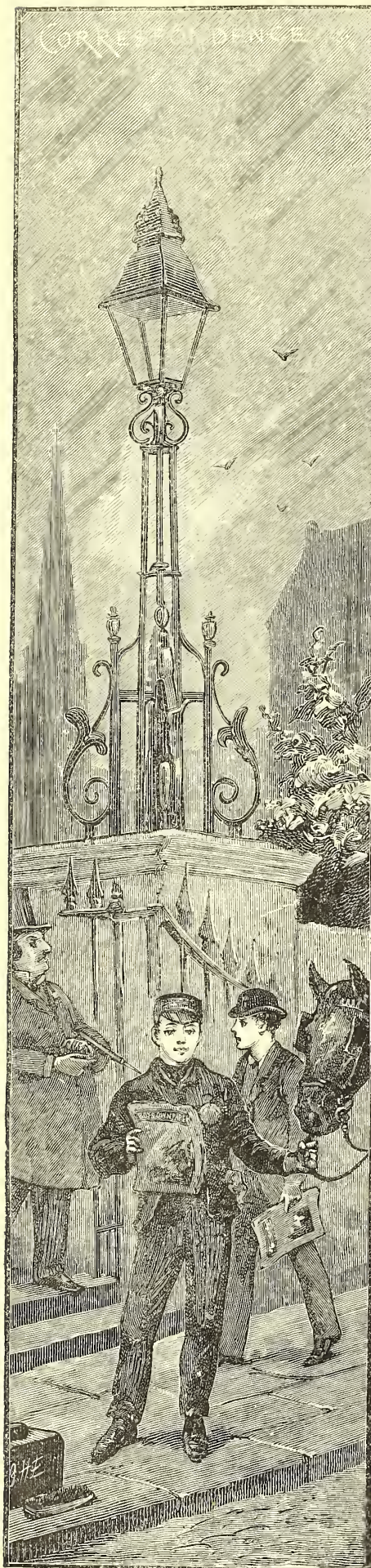
THE KENNEL.—Feed your outdoor dog well, and see that the kennel is not leaky, and the bedding dry. The kennel should be sheltered from the prevailing winds. Continue to give abundant exercise.

THE BEE WORLD.—Weak hives are often attacked and robbed of their honey by foreign intruders, fighting goes on about it, and friend and foe may be seen struggling together. It is difficult to prevent. Some recommend putting a bit of brick at each side of the entrance, and a morsel of tile over it to form a kind of bridge, and sponging the front of the hive with carbolic acid and water. Anyhow, no syrup or anything likely to attract strange bees should be left around.

Bees may be purchased cheaply this month. The honey season being nearly ended, country people resort to the old fashion of smoking the bees. Instead, these bees may be "drummed" and got into a spare hive. They have of course to be fed during the winter.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—The days are now getting short, and there will be less warm, genial, growing weather. We may still plant greens, however, and endive, and plant out lettuces. Keep the garden tidy, and destroy weeds. Continue to take up potatoes, and gather fruit. Do not let pears ripen on the trees, nor must they be gathered too soon.

THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS.—Take up geraniums about the end of this month or beginning of next, unless the weather be very fine. Cut off the tops, dock the roots somewhat, and pack them, or lay them in wooden boxes among half-dry earth—the tops up, of course. They will keep thus in an outhouse, half-dark and shielded from the frost. You may now sow annuals. Keep window-boxes free from dead leaves, etc., and frequently stir the mould and apply a little fresh. Flowers may be taken up from beds, with plenty of earth—so that they will hardly know they are being shifted—and transferred to window-boxes.



AN IRISHMAN.—1. Lead soldiers are made of lead with a little tin, and are poured into iron moulds. Plaster-of-paris moulds have, however, been found to work very well for small quantities. Grease the soldier you wish to copy, and lay him in the liquid plaster-of-paris so as to take a copy of half of him. When the plaster is dry, take a cast as he lays of the other side. The moulds will thus come apart, and if you leave a hole at the foot you can fill up with the molten metal without drawing the halves apart. 2. Since 1862 England has won the Elcho Challenge Shield eleven times, Ireland has won it eight times, and Scotland six times.

CLEM.—Anchovies come from the Mediterranean—in theory. In practice “we make them ourselves.” Take two pounds of common salt, a quarter of a pound of bay salt, four pounds of saltpetre, two ounces of sal prunella, and two pennyworth of cochineal, which mix and pound together. Then get a peck of sprats. Put a layer of sprats, unwiped and unwashed just as received, into a stone jar, and on them put a layer of mixture; then add a layer of sprats, then one of mixture. When the jar is full, press the contents well together, and cork it up for six months, when the “anchovies” will be quite “the finest Gorgona.”

JUBILEE.—A directory of Birmingham is published by Messrs. Kelly and Co., Great Queen Street, W.C.

BOSCAWEN.—We cannot repeat a coloured plate; it would not be just to our old subscribers. See our part for February, 1884. We then gave two plates of the uniform of the Navy; and in the same volume we gave the rank marks of the Army.

M. C. I.—1. To brown a gun-barrel, wet a piece of rag with antimony chloride, dip it into olive-oil, and rub the barrel. In forty-eight hours it will be covered with a coat of rust, which you can remove with a scratch-brush, and then finish the barrel with a coat of oil. 2. The Hudson's Bay country is now the North-West Territory, Manitoba, etc., etc., and the company are merely fur traders; address Lime Street, E.C. 3. Try Canada.

TWON'T BE 'ERE TILL TUESDAY, SUR.—and it ought to be there on the Wednesday before. But your stationer doubtless knows his own business best, and there is no altering his arrangements against his will. Patronise the opposition, if there is one. If the numbers come regularly at weekly intervals, you are in much the same position as the rest of the world!

BLACKBIRD.—A book on Caucaries is published by L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.

LE CHATEAU CROIX NORD.—The full particulars regarding admission to the Royal Navy are published in the quarterly Navy List in January, April, July, and October each year, price three shillings. Any bookseller can get it for you.

W. R. S. HELSBY.—1. For oiling cricket-bats use raw linseed oil. 2. All readers are eligible to compete for our prizes. 3. Coloured plates can only be obtained in the parts, or in a set at the completion of a volume.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—1. There is no reason why you should not photograph your slides for the magic-lantern, but, instead of having them the ordinary shape, you will find it better to mount them to fit. 2. If you let apartments as private lodgings your lodger has no right to turn the lodgings into a shop, and unless there is an agreement to the contrary you should clear him out. 3. As every business and profession is said to be full, we do not recommend readers to adopt any in particular, but we leave them to choose for themselves.

AN IGNORAMUS.—It depends on the size of the yacht and the power of the steamer. If the sea is rough and the steamer is a paddle-boat, it is obvious that the sailing-vessel has the best chance, for as the steamer rolls the paddles will be alternately out of water, and half the power will be lost. There is, therefore, nothing remarkable in a sailing-vessel beating a paddle-steamer once in a way, but the true test is to take the average passages for the year round. If sailing-vessels could always beat steamers the latter would not exist; and the very fact of the ships of the world adopting steam more extensively each year is a conclusive proof of the absurdity of your contention.

FLORAT.—1. Apply to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Cannon Row. That is headquarters for all appointments requiring examinations. 2. Men of good birth and education, but not all of them quite first-class.

A. W. B. C.—You can buy enamel at a bicycle maker's. It costs about a shilling a bottle. To make it yourself, mix together flake white, Prussian blue, and madder lake to get the colour, using very little blue and just a pinch of red. Grind the colours well together in spirits of turpentine, and then mix them with mastic varnish. A pint of colour will be enough. Lay it on smoothly with a camel-hair brush; when it is dry varnish it with white copal. In properly japanned articles half a dozen coats of varnish are often used.

CELUM NON ANIMUM.—See our articles on model-engine making in the third volume.

G. F. M.—Have you seen “The Midnight Sky,” published at 56, Paternoster Row, price seven shillings and sixpence? Philip and Sons, 32, Fleet Street, have a cheap star atlas. At Stanford's, Charing Cross, or Wicour's, in the Minorities, you would see several. Proctor's “Easy Star Lessons” has some intelligible charts, but on an unusual plan.

E. GLOSSOP.—If your bicycle is all bright keep it clean with vaseline, which is cheap enough if bought by the pound from the Cheshoborough Manufacturing Company, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. The usual price is sixteenpence; and, properly worked, using the same rag time after time, the quantity will do for forty cleanings at the least.

P. G. HOLME.—There is no rule against a man spoiling his bat or getting out as quickly as he likes. Should the bat not be yours the owner will probably feel himself aggrieved at your using the wrong side, but your opponents will be delighted!

JACK O' LANTERN.—You cannot lay asphalté without proper appliances, and it would be too expensive for you in such a small way. You can lay down tar paving, but it is rather a dirty job. Clear out the floor for three inches, and fill it in for two inches with a mixture of pebbles and thick coal-tar; roll this in, and on it put a layer of fine gravel and tar; roll this again, and finish with a fine top dressing of sand. Cinders will do instead of gravel. Concrete pavement makes a much cleaner and more satisfactory floor. Dig out for eight or nine inches, and fill up the excavation with stones, broken bricks, or clinkers for about six inches. Mix Portland cement to the consistency of cream, and pour it over and between the broken stuff, filling in as closely as possible; on this lay a mixture of Portland cement and finer gravel; and on this comes the finishing coat of Portland cement and sharp sand in equal parts. Be careful with the water; do not make your mixtures too thin, but keep them free from lumps.

FISCATOR.—Dry the line after using it, and keep it slightly greased.

A. T. E.—In our first four volumes we published an exhaustive series of coloured flag plates, and we cannot repeat. We have given the flags and standards of every nation in the world. There are shilling sheets of selections obtainable at most nautical warehouses.

MEDICUS.—You must first pass through the ordinary medical course, and obtain your qualifications as all other students have to do. When you are qualified to practise as a civilian you can apply for admission to the Army and Navy Medical Department, and the regulations of the year will be sent you. No application will be recognised unless you have the diplomas of the ordinary practitioner.

J. W. A.—For stopping for fretwork mix together whiting, gold size, and sawdust, adding just a little white lead if the spaces are large. Stain with vandyke brown.

HOLLY.—Occasionally you can get on board without a premium, but then your wages do not begin till a year or so later than usual. Apply at the Mercantile Marine Office, St. Katharine's Docks, E.

MERCHANT SERVICE.—During the last few years the whole routine has been altered. There is now an office for Mercantile Marine matters, under Government management, at each of the chief ports. Apply there for information. Try “How to Send a Boy to Sea,” price one shilling, published by Messrs. Warne and Co. For boys before the mast the best guide is “Under the Red Ensign.”

J. BOLDEN.—You should get a more advanced arithmetic. The rule is known as “Equation of Payments.” Multiply each payment by the number of days in which it falls due, divide the sum of the products by the sum of the payments, and the quotient is the number of days at which a single payment will settle the account.

B. H. L.—Join one of the art classes in connection with South Kensington. If you have talent you will there learn how to employ it. Go to the head school if possible.

B. B. C.—The sharks are the largest of known fishes. The Basking Shark of the North Atlantic is often found thirty feet long, Carcharodon forty feet, Rhinodon fifty to sixty feet.

PAUVRE GARÇON.—1. Have nothing whatever to do with the people who sent you the circular. 2. The only really safe investment for small savings is the Post Office Savings Bank.

MNEMONIC EGGS.—1. The system is well known, and the books can be obtained through any bookseller. There are several opposition systems. “The art is not more generally used” because the apparatus occasionally collapses. 2. The person to give the permission is the one who would prosecute you for trespass. If you are on the land at his invitation of course outsiders cannot touch you.

II. T.—1. You can get materials for crystalline painting from Barnard and Son, Berners Street, W. 2. We have given two plates of the uniforms of the British Army, besides the Volunteer plate, and that is enough for the present. 3. We should not take in the paper ourselves.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSN.

The Annual Meeting of this Association took place on Tuesday, the 12th April, at which the Annual Statements were presented, showing the following satisfactory advance over the previous year:

New Business for the year, 1,919 applications for ..\$2,977,100
Being an
Increase over previous year of 427 applications for \$497,062
Increase in Premium Income 96,894
Increase in Interest and Rents 13,019
Increase in Assets 356,375
Increase in Surplus 80,234

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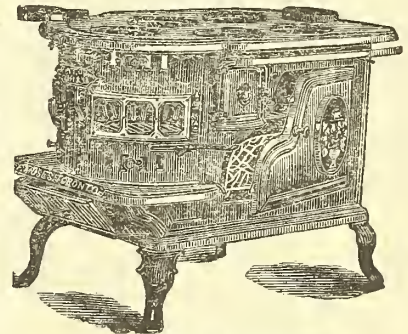
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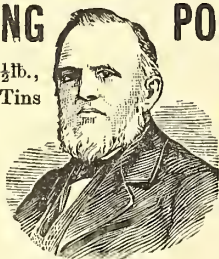
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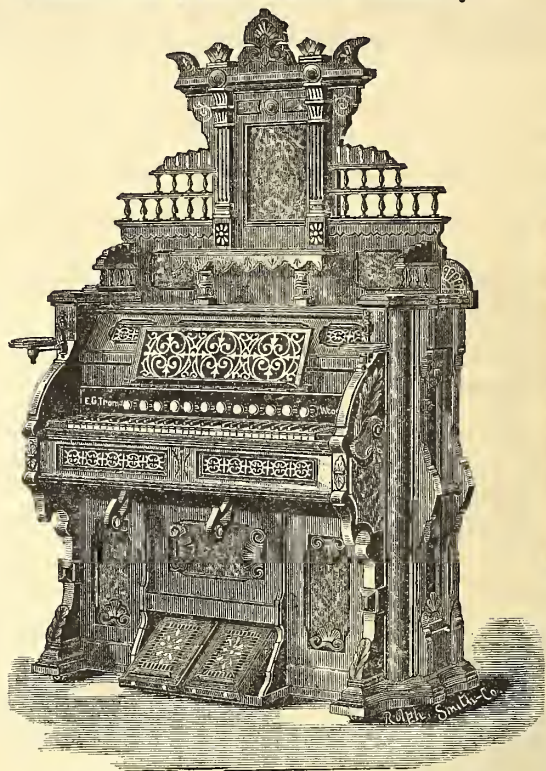
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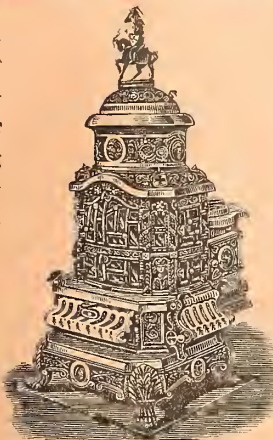
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